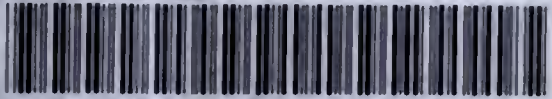


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"LIFE...LIGHT...LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

JANUARY, 1861.

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CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY NUMBER.

| | |
|---|----|
| 1. THE NEW YEAR VISION..... | 1 |
| 2. THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP..... | 4 |
| 3. CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY, | 9 |
| 4. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 10 |
| 5. BLARNEY AND THE BLARNEY STONES..... | 11 |
| 6. SUMMER IS GONE..... | 12 |
| 7. BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION..... | 13 |
| 8. WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY..... | 14 |
| 9. THE ADVENT HYMN..... | 16 |
| 10. LITTLE THINGS, | 17 |
| 11. THE BELLS! THE BELLS!..... | 22 |
| 12. THE CHILDREN WITH THE CHICKENS..... | 23 |
| 13. GIVING THE SACK..... | 24 |
| 14. DEBTS..... | 26 |
| 15. JOHN RANDOLPH'S ADVICE..... | 29 |
| 16. EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS..... | 30 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|-------------------------|---|
| VOL. X. | | Jacob H. Hoover..... | 1 |
| Jacob H. Hoover..... | \$1 | Peter K. Slrver..... | 1 |
| VOL. XI. | | Miss Emly Hivling..... | 1 |
| Dr. J. W. Nevin..... | 1 | VOL. XII. | |
| Stephen Trace..... | 1 | Sarah J. Keller..... | 1 |
| Catharine Fenstermacher..... | 1 | Mrs. P. C. Prugh..... | 1 |
| Lizzie Balsbaugh..... | 1 | Miss Emily Hivling..... | |

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VOLUME XII.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XII.

| | | | |
|--|-----|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Advent Hymn, The..... | 16 | Hebrew Legends— | |
| “All is Known to Thee,”..... | 38 | 10, 52, 67, 111, 143, 172, 201, 236, | |
| About the Birds..... | 69 | 275, 305, 333, 363. | |
| A Contented Farmer..... | 86 | He went away Sorrowful..... | 45 |
| About Diamonds..... | 105 | He is altogether Lovely..... | 76 |
| Angel Visits..... | 113 | Hymnology..... | 278 |
| At the Cross..... | 124 | Hymn to Christ..... | 282 |
| “And Then”..... | 142 | Holy Offices in the Church..... | 298 |
| A Poet in High Places..... | 212 | Haemweh..... | 326 |
| Alphabet of Proverbs..... | 269 | Influence of Kindness..... | 142 |
| A True Tale with a Solemn Moral.... | 369 | It is Finished..... | 158 |
| Absent Friends..... | 371 | John Randolph’s Advice..... | 29 |
| Autumn..... | 377 | Jesus and the Bible..... | 289 |
| Blarney and the Blarney Stone..... | 11 | Little Things..... | 17, 39 |
| Battles of the Revolution..... | 13 | Life’s Shadows..... | 89 |
| Body, Soul and Spirit..... | 53 | Live for Something..... | 112 |
| Bells of Shandon, The..... | 54 | Live..... | 262 |
| Beautiful Easter Customs..... | 117 | Ministry of Angels, The..... | 200 |
| Boy of Solenhof, The..... | 154 | Morning Song..... | 295 |
| Bells, a Chapter on..... | 203 | Marriage..... | 301 |
| Beautiful in Christianity..... | 246 | New Year Vision, The..... | 1 |
| By and By..... | 256 | Notes on New Books— | |
| Benefit of Farm Life..... | 350 | 64, 94, 128, 224, 288, 320, 352 | |
| Christ Born on Christmas Day..... | 9 | Notes of a Discourse. By J. V. | |
| Christ is All..... | 82 | Eckert..... | 169 |
| Christmas..... | 372 | November..... | 341 |
| Debts..... | 26 | Not Mine, But Thine..... | 362 |
| Divine Providence Illustrated..... | 46 | Old and New Associations..... | 65 |
| Dream, A..... | 153 | Our National Flag—Its History..... | 161 |
| Death..... | 186 | Origin of the Star Spangled Banner.. | 174 |
| Das Alt Schul-Haus an der Krick.... | 233 | Origin of Plants..... | 181 |
| Dr. Doddridge’s Dream..... | 329 | Our Saviour’s Miracles Perennial.... | 225 |
| Editorial Seed Thoughts— | | Old Dictionary, The..... | 252 |
| 30, 61, 93, 127, 159, 190, 223, 319, 351 | | Origin of the Missionary Hymn..... | 378 |
| Easter Song..... | 71 | Pigeon at the Window, The..... | 103 |
| Early Associations..... | 104 | Patriotism and Piety..... | 182 |
| Eradication of Domestic Pestilence.. | 220 | Punishing Children in Schools..... | 214 |
| Earth’s Central Fires, The..... | 296 | Punishing Children Unjustly..... | 238 |
| Economy..... | 335 | Prayers and Prayer Books..... | 257 |
| Early Influences..... | 349 | Piety among Women..... | 287 |
| Fortune Telling..... | 87 | Plurality of Worlds..... | 343 |
| Fable for the Young..... | 141 | Religion..... | 51 |
| Fun at Home..... | 285 | Rule for Determining Easter Sunday. | 70 |
| Giving the Sack..... | 24 | Rock me to Sleep..... | 116 |
| Gray Hairs..... | 90 | Religion in Youth..... | 180 |
| Gathering Flowers..... | 125 | Remarkable Prophecy..... | 183 |

| | | | |
|---|----------|--|------------|
| Rustications and Something Else..... | 263 | Thunder Storms..... | 218 |
| Summer is Gone..... | 12 | Thinking of You, Ally..... | 245 |
| Sybilline Oracles, The..... | 55 | The Trees..... | 256 |
| Sin against the Holy Ghost..... | 97 | The Soldier's Tear..... | 266 |
| Stabat Mater Doloroso..... | 119 | The Discontented Pendulum..... | 267 |
| Singing to Sinners..... | 120 | The Beautiful in Christianity..... | 270 |
| Sheep of God's Beloved, The..... | 146 | The Heavenly Recognition..... | 273 |
| St. Mark the Evangelist..... | 161 | The Wonders of Seed..... | 286 |
| Songs in the Night..... | 256 | The Man and his Ledger..... | 287 |
| Self-Deception in Religion..... | 337 | The First American Traitor..... | 300 |
| Silent Ministry of the Humble..... | 342 | The Trundle Bed..... | 304 |
| The Shepherd and the Sheep..... | 4 | The Foundation of Our Hopes..... | 308 |
| The Bells, the Bells..... | 22 | The Heavenly Jerusalem..... | 311 |
| The Children with the Chickens..... | 23 | The Age of Personal Religious Res- | |
| The Golden Censer..... | 72 | ponsibility..... | 312, 321 |
| The Life of Grace..... | 84 | The Olivet of Prayer..... | 317 |
| The Proudest Boast of Mind..... | 85 | The Dying Never Weep..... | 319 |
| The Old Turnpike..... | 107, 137 | The Sea..... | 331 |
| The Triumph of Life..... | 123 | The Innumerable Company of Angels..... | 344 |
| The Graces..... | 129 | The Wise Men's Visit to the Infant | |
| 'Tis the Heart that makes the Home..... | 137 | Jesus..... | 353 |
| The Two Suns..... | 158 | The House that Jack Built..... | 363 |
| The American Flag..... | 165 | The Storm..... | 379 |
| The Star Spangled Banner..... | 171 | The Close of Volume XII..... | 379 |
| The Season of Beautiful Youth..... | 175 | Ventilation..... | 376 |
| The Morning Land of Life..... | 176 | What Women have done for Christi- | |
| The Pure Path for the Young..... | 177 | anity..... | 14, 59, 83 |
| The Singular Young Disciple..... | 188 | Worship..... | 33 |
| The Old Spinning Wheel..... | 193 | Women of the Bible..... | 159 |
| The Patriotic Dead..... | 196 | Washington's Vision..... | 197 |
| The Old and the New..... | 205 | What's the Use of It?..... | 206, 239 |
| The Old Couple..... | 216 | War and Christianity..... | 283 |

The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—JANUARY, 1861.—NO. 1.

A NEW YEAR VISION.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THERE are hours when we are lonely,
Hours we love, when opportunely
They come, and bring us visions
That give the mind its food.
When these seasons are upon us,
Mirth and idle dreamings shun us,
And when sober thought has won us—
Won us to a serious mood,
Then we listen to its teaching—
Teaching us in serious mood,
Wisdom deep, and pure, and good.

Thus it was with me but lately,
As I sat and wondered greatly,
How the mind could conjure up
Of thoughts so strange a train.
With my feet upon the fender,
Feeling for my mercies tender,
Thinking how I e'er could render—
Render God the tribute due Him.
Thus I sat and thought, half dreaming—
Dreaming what I felt to be
Nearly a reality.

It was, distinctly I remember,
Midnight thirty-first December,
In the year of mercy
Eighteen hundred sixty,
While my busy dreams beguiled me,
Winds without were raving wildly,
Stars above were blinking mildly—
Mildly o'er the sin-cursed earth;
Then a wondrous tender feeling,
Softly o'er my spirit stealing,
Came and left its deep revealing.

II.

There stirred a power around me,
But how I cannot tell,
In mystic chains it bound me,
As by a magic spell.
It bore me upward gently,
And softly, and sublime,
And placed me on an eminence—
An eminence of Time.

Above me rolled the eternal stars,
Chronometers of years ;
Beneath me lay the sloping earth,
Th' abode of sin and tears.
Around me drifted wildly -
The dry leaves and the snow ;
And winds were moaning, wailing,
Like funeral dirges, low.

Upon this height I thoughtful stood,
My busy thoughts ran fast ;
One way sloped down the Future,
The other way, the Past.
From either side a Form appeared,
The Old Year and the New ;
It was a strange, strange meeting,
A solemn interview.

III.

Sternly they met—sternly they spoke,
The Old Year and the New :
“I render up,” the Old Year said,
“Give over,” said the New.
“I give you just what I received—
This is our Sovereign’s plan—
The PROCEEDS of our Stewardship,
• You know, are given to man.”

IV.

“I give first the WINTER,
The resting time of earth ;
Nurse well, beneath your robe of snow,
All life for future birth.

“I give you next the SPRING-TIME,
With swelling buds and flowers,
Green robes to cover fields and trees,
And birds to sing in bowers.

“I give you, too, the SUMMER,
Its sunshine and its rain ;
Its meadow-grass and clover,
And waving fields of grain.

“I give you last the AUTUMN,
Dressed in its sober suit,
With falling leaves, with rattling nuts,
And loads of yellow fruit.

“These are the changing SEASONS ;
Go use them as you can,
And give by God’s direction,
Their PROCEEDS all to man.”

"Well done," the New Year smiling said—
"Yet one thing still remains ;
I gather what the Seasons bring,
And man receives the gains ;
Where is the Record Book in which
Our Sovereign keeps account
With man, for blessings thus received ?
Hand over this amount."

The Old Year handed him a Book—
"Here are the Records true,
What God has given—what man returned ;
I hand them o'er to you."

I cast my eyes upon the Book,
And never shall forget
The deep impressions I received
Of man's enormous debt !

V.

Amazed was I, to see how much kind Heaven,
Through the Old Year, to sinful men had given.
Amazed was I, when on each page I viewed,
How men repaid it all in black ingratitude.

VI.

Some spent the year entire in sin,
Devoid of love to God, or love to men ;
Talents destroyed, and health abused,
The mind inactive, and the hands unused.

Some spent the year in folly's scenes,
And lived by base, dishonest means ;
Leeches that hang upon their kind,
And trust for food to what they find.

Some lived without an end or aim,
Alike content with praise and shame :
They ran at random day by day,
As if this life were but a play.

Some used those tongues, for praises given,
To curse the righteous God of Heaven :
And thus, for daily gifts and grace,
Smote back the Giver in His face !

VII.

"Now"—said the Old Year to the New,
"Such Records I hand o'er to you.
Settle them up as best you can,
For this new Time is given to man,
Some debts another year may stand,
Before He sends His LAST demand.
For some, this is the final year,
Ere they before the Judge appear !
This year—so is the sentence found—
Cut down these cumberers of the ground !"

VIII.

The New Year said unto the Old : "I'll use my best endeavor."
And then the Old Year, with a sigh, bid him Farewell forever !

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

BY REV. D. GANS.

My sheep hear my voice,
And I know them,
And they follow me.—JESUS.

THE words under our caption are taken from a beautiful description of the relation which subsists between Christ as the good shepherd, and christians as the sheep. Perhaps no figure could embody and set forth the solicitude and tenderness of Jesus, and the docility, meekness and obedience of the christian in a fairer light and a more impressive form. No one seemed so fully to lose sight of his own conveniences, comforts and life, in his concern for others, as the shepherd; and the appreciation of this on the part of the sheep, as shown in the fondness of their attachment, in the entireness of their confidence, and in the promptness of their obedience, is a striking image of the feeling and conduct of the christian in relation to Jesus Christ.

This relation is not the result of any formal compact or cold understanding between the shepherd and the sheep. It is much more the result of gradual and mysterious growth. The sheep do not understand it. They only feel it. They have an instinctive assurance that their shepherd is kind and tender; that he is familiar with their wants; that he is able to supply these and protect them from danger; and that he will lead them in such a way as to secure for them their greatest pleasure and highest good. All this lies in their mysterious feeling of instinct; which illustrates the nature of the christian's faith. What instinct is for the sheep, that faith is for the follower of Jesus. His confidence in Christ—his love of Christ—and all his efforts of devotion and acts of obedience to Him, arise not primarily out of any clear and definite knowledge he may have of Christ, but out of his faith. All the mysterious elements comprehended in the intimate, tender, yet strong relation which subsists between him and Christ, have, previous to any clear knowledge of the mind, spread themselves substantially through his heart, on the ground of which he loved and confided long before he knew why, and now loves and confides far beyond his power in a mental way to see and understand the reason. Just as the sheep knew the voice of the shepherd and follow him by instinct, so does the christian know the voice of Christ and follow Him, by faith. "We walk by faith, and not by sight."

What is the significance of a voice? "And the sheep hear his voice."

It has been asked, "what's in a name?" And the true answer is, much in every view. Language is not arbitrary, nor does the names of attributes usually attach either to persons or things, without the presence of these attributes, or at least a large capacity of them, or a strong ten-

dency towards them. It may be true (yet it is not wholly beyond doubt) that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name. But still the fact is, that the rose is its name, and that it has no other name; nor would it be easy in any arbitrary way, to give currency to any other. The scientific reputation of no botanist would invest him with power to change the name Rose into Marigold, and give currency to the change. Words are the exponents of things, and their relation is not the result of arbitrary laws or powers. There is deep meaning in a name.

There is still deeper meaning in a voice. If the relation of a name to a thing may be open to the suspicion of arbitrariness, there can be no room for such arbitrariness in the case of the voice: it is organically the representative of the inward physical and moral constitution of the man.

Each voice is distinctive and peculiar. In the crowd of a thousand no two voices would be precisely alike. It is the representative of personality and individuality. From the inmost chamber of each individual being, there sounds a note through the voice, different from all other notes, by which that individuality is clearly indicated and plainly defined.

The voice contains intimations also of the state or condition of the body. It indicates strength or weakness, health or disease. It is the embodiment of one or the other; and every one who has paid any attention to the subject, can tell with great accuracy, from the first utterance of the voice, what is the physical condition of the man.

With equal distinctness does the voice also herald the temperaments and dispositions of men. The heavy or phlegmatic, the lively, cheerful, flexible or sanguine, the energetic, courageous or choleric, the meditative, sad or melancholic: all these temperaments tremble in the voice. These temperaments form the basis of, and penetrate all the cultivated dispositions of men, which are also comprehended in, and indicated by the voice, more fully and clearly than in any other way.

The voice indicates also all the transient feelings which pervade the being. Our whole emotional nature speaks from the voice. Displeasure, anger, rage—pleasure, admiration, love—all find their image in the voice. Every difference of disposition created by difference of circumstances and relations is indicated by the voice. Truth, manhood, age—each has its own tone or key. Child, sister, mother, friend, brother, husband, father, citizen—each condition and relation speaks in the voice.

The voice, in a word, is the mysterious breath that pervades our whole inward being, physical, mental, moral and spiritual, gathers up all the permanent and transient peculiarities of these different parts of our being, and then utters them in the hearing of others, or paints them that all others may see them. It is the medium and instrumentality through and by which the most inward and secret features of our natures are sounded out, or externalized. It is the sacramental sign of our being organically penetrated with the things signified—a continuous revelation of personal properties and qualities to others from the inward depths, which even we ourselves would and could not otherwise know or understand.

This is the meaning of the voice in general, and in individual human

cases. What is its meaning in the case of the great and good shepherd—the son of God?

Of course the richness of meaning will increase with the richness of the nature which the voice embodies and represents. In this case it represents more than mere human personality, with the various feelings, sentiments and dispositions that grow out of it. Christ's personality is both human and divine. The voice here must embody and represent vastly more than in the case of the greatest, noblest and best of men. As the tongue of a bell disengages and sends forth the *whole* sound of the bell, in which is indicated both its quality and size, so the voice, in every case, will bear the *whole* nature of the person from whom it emanates. What height, and depth, and width of meaning must thus be enshrined in the voice of Christ! His utterance is like the voice of many waters. Its notes come from the deeps and from the heights, and, uniting in one voice, carries with it richness, power, grandeur, which no ear can fully estimate. It is in one, both the voice of God and man. While it contains power, which, like the fierce lightning, tears to pieces or withers up the objects on which it falls, as in the case of the fig-tree, it carries with it, at the same time, the mildest tones of human sympathy and tender love. The voice of Christ is the full, warm and faithful revelation of his whole inward and mysterious being—the sounding out of the gospel from its hidden depths, like the voice of sweetest music, amid a world of jarring discord and confusion.

In the voice of Christ we are made to feel the inward majesty of His being. No man spake as this man. Authority was enshrined in every tone. The first intonation had the effect to awe all into silence and fear. Beyond his words, Divinity trembled in every tone. When he spake, all felt that it was the voice of God; and while his sheep saw in this, the wisdom to lead and the power to protect, the wolf no less saw the wisdom to confound and the power to destroy.

In the voice of Christ we are made to realize his inward lowliness, tenderness and love. It is the voice of my friend. There is humanity in it. It is the Gospel humanized, and adapted to human wants. It is the harmony of majesty and humility, and trembling into the consciousness, and awakening deep emotions. It is a voice like to our own, indicative of like inward cares and sorrows, and makes us feel a sacred nearness to the speaker, whilst at the same time infinite power pervades each tone. It meets us at every turn of our sad experience, and infuses sympathy and strength. Are we in mourning and distress? Listen! "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Are we poor and forsaken? Hark! "The foxes have holes; the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Are we persecuted and despised? Remember the saying of our Lord—"If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."

The voice of Jesus comes to us, embodying his sympathy and love, from every condition in which we can have any practical interest. To one in distressing disease, he said—"Woman, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole." In the silent chamber of death, amid the deep, broken breathing of sadness, His voice was heard: "Damsel, arise." Through the garden of sorrows and over the bed of death have stolen

the deep notes of life and joy : and with his parting breath and ascending person, with hands out-stretched over his sheep, He let fall words of comfort, strength and victory, which form the most precious legacy of all his people.

The voice of Jesus never dies. It is the everlasting gospel. It continues to sound through the ages with ever increasing sweetness and power. It speaks from every sentence of divine record ; from every pulpit and altar ; from every note of praise in the great congregation ; from every Hosanna from the lips of children converted to God ; and from every invitation to the ungodly that goes out from the increasing thousands of his faithful people.

Nor has it lost any of those personal elements and divine-human graces with which it was laden when it fell from his own lips directly. It was His voice that said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Still it is the cask containing the fresh wine—still it is the rose that has lost none of its fragrance—still it carries with it, in every accent and intonation, all the significance of his divinity and humanity, and, therefore, is now, as fully so as at any former time, "the power of God unto salvation." This is still the voice that wakes the dead, and in the experience of spiritual life, proves "sweeter than all the sounds that kiss the earth, or breathe along the sea."

Who hears this voice of the shepherd ? The shepherd himself answers the question : "My sheep hear my voice."

To hear the voice of Christ in the sense here meant, requires that back of the physical ear there be a peculiar spiritual sense. This sense must correspond, in some way, to the nature of the voice ; otherwise, however loud it may sound, whatever power it may carry in it, and however harmonious and soothing it may be, it will not be heard or appreciated. The sheep possess this sense for the voice of the shepherd. It is the mysterious power of instinct, which has rendered the outward ear tender, given to it a peculiar capacity for the voice of the shepherd, opened it to the first and most delicate notes of this voice, and closed it, comparatively, to all other voices. The sheep hear not the voice of strangers. Such is the mysterious power by which the ear is related to the voice of the shepherd, that without any difficulty, and with the most infallible accuracy, they distinguish the tones of his voice among those of a thousand other voices, so that they make no mistake in regard to this matter, and are never misled by a false sound.

Here is described the christian and the christian's faith. While Christ is the good shepherd, christians are the sheep ; and the power by which they hear the spiritual voice of this shepherd, is the faith which is a supernatural grace, even the special gift of God.

This faith is the sense that lies back of the ear of flesh, which wakens it from sleep, which penetrates its carnality, which gives it capacity for spiritual sounds, and which then relates it, as by a speaking trumpet, to the voice of Jesus Christ.

By this means christians hear the most feeble tones. To them they are loud and strong. The carnal world around them, having no such capacity, may hear nothing. They lie in the silence of death while the sweetest music of heaven is sounding over their couches. They are not sheep, and have no ear for the voice of the shepherd. Christians catch

every note, however rapidly the one may follow the other. They do not stop to analyse them—they need no long and labored mental process in order to test their truthfulness, or arrange them in the order of true harmony. To this faith these tones carry their own evidence; and more rapidly than light transmits the features of the face to the plate and paints them there, do these tones carry the image of Jesus to the mind, and daguerreotype it on the tablet of the heart.

What is it to hear the voice of Jesus through the ear of faith? It is not simply to allow that voice to come near us—not only to have its tones to fall upon the outward ear thus opened; but it is to take this voice in—it is to have it tremble through the heart and penetrate the consciousness—it is to receive the power of the divine-human nature from whose secret depths it goes forth, and all the gentle graces, such as meekness, humility, purity and charity, which are enshrined in it. In a word, it is to inaugurate spirit-music in the soul, responsive to that in heaven.

Nay: it is still more. Entering through the outward ear, penetrating the reason, the judgment and the will, sounding through the heart and conscience, and disengaging all the perverted moral sentiments and ice-bound affections, and sending harmonies through the warring and jarring passions, it catches up all this inward being, sunken in sin and wretchedness, and elevates it, organizes it, and makes it all active in the way of responding to the voice of Jesus. Hearing, they follow. This is the Amen—the proper response. It is to obey the voice, not by constraint, but willingly, spontaneously, joyfully—not in an outward way only, but inwardly also, with all the mind, and with all the heart. It makes the whole person glad for the privilege of following Christ whithersoever He may lead.

This shows the nature of the outward efforts of the christian to follow Christ, and glorify him. These are so many outlets of Christ's voice—the fingers upon the great organ, filling earth by their action, with the sweet music of heaven.

“They follow me.” Is this a fact in regard to us? Has the incense of one being been ignited by divine fire? Does the music of the Saviour's voice tremble in our souls? Have we an ear for the divine tones that well up from the deep recesses of the Saviour's heart, and carry in them, for the heart of man, the brightest gems of his being?

Have we heard the Saviour's voice in regard to duty? To pray, to read, to hear, to labor? Have we been faithful and consistent? Have we heard his voice of warning—to avoid temptation, to shun evil company, to flee the beginnings of evil? Have we heard the Saviour's voice of comfort, in worldly care, in reverses of fortune, when a sheep was smitten down, or a tender lamb by death has been carried away? Have we heard his voice sounding over the grave, attuned to the music of the resurrection?

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRIST was born on Christmas day ;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;

CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE :
The Babe, the Son,
The Holy One
Of Mary.

He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
EX MARIA VIRGINE :
The God, the Lord,
By all ador'd
For ever.

Let the bright red berries glow
Ev'rywhere in goodly show ;
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE :
The Babe, the Son,
The Holy One
Of Mary.

Christian men, rejoice and sing ;
'Tis the birthday of a King,
EX MARIA VIRGINE :
The God, the Lord,
By all adored
For ever.

Night of sadness ;
Morn of gladness
Evermore :
Ever, ever :
After many troubles sore,
Morn of gladness evermore
And evermore.

Midnight scarcely pass'd and over,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early,
Very early
Christ was born.

Sing out with bliss,
His name is this ;
Emmanuel .
As was foretold
In days of old
By Gabriel.

H E B R E W L E G E N D S .

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

X X V .

RABBI JOCHONAN'S LEGACY TO HIS PUPILS.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—Ps. cxi: 10.

WHEN Rabbi Jochonan, the son of Sachai, a man great in learning as he was pious in heart, was sick, his pupils came to visit him. They found their venerable master dying. His eyes were filled with tears! They had often heard him discourse on the vanity of the world, the immortality of the soul, the great rewards which the good and pious shall receive in the future world, and therefore they were much surprised that they found him in tears, as if he were sorry to leave the world. Therefore they ventured to ask him the reason of his tears:

"Thou light of Israel, thou chief pillar of the people, thou strength of the Law," they said, "wherefore do you weep?"

"Only suppose for a moment," answered their pious master, "that I were called to appear before the judgment-seat of a great King, one who is merely flesh and blood, here to-day and to-morrow in the grave, whose wrath, be it as great as it may, cannot be eternal, whose punishments, be they ever so severe, cannot last forever, who though he could take away my present life, cannot touch my future life: one whom I should be able to move by words or bribe by gold and costly presents: yet still I would be in fear, and weep before him. But now I am to appear before the King of kings, before God the holy and blessed, who is, and shall be, world without end! whose righteous wrath can endure forever, who can sentence me to everlasting sorrow, and should he condemn me to death, it would be a death without hope! Nor can I change Him by words, nor bribe Him by gifts. And this is not all. Two ways lie before me. The one leads to Paradise, the other to hell. Upon which one I shall be sent, I know not. Have I not reason to weep?"

His pupils had assurance of the piety of their master, and of the purity of his life, still they felt how true and forcible were his words; and they asked for his final blessing.

"May you fear God," said he, "as one fears a mortal King of flesh and blood!"

"Rabbi," they cried, "is this all and nothing more?"

"O, that this might only always be done by you!" answered the good man. "Remember, my sons, how men tremble while they live in view of the responsibilities of their calling! When one commits an error does he not seek to conceal it from his neighbor? Would any one suffer himself to commit a crime in case he knew that it would become known? And what can remain hidden before the all-seeing eyes of God!"

XXVI.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to Rabbi Jehoschnah, "that your God is everywhere, and yet boast that He is in the midst of your people. I would like to see Him!"

"God is everywhere present," replied Jehoschnah, "but see Him you cannot. No mortal eye can behold his glory!"

The Emperor insisted on seeing Him.

"Good," said Jehoschnah, "then we will first attempt to see one of His messengers."

The Emperor agreed to this. Then the Rabbi led him forth at noon under the open sky, and directed him to look up at the sun, which was shining in his strength.

"This I cannot do! His light blinds me!" cried Trajan.

"You are unable," said the Rabbi, "to behold the light of one of His creatures, and canst presume to endure the glories of the Creator Himself! Would not a glance from him annihilate you?"

BLARNEY AND THE BLARNEY STONE.

A common word is "blarney," and it has now a well-defined meaning—to flatter. Our readers may be curious to know its origin, and the "tale that thereby hangs." This information we have from a late traveller in Ireland, and correspondent of the New York Chronicle. He says:

Next morning—Thursday—we rose refreshed, and after a pleasant ride to Blackstone Castle, and around the suburbs of Cork, which we found to be a very beautiful city, embosomed in hills clothed with magnificent forest trees, and verdure worthy of the Emerald Isle, we engaged an Irish *jaunty*-car, and jogged off on a ride of some four or five miles, to the famous Blarney Castle. Aside from the strange power attributed to the act of kissing a certain stone, near the top of this old castle, called the *Blarney Stone*—which, by the way, is a somewhat dangerous feat—the old ruin itself is an object of great interest to the antiquary. It was built about the year 1450, and was long the residence of the lords of Muskerry, Barons of Blarney and Earls of Cloncarty. The part of the ruin where is the old Blarney Stone, kissed quite smooth by the osculatory touches of its myriad of visitors, is an old massive donjon tower, covered with venerable ivy, and about 120 feet in height. It is a singular fact, that the word *Blarney*, now so universally known, is derived from the marvellous properties ascribed to kissing this stone. The following is a specimen of the old popular songs relating to this singular notion:

"The groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams.

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses
O! he never misses,
To grow eloquent.

"Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone."

Whether the stone possesses any virtue or not, one thing is certain—that the natives of this part of the Emerald Isle possess, in no small degree, the quality it is said to impart. The beggars, who will follow you in companies of two or three to a dozen, for two or three miles, some with *mountain dew*, consisting of goat's milk and Irish whisky, *will not* leave you until they have blarneyed you out of some change. Their pertinacity, and perseverance, and good humor under rebuffs, are really amusing, if they are troublesome. I felt repaid by the study of Irish character and human nature, for the sixty or seventy cents, and the annoyance that a walk of some four miles through the "gap of Dunloe" cost me, while seeing the votaries of the Blarney Stone. And yet these persons, mostly girls and young women, were not ordinary beggars, but what are called around there, farmers' daughters, who think it no disgrace thus to follow and to *blarney* visitors, and especially American visitors, out of their loose change.

Their repartees and appeals are sometimes very amusing, and even witty—"Take a little of the mountain dew, ye'r honor." "O no, I'm a Father Matthew man, I don't drink whiskey."

"Oh, but shure y're a nice *young* man, sir—take a little of the goat's milk, sir."

"*Young* man, indeed! I've a daughter as old as you, and she has four little girls herself."

"Shure and *she'll have more*, sir; and it's a kind leddy she is—and the childer are *purty* craters, I'm sure of that."

The Irish leech knew the right side of a grandfather, 3,000 miles away from home, and one shilling (or quarter) was the cost of this literal specimen of Irish blarney—and a *cup of* goat's milk—with no whisky, however.

S U M M E R I S G O N E .

THE tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk,
By rivulet, or spring, or wet roadside,
That blue and bright-eyed flow'et of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not!

B A T T L E S O F T H E R E V O L U T I O N .

A correspondent of the *Norfolk Herald* has taken the pains to compile the following table, showing the comparative losses of life sustained in the Battles of the Revolution. He says he may have made some trifling errors, but that the statistics are mainly correct. The table should be preserved for future reference :

| | British. | Am. |
|--|----------|--------|
| Lexington, April 17, 1775, | 273 | 86 |
| Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, | 1860 | 403 |
| Flatbush, August 12, 1776, | 400 | 200 |
| White Plains, August 25, 1776, | 600 | 400 |
| Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776, | 1000 | 50 |
| Princeton, January 5, 1777, | 400 | 900 |
| Hubbardstown, Aug. 17 and 18, 1777, | 800 | 800 |
| Bennington, August 16, 1777, | 800 | 100 |
| Brandywine, September 11, 1777, | 500 | 1100 |
| Stillwater, September 17, 1777, | 600 | 350 |
| Germantown, October 4, 1777, | 600 | 1200 |
| Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, (surrendered) | 5572 | |
| Red Hook, October 22, 1777, | 500 | 32 |
| Monmouth, June 26, 1778, | 480 | 130 |
| Rhode Island, August 27, 1778, | 270 | 211 |
| Briar Creek, March 10, 1779, | 13 | 400 |
| Stony Point, July 16, 1779, | 600 | 100 |
| Camden, August 16, 1780, | 375 | 610 |
| King's Mountain, Oct. 1780, | 910 | 96 |
| Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1780, | 809 | 72 |
| Guilford Court House, 1780, | 532 | 400 |
| Hubkirk Hills, April 25, 1780, | 400 | 400 |
| Eutaw Springs, Sep, 8, 1780, | 1000 | 550 |
| Yorktown, Oct. 17, 1780 (sur.) | 7072 | 1200 |
| Americans killed, | | 9,802 |
| British killed, | | 13,722 |
| British surrendered, | | 12,644 |
| More British than American's killed, | | 5,920 |

THERE is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life, than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

AMALBERGA, the niece of the Gothic King Deitrich, when she was married to the Thuringain ruler, Hermansfried, opened the way for Christianity in her new fatherland.

Among the Saxon principalities in Britain the oldest one was Kent; it was at the same time the most civilized, as its Kings had been continuously favorable to the arts of peace. The example of their neighbors, the French, who had been won to Christianity, remarks the vigorous writer Lingard, had already somewhat weakened their prepossessions in favor of the religion of their fathers, and from the increasing good fortunes of that people who had already renounced the old religion, they could easily see that victory is not exclusively associated with the worship of Odin.

The wife of King Ethelbert was Bertha, the daughter of the French Prince Charibert, a christian. When she came to Kent, she brought with her Bishop Lindhard; and a free exercise of her religion was allowed her. The well-conducted worship introduced by the pious Bishop had a tendency to make the soil susceptible to the christian religion, and Ethelbert at least made no opposition. In the year A. D. 597 the Abbot Augustine, with a number of ecclesiastics, sent in by the direction of Pope Gregory, landed on an island lying eastward from Kent. Queen Bertha had information of their coming, and had prepared her husband for it. The Abbot sent a messenger to the King, informing him that he had come from a far country, to open to him and his people the gates of blessedness. The king was prepared to listen to him; yet, as he feared sorcery, he would meet him only in an open field. In splendid procession, with a choir of singers, bearing a silver crucifix and an image of our Saviour before him, Augustine approached and addressed the King, who answered him that if even he did not feel prepared himself at once to embrace christianity, he promised that, as long as he tarried in his country, full protection should be afforded him. Queen Bertha rebuilt an old dilapidated church, and gave it to Bishop Lindhard. At once many people were drawn to the place from curiosity; and soon the King openly received christianity, and Ten Thousand natives of the country at once submitted to Baptism.

After Bertha's death the King married again, but soon after died. His son Cadbald, enchanted by the beauty of the widowed mother, married her! When the missionaries disapproved this step, he withdrew from christianity. Soon, however, he was brought to reflection, left his newly selected wife, and remained true to Christianity.

Edwin of Northumberland, had married Eltheldred's daughter Edilberga, allowing her beforehand the free practice of Christianity. She

labored for its extension; and though the waves of heathenism once more rolled in over the newly planted seed, it was nevertheless again a woman, Alesleda, who shared largely in the honor of the victory which Christianity soon after gained anew.

Through a woman Christianity was introduced among the Longobards. They lived in rude barbarity. As late as A. D. 579 they had murdered four hundred men, because they would not take part in the offerings and worships. In Bavaria lived Theodelinde, the daughter of the christian Prince Garibald. Authari, the Prince of Longobard, solicited her in marriage. Paul Diaconus very pleasantly relates: Garibald received the messengers very pleasantly, and promised that Authari should have his daughter. When the messengers returned with this intelligence to Authari, he had a desire to behold his bride with his own eyes. He selected from among his Longobards a few but very expert men, and one of them noted for his faithfulness to him, he appointed their leader. Thus he set out for Bavaria. When after the manner of an embassy they had been led into the presence of the King, and he who was the leader of the Bavarian company, after the greeting, had presented the matter to the King, Authari, who was not known as such to any who accompanied him, approached nearer to the King Garibald and said: "My master, King Authari, has sent me for this end, that I might see your daughter, his Bride, who is to be our future Queen, that I may reliably report her form and appearance."

When the King heard this, he sent for his daughter; and when Authari had contemplated her in silence, and seen how beautiful she was, and she pleased him well in every respect, he said to the King: "As the form and features of your daughter please us well, and we therefore desire to have her as our Queen, we would request if it is agreeable to your excellency, that we may receive a goblet of wine from her hand, just as she will in future hand to us." When the King had given his consent that this should be done, Theodelinde handed the goblet first of all to him who appeared to be the leader and chief of the rest, and next to Authari, of whom she did not know that he was her bridegroom. When he had drunk the wine and handed back to her the goblet, in a way not to be observed by any one, he touched her hand with his finger, and gently stroked her face from her forehead down over her cheeks with his right hand. With deep blushes Theodelinde related this to her nurse. Then she said to her: "If this man were not himself the King, and your Bridegroom, he would in no case have ventured to touch you. But let us meanwhile be quiet, that your father may know nothing of it. For verily he is a man that well deserves to be King, and to be united unto you as your husband."

Authari was at that time in the bloom of youthful manhood, of a noble form, with bright locks of hair, and a ruddy, refined countenance. Soon after this the royal party again commenced their journey home.

When now Anthari had arrived at the borders of Italy, and the Bavarians were still with him, he raised himself as high as he could on the horse which bore him, and with all his might struck the war-axe, which he carried in his hand, into a tree that stood near by—let it stick there, adding these words: "Such are the strokes which Authari gives!"

When he had said this, the Bavarians who accompanied him, knew that he himself, was King Authari !

When now, after a time, Garibald got into trouble by the invasion of the Franks, his daughter, Theodelinde, fled with her brother into Italy, and made known to her betrothed her arrival. He at once went out in stately style to receive her for the marriage. He met her at Sardisfield, above Verona, where on the fifteenth day of May, in the midst of a general jubilation, the marriage was consecrated.

Theodelinde cultivated the taste of her people for the arts, and prepared the way for christianity, after she had brought her husband to bow to the cross of Christ. The people were affectionately attached to their Queen ; and therefore they permitted her, after Authari had died of poison, to retain her Queenly honor, and to select for herself from among the Longobards whom she would as her husband, if he were only, gifted with the talent to rule. She choose Agilulf, the Duke of Turin. How singularly interesting are the ways of providence ; and how great an element is the gentle power of romance in the history of the triumphant spirit of Christianity among the nations !

A D V E N T H Y M N .

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

HAIL Jesus ! Israel's Hope and Light !
Prophets and Kings prepared Thy way ;
Thy people, through the breaking night,
With waiting joy foresaw Thy day.

II.

From Jacob's Star the Gentiles found
Light on their mystic longing poured ;
They came from dismal regions round,
And at the manger-shrine adored.

III.

Thy Advent, Lord, revives the world,
Thy life shall joyful nations know ;
The banner of Thy truth unfurled,
Shall glorious on the mountains glow.

IV.

The vales, where darkness lingers last,
Now kindle in prophetic light ;
The morning breaks ! forever past
The fearful reign of ancient night.

V.

Hail Glorious Advent ! heavenly birth !
Shout, saints, in triumph, Christ appears ;
Good will to men, and peace on earth,
Shall reign throughout the golden years.

LITTLE THINGS.

AN ADDRESS BY A TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

"Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

THERE are but few men to whom God has assigned any great work in the world, and those rarely have any definite idea as to the particular sphere in which they will be obliged to work. Quietly it dawns upon the mind—the fact that a special mission is theirs, and they find the world prepared to give them a position where their mission can be executed. Many a man has in him the elements of the hero, poet or philosopher, which are never developed; simply because the world has no need of them. Many a woman has the piety and the necessary self-denial to become a Florence Nightingale—the bearer of consolation and comfort to the suffering and distressed, a bright christian light amid the benighted sons of men, who has simply lived and died within the narrowest sphere of duties, because necessity did not call her forth to such a field of action. With the poet we are ready to say—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,"

although we cannot admit that it can "*waste its sweetness on the desert air.*"

The possibility of doing great things may exist in every man, but the laws of history do not make this possibility active and potent in many men or women. It is not their lot to figure as *leaders* in the great arena of life; but still their lot, however humble it be, is of importance. Nothing is wasted that results from the regular performance of the duties which inhere to our respective stations. The flower, that blushes unseen by human eye, is seen by His eye who has made it. Then dare we say its sweetness is wasted on the desert air? The life that is spent in nobly and honestly contending with the duties which appertain to it, evolves a sweet fragrance that is pleasant to its Creator, and shall receive the noblest of all rewards in His words—"well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The life of every one consists of "little things," whether that life has been nobly or ignobly spent. They may not be deemed worthy of recollection by the biographer, but they constitute the materials with which each day's record is filled. Their effects, separately taken, are inappreciable to human eye, but collectively, they form the character and constitute its worth or worthlessness. In the every day events of nature, constant droppings are known to wear away stones—the gentle friction of the water overcomes the cohesion that binds even the solid particles of granite together—gains eventually a victory, which may serve as a lesson for us all. The old Scotch proverb, "many a little makes a

mickle," teaches us that continuous persevering labor may accumulate that which shall surprise us by its proportions. These "little things" make up the history of each one's life. They occur during our school-days—in early years when a sense of moral accountability only begins to dawn upon the mind—in the active world, when we are contending with our fellow-men for the mastery, or battling with fortune for success. They form the character—give that bent to the disposition which may make it a cause of happiness to friends, or a source of misery to ourselves. By their quiet, unseen influence, a man's whole nature may be so warped that he shall despise virtue, boast of his vice, and glory in his shame. The moral vision may thus become perverted, and every thing will assume a disturbed and repulsive form. But, on the other hand, *little things* may be all powerful in their effects for good. It is mostly in this way that Providence carries out His wonderful designs in the world. How great is the beauty of the tree—yet it has attained all this beauty through the aid of *little things*, in themselves insignificant and unimportant. Water, air, and a few inorganic substances have daily ministered unto its growth and life, until it has become the wonder of the forest—the delight of man. The beautiful chalk-cliffs of England are but accumulations of little shells, which have been for thousands of years collecting—each one, microscopic in character, insignificant apparently in itself, but when collected in millions, they stand forth as impressive monuments of the value of little things. And leaving the sphere of nature, do we not meet the same truth in a higher sphere? The ministration of little things is most plainly seen in the formation of both mental and moral character. Their gentle influences are more potent in the production of effects striking and wonderful, than great events. Who does not know the effect of a smile on a loved one's face? How our souls leap with delight, as we observe the movements of those muscles of the face that show kindness of heart, or the sparkling of eyes beaming with good humor and spirit? Our feelings, despite any vexation we may have felt, become joyous and happy—every thing around is tinted with the beautiful colors of the rainbow, and nature assumes, for us, a more than customary glorious garb. And when the look of reproof or dissatisfaction is directed towards us, how all the bright and enchanting charms of nature disappear—a dismal gloom pervades every thing; sorrow throws its gray mantle over our former happiness, and we shrink into gloomy retirement.

Again, who has not felt a thrill of joy run through his whole system, at the kind, affectionate tones of a mother's voice? The mother! to whom we are bound by the holiest ties—whose entire thoughts and cares have been to guide us aright in the way of life, who has tenderly watched our early years, spending days and sleepless nights by our bedside; joying in our joys, and sorrowing with our sorrows, as in childish confidence we have made her partaker of them all, and knowing no earthly happiness as great as that which springs from seeing her child happy! Whether on earth, or in heaven, her spirit is ever a guardian angel to her child—gently warning him from evil, or pointing out the bright, shining road that leads to happiness.

God, Himself, when he saw fit to make a revelation to the Prophet of old, selected not the earthquake, nor the tempest, nor the raging

fire, but "the still small voice" that followed these great commotions. The ministrations of *little things* is in reality that which most powerfully governs and controls the universe.

Now if all this be so, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how great the necessity of considering and attending to the influence of those little things which are so mighty in their influence on character—especially if we wish to make our lives real and earnest. Two classes of motives may induce us to the adoption of any particular line of conduct—those which arise from pleasure and those which spring from the requirements of duty. I trust we shall find that both classes will be found united in urging us to a careful attention to little things. Indeed that only can be true pleasure which consists in an honest improvement of what is our duty. All else is but the dull, phosphorescent glow of a feeble earthly light, as compared with the bright, cheering beams of the sun in the heavens above us.

PLEASURE bids us attend to the *little things* of life. Wherever order and system reign, there work becomes pleasure; wherever discord and carelessness rule, all our acts become mere compromises with that which is wrong. The harmony that marks the whole plan of nature, keeping planets in their appointed orbits, causing moons to revolve around their *primaries*, regulating the growth of rocks, the growth and life of plants, the growth, life and feeling of animals—all springs from the ministration of little things. If an attention to little things mark our every act, then harmony will also reign throughout our lives. This will show its effects in the happiness we will bring to the hearts of our friends, and in the conscious feeling of having endeavored to do the tasks assigned us on earth. A life thus mindful of little things is like one of the old church anthems, perfect in all its parts, with unobjectionable harmony and a melody that entrances the spirits of all who come within the range of its wondrous effects—a melody which sometimes bears the spirit of the hearer, as it were, to the very portals of heaven, and then brings Heaven down to earth—making it so near that we can almost hear Cherubim and Seraphim cry, "Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory."

What earthly pleasure more real than that which arises from the performance of duty! the son or daughter bending every energy to the performance of those things which please the parent, or will satisfy the expectations of the teachers whom the parent has selected to take charge of their education, striving always so to act that, with a conscious sense of duty performed, they can confidently look those in authority over them full in the face; the teacher honestly striving to fulfil the requirements of his position, without fear or favor, doing, as far as may be in his power, what his conscience tells him is right; the laboring man toiling as faithfully for his employer as though the result of all his labor was solely to inure for his own benefit; and the politician keenly alive to the performance of every public duty, however trivial it be.

"Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Not by works that give the world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted cross,
Can'st thou win and wear the immortal crown.

“Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.”

But DUTY, in a three-fold manner, also urges us on to proper attention to little things and this is still more important than pleasure. Our lives are to be scenes of work. With life comes the duty of labor. All must, and all do, work in some way or other, either with an intelligent apprehension of a definite object to be attained, or, as is the case with the so-called idler, with a constant struggle to find some position where thought shall desert the mind, and the body shall luxuriate in a mere vegetative existence. And there is no choice allowed to us but one or the other of those two. We must either work with zest and pleasure or we must do worse work by sighing and groaning in the morning because it is not evening, and in the evening because the morning is not at hand.

Duty to ourselves requires that whatsoever the hand findeth to do shall be done with all our might, as “there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave,” whither we go. This springs from our very nature. We are so easily influenced by external circumstances, that our bodily, mental and spiritual health depends to a very great extent on these. It is a great problem how we shall control these, so as to keep them from injuring or destroying that health which belongs to the human being. By controlling them, or at least by honestly and conscientiously endeavoring to control them, we insure to a certain extent the sanitary condition of body, mind and soul. Our lives become independent of little things, when we have learned to control them, just as laws are never very odious to those who try to obey them. By cultivating habits of orderly attention to the little things of life, such attention loses its irksomeness, and the daily routine of duties is accomplished as regularly as the circulation carries the blood throughout the animal system; and, like the latter, the fact of its existence is only known to us when an interruption takes place in its movement. Our tempers become thus subdued, lose their impetuosity, and a quiet is given our souls which the world with all its bustling pomp and honors could never confer. On the ground then of *duty to ourselves*, attention to *little things* commends itself to our earnest consideration.

But still a higher duty enjoins the same attention—namely, that to our neighbors. St. John exhorts Gaius that he shall do faithfully whatsoever he does to the brethren and to strangers, “whom if thou bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, thou shalt do well;” and St. Paul enjoins it upon the Colossians, “*whatsoever ye do, do it heartily*,” a better motto than which could not be inscribed on the escutcheon of any man. We are not living alone in the world, but form portions of a race to whom a great work has been assigned. We dare not selfishly shut ourselves out from this work, and it is as multifarious in character as the incidents of life itself. Every act that may lighten the toil or bring pleasure to the heart of our neighbor—it is a noble thing for us to do. Every word of cheer and comfort that will brighten our neighbor’s pathway—it is our duty to say. Every smile and kindly look that will beget smiles and happiness in another—it is our glorious privilege to confer. With the disposition to perform the little things, which our re

lations to the world require of us, we contribute to the general harmony of society. It matters little whether our station be high or low, the result is the same. The King, at the head of his government, is in no better position to confer happiness, than the good man who labors in the secluded village, or the dutiful daughter who lightens her mother's cares by her loving attention to the duties of the family. Each, in his or her sphere, brings happiness and comfort to others. Who dare say that the acts of one, in the sight of God, are of more importance than those of the other?

DUTY TO GOD, however, still more imperatively requires us to perform everything which "*the hand findeth to do.*" Who can say within what limits the problem of life is confined. Whatsoever meets us by the wayside is as much our duty to take cognizance of, as though it were specially bound up in the problem of our individual existence. God has so ordered it, and nothing is so insignificant but that his command makes it most important for us to accomplish. Aye! little things are those He will have us to do, such as do not present the attractive ends of ambition or honor, but simply the happy feeling of duty performed. By their performance we will best work out the problem of our existence. We shall show the world *by our deeds*, not by endless pratings about our feelings and silly sentimentalities, as to our fear of contact with the duties of life, what is the life that glows within us.

"We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

The necessity of attending to *little things*, however, particularly devolves upon the Christian; child or man—so far as his knowledge of his duties extends, so far must he feel it incumbent upon him to do every thing that his hand findeth to do. This is *specially* incumbent upon him, since by his baptismal vow, a public renunciation has been made of "the Devil with all his ways and works, the world with its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh with all its sinful desires," and a solemn promise has been made that he would be reared in "the doctrines and *duties* of our holy religion." With these solemn pledges in the presence of the congregation of the faithful on earth and in heaven, attested by holy Angels and the spirits of the sainted dead, witnessed by Christ, who is the Head of His Church, into which we have been adopted, and sanctioned by the Almighty presence of Him, who has thus taken us as His children, dare we thrust aside as insignificant or unimportant, as trifling or val any duty that may present itself before us in our humble station? Dare we speak of anything as little, so little that we can pass it by without violating our mission as creatures of the most high?

L. H. S.

THE BELLS! THE BELLS!

FROM THE GERMAN.

“WHILE the horses were changing in the hamlet of Kleinberg, I came across an old spinnet in a cottage where I had asked for a cup of milk. While harmonizing and thrumming on its time-yellowed keys, a peasant child, who had probably never heard one before, crept into the room, and stood by me with distended eyes. When I ceased playing, he murmured, *die Klocken, die Klocken*, (the bells, the bells,) and burst into tears.

Say tell me, are those tinkling bells
The chiming of another land?
How sweet the plaintive little knells,
Come from the moving of your hand.

Say, are they rung by fairies bright.
While dancing in their frolic round?
Such ones as gem the grass with light,
And spin their gauze-cloth on the ground.

Or is it a heart saddening toll,
From the chill mansions of the dead;
Where hand in hand the spirits stroll,
Or melancholy measures tread?

I think I hear my mother speak,
She died, come midsummer a year;
And Karl my little brother meek,
Seems murmuring just at my ear.

How steadily they gaze at me!
How large and sad their eyes seem now!
Bright tear drops on their lashes be,
And wreaths like moonlight on their brow!

I would I might come to thee, brother;
I miss thee from our nightly rest?
I would I might come to thee, mother,
And lay my head upon thy breast.

Faintly, more faint they fade away—
Why will they not with me remain?—
O, Sir I pray thee do not play
Those melancholy bells again.

THE CHILDREN WITH THE CHICKENS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE Publishers have provided a very pretty frontispiece for the present volume of *THE GUARDIAN*. It is their own taste—and we have no fault to find with it. Rather we are pleased, as we have no doubt our readers will be. They give us, moreover, the agreeable information that it is “a new plate, never used before.” Hear that, ye dashing city Magazines, who make your flourishes with old pictures! Our *GUARDIAN* is original—a bird that sings with its own throat!

In sending us a copy of “The Children with the Chickens” in advance, the Publishers say: “there now, you can write an article on it.” Thanking them for their good opinion, we sat down in the most peaceful quietness to examine it; and it was not long till we felt as if it could be done. Sure we are that if all the pleasant thoughts which floated through our mind, while silently gazing at the picture, were written down, it would be a thing to be read! But there is the trouble. A picture is a thing to look at, and each one should—as he is wont to do—get his own thoughts and feelings from it.

One thing impressed us distinctly, namely, this is a picture for the country. Such a beautiful scene as it presents, is only witnessed in the country. The impression which has begotten this thought, we have brought with us from our boyhood—a period of our life which this picture brings vividly before us, as often as we look at it. What a happy part of life that is! As it may never return to us, we the more cherish its pleasant remembrances; and we confess that, in our own case, the picture before us has not been powerless in calling up one of its once familiar and joy-giving scenes.

True, for the present, the little lad and sister are in trouble, as their attitudes and countenances plainly betray. But he need only let go the little captive which he holds in his hand, and all will be over. This we think he feels half inclined to do. Sure we are, that if he does it not, yet worse manifestations will ensue, if we may believe that what we behold in the shine of the eye and the show of the bill, in that maternal chicken queen, is real earnest; and of this we have not the least doubt. The little sister seems to know what part of her person would be likely to suffer first, should the war come to its worst, and accordingly drops her flowers that she may hide her face with her apron. The boy, a little more brave, still looks daring at the fowl with full face, but is, at the same time, careful to have his one arm in a position to fortify that part of the breast-work against the enemy, should it become necessary. But our opinion, based on some experience, is that he will let the little chicken go before it comes to close quarters. All the warring queen desires is a restoration of the prisoner, which will end the war; to which reasonable condition we hope the little fellow will see it his duty to accede.

Judging from the little lad's innocent face, we are far from thinking that he bears any ill-will against the fowls, old or young. On the contrary, we suppose it was love for the pretty little chick, that led him to seize it. This, we are inclined to think is the case generally in offensive wars. It is not so much love for fighting and destroying, as it is for getting and having, that causes war. It is not so much the heads of the subjects as the territories of other realms which conquerers seek. If this be so, the picture before us illustrates more things than perhaps the artist intended. The question is not who shall be killed; but who shall have a certain slice of Mexico, the whole of Lombardy, or some other of the Italian States. The killing part is only something by the way. We have no doubt that the old chicken in the picture, would agree with the motto of all brave men: "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must!"

Hoping that the little chap will be content with seeing the beautiful little chick running in company with the rest where, after all, it looks most beautifully, and that he will not insist in "dissolving the union" between him and the barn-yard, by unreasonable demands, we command the further study of the picture to our readers, with the request that they take no violent part in a strife, which will of itself, if left alone, soon come to an end.

GIVING THE SACK.

THIS expression, so familiar among the young, especially in rural circles, and which is used to indicate the gentle dismissal of a beau whose attentions are no longer desired seems to have a more serious origin than might be imagined. Though it is rather an unpleasant process for an unsuccessful aspirant for the partiality of his chosen lady, yet if the following story gives its true origin, "getting the sack" originally was after all something far more unpleasant than it is now. Here is the story, to which its origin has been ascribed.

Some eighty or a hundred years ago the body of a man was found in the Tiber at Rome. It was recognized as that of a porter well known about the city, but a stranger thing was that a second body (also that of a man) was found at the same time, tied up in a sack which was strongly stitched on to the collar of the coat of the porter. This body was not so easily recognised, but the strangeness of the circumstances set all the authorities immediately to work in the greatest earnest, and excited much interest in the city. Before long suspicion arose, which attached itself to a woman of doubtful character who lived in the outskirts, and whose husband had all at once disappeared. All however that was known was this, that she had lived unhappily with him. Nothing could be discovered or brought home to her, beyond the fact that

he was gone, and of course she maintained that he had left her, and that she was a much injured person. And thus, as there was no proof, after a while the talk of the affair was dying out, when all at once it was fanned into a flame again; the suspected house was revisited, and the woman actually brought to confess the truth, that she had murdered her husband and caused likewise the death of the porter. Upon this, without further ado, she was apprehended, and had to undergo her trial. The obtaining this confession, and the discovery of what had baffled the wisest heads in Rome, caused a very great sensation, but nobody seemed to know how it had been brought about.

Upon her trial she said she had murdered her husband out of jealousy and with no help from human creature. The great difficulty she found was in disposing of the body. At last she hit upon this contrivance. She crammed it into a sack, and sent for a porter with whom she was acquainted. It was then the dusk of the evening. On his arrival she represented that she had been cleaning out her house, and had collected a great mass of rubbish, which she did not well know what to do with, or how to get rid of; she thought it a good plan to stuff it all into a sack, and have it thrown into the river. It was heavy she said, but she would pay him well for his job, and gave him refreshment before he started with his load. The matter thus arranged, they supped and caroused together, and she so plied him with drink that he was well-nigh overcome. She then brought out the sack, and pretending to adjust it to his shoulder, stitched it strongly to the collar of his coat, telling him all he had to do when he got to the middle of the bridge was to lean it toward the edge, and chuck the sack as far as he could over the parapet, so as to get it clear out of the way into the current, and she would give him his money when he came back; which, of course, he never did. She could not tell, she said, how it had been found out, but she supposed God and the Virgin Mother had brought it to light; that was the whole truth, she added, and all she had to tell. When the trial had arrived at this point a young lawyer stepped forward, and asked her "if she had ever told anybody what she had done, or had any accomplice who could have divulged it?"

"No," she said, nobody had helped her, and they might well suppose she would not be such a fool as to tell it to any living creature."

"What? Nobody!" the young lawyer asked.

"No," said she; "only my confessor."

Here was the solution of the whole business, and the lawyer soon discovered that the confessor had a brother in the galleys, and calling to mind an old custom that if a galley-slave can be the means of bringing a worse criminal than himself to justice, he received his freedom, he arrived at the conclusion that the galley-slave had furnished the clue, which turned out to be the fact. The woman escaped punishment, as the discovery had been made through a breach of the confessional. The father confessor absconded as soon as possible. The young lawyer rose to eminence.

D E B T S .

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have made no new discoveries in regard to the relation of debt and credit in political economy. We have no new theories to offer in the moral right or immoral wrong of making debts. Nor have we any suggestions to make in reference to the proper way of collecting debts, or of treating delinquent debtors. Whether they ought to sell themselves to their creditors as among the early Athenians and Romans—whether the debtor ought to be handed over to the creditor, who taking him to his house may treat him in the most cruel manner for sixty days, and then sell him into foreign slavery, as enacted by the decemvirs of Rome—or whether they should be imprisoned till the debt is paid, as in England, and formerly in some States of the Union—is all the same to our present purpose. Our present ambition extends only to some plain and practical suggestions relating to the general subject of debts, going into debt, and keeping out of debt.

In the present state of business, and amid the prevalent views and modes of interchange, it seems almost impossible, for all men to keep out of debt. Yet it is worthy of serious consideration whether present views and modes in regard to the matter are not greatly if not wholly false and wrong. “Owe no man anything,” if taken in its connections with the context, seems strongly to indicate the immorality of going into debt, and to amount to a positive prohibition in the case of a Christian. St. Augustine takes it to mean that a Christian should not place himself into such a state of dependence on another. He owes him not the bondage of being in his power through debt, but only to serve him freely in love.

It would be difficult, moreover, to show that it is in any case absolutely necessary for one person to be in debt to another. If in consequence it becomes absolutely necessary for any one to have that for which he cannot at once pay, he has the refuge of Christian charity, and he is in the truest sense a proper subject for its exercise. If this were the test to which absolute needs would have to be brought, it would soon appear how many necessities which are regarded absolute, and which seem to the person to justify his going into debt, are not in reality so. It would also greatly promote forethought, economy, prudence in expenditures, and wholesome self-denial. It is easy to see that the readiness with which credits may be obtained, and the loose way in which taking present advantage of the apparent conveniences which they offer are justified, has much to do with the misery and bondage which result from them.

Should we, however, grant that going in debt is in some cases, and to some extent necessary and justifiable, it cannot be denied that it is at the present time carried entirely too far. There seems to be a kind of mania in this direction. Most of persons seem to regard it not only

a privilege but also a duty to be in debt. It is not confined to the comparatively poor and needy ; but men in comfortable circumstances wear it with the same natural ease as they do their clothing ; and the rich seem to enjoy it as a kind of luxury. Hence, as a general rule, the richer a man is, or seems to be, the more does he seem to be provided with this kind of appendages ; as though this sort of negative property were needed, like empty funeral carriages that follow the great, to indicate the dignity and power of him whose movements they herald and follow ; and the allusion allows us to add, that these appendages in his train are generally answering the same purpose as the real funeral carriages, namely, following their master's fortunes to the grave !

As there is a growing mania for making debts, so there is an increasing taste for leaving them unpaid. Indeed, the carelessness with which debts are made, is already proof positive that the person has already in him the preparation necessary for leaving them unpaid. In this, too, the rich, and the poor are both alike. If there is any difference, it is against the rich. Not only is more money lost through their defalcations ; but, what is worse, the loss generally falls on those who are least able to endure it.

Then, too, the cases in which debts remain unpaid are so numerous and common that the sense of its immorality has in a great degree faded from the public conscience. On this subject a cotemporary has well spoken, and we avail ourselves of his words as just in place.

"Few people seem to realize the dishonesty of not paying their debts. It has become a habit with many to defer liquidating their liabilities to the longest possible moment. The most trivial excuses, and in many instances downright falsehoods, are resorted to, to put off a creditor. Men with money in their pockets, will declare, with faces as long as the moral law, that they are entirely unable to meet the demand made upon them ; in fact, according to their story, they have not a cent in the world ; but they are extremely sorry, and, at some other time, they hope to be able to pay what they owe. Others will spend their money lavishly in gratifying their appetites and their fancies, and let their creditors whistle for their dues. Now, we submit to any candid man, whether such conduct is any less dishonest than it would be to put your hand into another man's pocket and steal his purse. On the contrary, it seems to us to be meaner. Men obtain credit through the confidence the creditor may have in them. When they refuse to pay, they abuse this confidence, and persist in holding on to what does not belong to them. The common thief *takes* and keeps. The man who makes a business of getting trust and never paying, *gets* and keeps. The only difference between them is, one *takes* and the other *gets* ; and that, we think, is a distinction without much of a difference.

"It is time that this thing of persons contracting debts which they never intend to pay, should be held up in its true enormity. The truth is, it has become a crying evil, embarrassing business men terribly, and making a business life almost unendurable. We should have a reformation, and public opinion should be educated to look at the evil in its true light. Our present system of credits is a killing tax on industry. The earnings of the industrious go to feed and clothe those who live on "running their faces," and thus almost a premium is put on idleness.

The evil should and must be corrected, if we are to expect anything like prosperity in business."

Even where there is no intended immorality in making debts, and afterwards actual dishonesty in failing to pay them, there is what amounts in spirit almost to the same thing in the manifest imprudence of the course of such as involve themselves in bitter and long continued trouble in consequence of pressing debts. To a sensitive mind it is the bitterest kind of bondage. "When you run in debt," says Dr. Franklin, "you give to another power over your liberty." To the same effect speaks the Spectator: "I am exceedingly astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible that a man who is give in to contract debts should not know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honor, liberty and fortune. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people."

There may indeed at times be things which it might be desirable and convenient to possess, but in view of the fearful bondage which debts involve, is it not wise and prudent rather to endure the inconvenience than resort to credit, by which we only the more surely lay up for ourselves a greater inconvenience for some future day. We are sure moreover that an actual examination, could it be made, would show that by far the largest number of debts are made, not for necessities but for mere conveniences. How few things after all are absolutely needed. Any reflecting person will readily come to the conclusion that extravagance, and not want, is the most prolific source of debt.

The young of our day are exposed to great temptations in this direction; and if not careful, find themselves easily allured into the meshes of this evil. They have the examples of older men around them to encourage the venture; and without having as yet by experience learned the lesson which the folly only teaches in the end, they are easily led on by the siren which sings of present conveniences, but eschews the doleful bitter dirge that will later greet them from the bogs toward which they are certainly led.

Remember, young men, that in scripture "debts," mean the same as sins—a significant fact! As sin and penalty, so debt and penalty are twin brothers. Though the creditor may not always do so, yet he is in a position where he may "take you by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest!" In spirit he is your master. He holds the power and the penalty over you. What can be more humiliating! You can afford to deprive yourself of many things which it would be pleasant to enjoy—you can afford to wear a well worn coat a month longer, and buy a new one at a dollar less a yard. You can get along with a cheap silver watch or without a watch at all—you can live without ice-cream or oysters—all this and much more, you can afford to do, and without any dishonor to yourself; but you cannot afford to oppress yourself with debt, which, if not into sin, will surely lead you into sorrow.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S ADVICE.

WHEN John Randolph was in London he wrote to a gentleman who married his favorite niece. In it was the following advice :

Have no dealings that can possibly be avoided with your neighbors. The disregard of this caution will certainly lead to squabbles and strife.

Take no receipt on loose pieces of paper. Carry a receipt-book in your pocket, and take all receipts in it; if you are afraid of losing it, keep it in your desk. Always have the receipts witnessed when practicable.

Copy or have copied, all your bills in a book, so that you must at a glance see the cost of any article or branch of expense. Without accurate accounts you may fast fall behindhand.

What voyage would a ship make without observation or reckoning? You are now embarked on a voyage of life; without a good look-out you may be cast away.

Form no intimacies with your neighbors under a seven years' acquaintance. The rigid observation of my own maxims did not prevent ill blood between some of my neighbors and myself. My maxims preserved me from strife and from loss by those. With the rest I was on the best of terms.

Economy—the adopting of your supplies judiciously to the intended end—this is a gift of God. It cannot be taught, at least. I have tried to learn it all my life, without success. My mother had it to perfection.

Frugality.—It is in the power of every honest man, who means to retain his honesty, to refrain from indulging in expenses which he cannot afford. A disregard of this maxim, the result of their ignorant indolence of their own affairs, has ruined all my name and race. They did not know what they could afford, and some, I fear, did not care.

NATURAL HISTORY OF PEBBLES.

ONLY a pebble! Oh, man, that stone which you thrust so contemptuously out of your way, is older than all else on this earth. When the waters under the heavens were gathered together unto one place, that pebble was there. Who can tell us the story of those first days, when the earth was in sore travail; when her heaving bosom belched forth torrents of fire, vast avalanches of hissing, seething water, and volumes of deadly vapors; when glowing, blazing streams of lava threw a bloody red glare on the silent lifeless earth, and, amidst a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament, a thousand volcanoes at once lifted up their fiery heads; when out of the foaming waters there rose suddenly the rocky foundations of firm land, and greeted the light that God had created? That pebble was life's first offspring on earth. The spirit of God moved on the waters, and life was breathed in the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapory globe. They parted in love, they parted in hate; they fled and they met.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

VOLUME XII.

Look at the numerals above—TWELVE. With this number our GUARDIAN enters upon its twelfth Volume. That our humble Magazine has lived thus long we take as proof that it has friends, and that it is desirable that it should live longer still. Taking this for granted we go cheerfully forward.

THE GUARDIAN will endeavor to greet its friends regularly each month during the year; and as this involves labor and expense we respectfully solicit encouragement in the way of an increased list of subscribers. Its old friends, we are sure, will not forget it, and we shall be happy to hear favorably from many new ones.

We cannot, we do not ask Pastors to give their time in soliciting subscribers for THE GUARDIAN; but we should take it as a great kindness if such as approve of its spirit and aim would request some active young person in their congregations to get up a list of new subscribers for us.

To the inducements offered in the Prospectus we will add another. This, namely: To any one who will send us THREE new subscribers with the cash, we will send POST PAID one copy of the "GOLDEN CENSER"—the work noticed in this number—worth 75 cents.

A PRESENT.

Well. Who is to have a present? Your son, or your daughter, or if you are a single young man, some young person in whom you are interested, will be happy to receive a present; no doubt. Now we suggest that you send us the name of the person with \$1, and we will send the present ONCE A MONTH during the whole year in the shape of THE GUARDIAN. We submit the question to parents who have sons or daughters away from home whether this would not be as cheap and suitable a present as

they could make their absent children? What say you? You are convinced that our suggestion is a good one. Then send on the order before some evil counsel prevails against your good intentions.

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW TESTED.

The following case lately tried before the Lebanon county Court is so interesting as to the principle involved that we deem it proper to state it for our readers:

It will be remembered that according to Act of Assembly passed the 8th day of May, 1854, tavern keepers who sell liquor to persons of known intemperate habits, to minors, insane persons, or to any person when drunk, shall be deemed a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment; and by the 3d section of the same Act, "any person furnishing intoxicating drinks to any other person in violation of this, or any other existing law, shall be held civilly responsible for any injury to person or property in consequence of such furnishing, and any one aggrieved may recover full damages against such person so furnishing, by action on the case."

Under this law action was brought by Rebecca Garman, widow of Jacob Garman, to recover damages for the death of her husband. The facts of the case as elicited in the trial are as follows:

Jacob Fink is a tavern keeper, in Annville, Lebanon county, and from the evidence it appears that some time in the latter part of December, 1859, Jacob Garman—the husband of plaintiff—drove up to Fink's Tavern with four horses and a wagon loaded with cordwood, which he was hauling to the Railroad, and the first witness, Abraham Moyer, testified that he came to Fink's tavern on that day in the afternoon, on horseback; that when he came there Garman was watering his horses;

the day was a very cold one; and Garman was watering his horses; Garman and himself entered into a conversation about the extreme cold; Garman then asked witness to treat, which he said he would do, and going into the tavern Garman followed him, and after standing at the stove awhile, they drank; witness drank whiskey, Garman drank gin. Fink gave them the liquor; Garman nearly filled his tumbler with gin, and drank it; they went out.

By the testimony of John Boyer, Garman, when he came out of the tavern, met him, the witness, on the pavement, and requested him to go along to the railroad and help unload the wood. Witness told him the weather was too cold, and refused, but Garman insisted upon his going along, which the witness agreed to do, if Garman would treat, to which Garman consented, telling the witness to go in and drink, and that he would pay Fink when he came back from the railroad. Boyer went in to get his drink, and when at the bar, Garman came in and said he believed as it was so cold he would take a drink likewise and asked for gin; Fink handed him the bottle, and Garman filled his tumbler almost full, and drunk it down. Thus with almost two tumblers of gin in him they started for the railroad, Garman getting on the saddle horse, and the witness walking alongside of the horse; they talked about various matters, Garman talked very loud all the way down to the railroad bridge, but that Garman's tongue become heavier as they approached the bridge, when the witness then hurried forward so as to get across the bridge ahead of the team, being fearful of being jostled off the bridge by the horses, should they become frightened, as the bridge is very narrow; he then spoke to Garman and received no answer, he looked back and saw Garman falling off his horse; he run back to aid him, but he was unable to remove him, as his clothes had caught in the harness or the horses had trod on his coat; neither could he stop the horses; Garman consequently fell on the ground and the wagon wheel went over his head and neck, killing him instantly. This witness said that Garman was under the influence of liquor when he first met him at the tavern, but did not think he was so drunk as to fall off his horse until he fell.

The defence then called witnesses to prove that Garman in his lifetime, and shortly before his death, complained of a dizziness or faintness that came over him at times, that he could not account for; and they likewise proved by respectable witnesses that the defendant kept a good house; that he was licensed by the court for the sale of liquors. All the witnesses, both for the plaintiff and the defence, testified to the fact that Garman was a person of known intemperate habits; that Fink was well acquainted with him having kept the tavern nearly three years at the time the death of Garman occurred, thus attaching to the defendant the knowledge of Garman's habits. What all the neighbors knew Fink was bound to know; and for this he had every opportunity, as such men frequent taverns most, and it is impossible for landlords to shut their eyes to such facts when they deal out the article producing these habits.

Such are the facts in the case. The case was ably argued by Weidman of Lebanon and Hon. J. Kunkel of Harrisburg, for the widow, Esq. Kline and Funk of Lebanon for the tavern-keeper in speeches of an hour each. Judge Pearson then delivered an able charge, clearly explaining the law on the subject, and instructing the jury that if they found from the evidence that Garman was a man of known intemperate habits, and that he came to his death in consequence of the liquor sold to him by Fink, they must find him guilty and award to the widow the damages in such amount as they think, in the ordinary course of life, he might have been worth to his family in a pecuniary point of view. The jury were out about eight hours and returned with a verdict of guilty, awarding the widow damages to the amount of \$254.35, and imposing the cost also on Fink.

This law brings out a most important, but at the same time a much neglected principle as pertaining to the responsibility of human action. Men are slow to learn that in correct morals men are not merely responsible for their actions, but also for all the legitimate consequences of their actions. It is gratifying that this law boldly and clearly asserts this principle, and still more so to find that there are Judges and Juries who have sufficient fear of God and regard for man to apply it in so firm and masterly a way. It is to be hoped that such

as have been unwilling to learn this principle of right from the divine code of morals may learn it from a human Legislature and a human court.

If any one should have any doubt of the correctness of this law, he is respectfully referred to Exodus xxi: 28—36, where he will find the divine authority on which rests the principle underlying the law.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD!

Oh, there are hours when, o'er the silent path
Of onward plodding thought, do softly come
The memories of the dead! I said the dead!
But mean the living—those who truly live.
To earth they died, to heaven they were born.
And with the memories of the silent dead,
Come, as would seem the lovely dead along.
So lively is the vision of our faith,
It makes all real; and our spirits say:
It is the dead! They come at evening's hour,
When we from toil return to those at home.
Then they are with us at the cheerful hearth,
And mingle with our dreamings through the holy
night,
They weave into our thoughts the mystic web
Of their own holy love. They cross our path,
Whene'er we walk alone in field or wood,
Or in the garden where the flowers are.
And in our worship's holiest hours, they come,
Speak to our hearts, and blend their spirit forms
With all our brightest thoughts of Heaven.
No idle play is this; no rude intent
To harrow up afresh a sorrowing heart,
Lies in these lurings of the silent dead.
They gently bid us imitate their faith
That we, at death, may come unto their joy.

MID-PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

It is a matter of great comfort, convenience, and profit and also a matter to be proud of, that the middle regions of our noble state are so well opened by such excellent local and through routes of rail-road.

There is first the great PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL connecting Philadelphia with Pittsburg and the Great West, and tapping all along the rich valleys of the Juniata and other streams. This road is proverbial for its excellent management under THOMPSON, President, and SCOTT, Vice President.

Crossing this at Harrisburg, and connecting Baltimore with Sunbury, is the NORTHERN CENTRAL. At Sunbury it connects with the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, which is now completed from Sunbury to Lock Haven, in Clinton county, Penna. The Northern Central Company, until within a few months ran the whole road from Baltimore to Lock Haven.

The Sunbury and Erie Company now run their own road from Sunbury to Lock Haven. The Officers of the Northern Central, as at present organized, are President JOHN S. GITTINGS; Vice President, Chief Engineer and General Superintendent, A. B. Warford; Secretary, Robert S. Hollins; Treasurer, John S. Leib;

The speed on this road is fine and its management judicious and careful.

Connecting Harrisburg with Philadelphia, by taking in its course Lebanon, Reading and other important towns, is the LEBANON VALLEY ROAD, an important link in the general chain of travelling conveniences in the mid-portion of the State.

A CURIOUS BILL OF EXPENSES.

Are the "times," or morals of the country getting better or worse? We often hear that they are getting worse. This may be so in regard to some moral evils; but in regard to others there is evidently a great improvement. Take an instance. We have just turned up among our papers a relic of the olden time in the shape of a German Newspaper, "Der Wahre Amerikaner," ten by twelve inches in size, published in Lancaster, Pa. March 1st, 1823. Among other things it contains some strictures on the expenses incurred by the Jury during the trial in that city of a Mr. John Wilson for murder. The writer of the article, who signs himself "Temperance," informs us that said Jury sat on duty seven and three fourth days; and during this time they gulphed down, as appears from the bill, the following modest quantities of liquors, namely:

53 Bottles and one pint Maderia Wine
10 Quarts and one pint Brandy.
11 Quarts Holland Gin.
1 Quart and one pint County Gin.
50 Quarts and one pint Beer.
11 Quarts and one pint Cider.

Amounting in all to \$190.75cts! The writer says: "great as this quantity of drink is, it would have been greater still had not the tavern-keeper refused to give them as often as they called for it!" He adds: "Of this expensive Jury I am not acquainted with a single one; but I am informed that they are all good and temperate men!!" The two exclamation points are his own. Truly a fine Jury to try a man for his life!

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1861

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THE GUARDIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful type, and fine white paper, with a new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel engraving*. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

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The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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"LIFE...LIGHT...LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

LANCASTER, PA.:
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CONTENTS OF THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

| | |
|--|----|
| 1. WORSHIP | 33 |
| 2. "ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE." (Poetry.)..... | 38 |
| 3. LITTLE THINGS..... | 39 |
| 4. "HE WENT AWAY SORROWFUL."..... | 45 |
| 5. DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED IN THE BOOK OF ESTHER..... | 46 |
| 6. RELIGION. (Poetry.)..... | 51 |
| 7. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 52 |
| 8. BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT..... | 53 |
| 9. THE BELLS OF SHANDON. (Poetry.)..... | 54 |
| 10. THE SYBILLINE ORACLES | 55 |
| 11. WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY..... | 59 |
| 12. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 61 |
| 13. NOTES ON NEW BOOKS..... | 64 |

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The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—FEBRUARY, 1861.—NO. 2.

W O R S H I P.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALL men worship—worship something—worship in some way. It seems that amid all the ruins of the fall, man still has a sense of his own unworthiness and weakness, and feels also deeply that there is something worthier and stronger, to which he feels himself impelled to look for help and comfort. This sense of want is met in christianity, which tells us both whom we ought to worship and how our worship is to be offered.

Worship God, is a divine injunction. This is at once the first duty and the greatest privilege of a christian. To this end all revelation is given. For this the church has been founded. For this end ordinances of worship have been instituted. For this purpose the people of God assembled on holy days, in sacred places.

While this is the principal thing in religion, it has become evident to observing and reflecting persons, that the true idea of worship is, at present, to a great extent crowded into the background, if not with many, almost wholly lost, and left out of sight.

Even the *word* worship, as connected with the general objects of religion has, in a great degree, passed out of use. The language of men, in this regard, betrays—unconsciously, but truly—the wrong ideas which have come to prevail in regard to the solemn interests under consideration.

Instead of going to worship, men go to “preaching,” go to “church,” go to “meeting.” Persons who are in a strange place, from home, and even many of those at home who are not formally members of a church, are almost wholly directed in their attendance at any place of worship by the preacher. They go “to hear a Sermon.”

What many think of and speak of in going to, or in coming from,

Church, is the Preacher and the Sermon. It was a good Sermon—a poor Sermon—a long Sermon—a short Sermon—a Sermon for the times—an eloquent Sermon—an instructive Sermon—a feeling Sermon. In short, the people love to hear a man speak, if he speaks well, and if he has not this gift there is nothing else attractive to them in the house of God.

If men love to hear a man speak, it is but natural that he should love to hear himself speak. In this way a temptation is presented which all men have not the power and grace to resist.

To meet this feverish demand all kinds of expedients are found necessary, and are resorted to. Strange texts and subjects are selected—passing events are seized upon, national, political and social. Capital for “sensation discourses” is raked up from the ends of the earth. How men listen when they hear that Garibaldi or Napoleon is the subject of fulfilling prophecy, while to the same persons a sermon, the object of which should be to show how Christ is the end of all prophecy, is intolerably dull.

Let any one read the column of religious notices in any of our Saturday city dailies, and he will see what it is that men are invited to hear from our city pulpits on Sundays—and what it is that the floating crowds run after, with itching ears. Not worship draws them—but preaching; and that preaching is most interesting that moves in a sphere farthest possible from the true, simple, old gospel of Jesus Christ.

Because they have no taste for worship, this they will hear; and because they will hear it, it is furnished them by such as suffer the popular taste to allure them from the simplicity of the Gospel.

Of course pastors are to blame for yielding to this spirit; but the people are also to blame for loving their own itching ears more than the truth as it is in Jesus, and thus by creating the demand, heaping to themselves after their own lusts teachers who will entertain them, not with what God says, but with what their corrupt tastes desire.

To the same cause is to be attributed the fact the sermon is made to swell itself into such undue proportion in the midst of the service, as to leave little time or room for worship. Two-thirds of the time occupied by the service is generally given to the sermon. This is entirely a modern innovation.

It was not so in the old time. The Homilies of Origen were short; the longest could not have extended over half an hour. Those of St. Augustine were only half an hour, the most of them scarcely a quarter of an hour, and many only ten minutes. Chrysostom preached half an hour, and sometimes three quarters—and yet the service lasted two hours. Thus by far the greatest portion of the time was taken up with the prayers.

Luther was an unyielding enemy of long sermons. In mentioning six rules, the observance of which are requisite to a good preacher, he says: “sixthly, he must know when to stop.” It will be found also that, both in the ancient and in the Reformation Liturgies, the prayers and services are long. This shows that worship proper, held a prominent place, and was not cut down to almost nothing by the undue prominence given to preaching.

The Franciscan and Dominican monks in the Catholic Church, and the English dissenters in the English Protestant Church, are the authors of long sermons. Though there is no doubt at the present day still a tendency to too great length of sermons, yet this could be tolerated were there a like taste for that part of the service which is more directly employed in worship.

But is there not a great evil here. As we have said, men go to church to hear the sermon. The worship, singing and prayers, are regarded as a prelude, which, the sooner it is got through with the better. Many take no part in it whatever, except as spectators and listeners. The minister prays and they listen. The choir sings and they listen. In New England, and in the West, in some denominations, the people do not even rise in prayer; but lazily keep their seats—the minister standing up alone. In a large congregation in Philadelphia, we saw only five persons rise with the minister during the prayer; and, behind the officiating clergyman on the sofa, sat a brother minister in an attitude which would be pronounced unrefined in a parlor! In the congregation some had their heads most boldly and carelessly erect—some sought a sleeping position by requiring the back of the pew before them to form a pillow for their heads. Some took that occasion to study the architectural arrangements of the building. In general, the whole scene was more like the inside of a passenger car at midnight than like a worshiping congregation. If the object was to worship the old Roman Somnus, the God of Sleep, the scene was consistent; but what a scene for the eyes of angels, to say nothing of the presence of that God who will be worshiped in the beauty of holiness.

But even where these extremes of negativeness, and of positive irreverence, are not seen, in most of congregations how few take an active and lively part in the worship. How many are unprovided with Hymn Books; and how few of those who are, sing, or follow the service with eye, ear, voice, and heart! It is the Sermon they want, and—for that they wait; willing to *endure* rather than *enjoy* what goes before and follows after! Give us the Sermon or we die. We do not ask the reader to receive this as a true statement of facts merely because we present it; but we would solemnly ask whether his own knowledge, obtained by experience and observation, does not prove to him that the picture we have drawn is strictly true? Whether it is in the least overdrawn, or does not even fall short of the well-known and sad reality!

In this respect, however, we must not too severely chide and blame professed worshipers. The blame of the evil rests not all with them. It rests partly—perhaps greatly—in the popular way of conducting worship.

The singing is often difficult. There is a rage for new and complex tunes. Some choirs aim at monopolizing, instead of *leading* the singing. They do not adhere to the same tunes long enough to enable the congregation to learn them. In a church in one of our cities, holding perhaps two thousand persons, we heard not more than half a dozen earnestly sing, two of whom we understand were paid singers, at a rate that common pastors dare not look up to.

Besides this, tunes are continually changed—improved for the worse! So that you start in with hearty voice and will but find to your con-

fusion, at the end of the first line, that you are not up to the times. Tunes change like the fashions—and it costs both care and funds for new books, to keep company with them—besides requiring any amount of patience in the worshiper. Blessed, truly, are the meek.

We are often weary of this restlessness and ceaseless change. Many devout hearts cry out, Who shall deliver us from these new tunes. Let us have any amount of material improvements—give us inventions *ad infinitum* in labor-saving and in temporal conveniences; but, for God's sake, let us have the old worship, the old hymns, the old tunes, the old prayers, as they were said and sung by our fathers, back to the Reformation—yea, farther back, even to the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs, and the holy church throughout all the world!

What deliverance is there from the evil indicated. We know of none, but to go back, as we ought to do in our worship, to the old tunes and the venerable chants of the church. There is this in favor of Chant tunes, that they are not only more easily learned but they are more solemn; they give the best help in expressing devotional feeling, in a natural and free way; and they are, in all respects, most sublime and impressive. We need no new Hymns and Psalms and Chants every Sunday, no more than we need a new Bible and new doctrine. We go up to worship God, not to practice endless variations! Our object is to pray and sing sincerely, and not to pray and sing originally.

We know that we speak as from the heart of thousands of members of the church when we say: Let us adhere to the old and venerable in our worship. The sincerest gratitude of every congregation that sincerely desires to worship will be given to that choir which shall show the greatest zeal in leading them to worship in those noble old strains which sound like the ages. They desire to be led in these. They will sing with them in these, because they are as familiar with these solemn hymns and chants as they are with the Lord's prayer. They will teach them to their children in the Sunday School, and they will join with them in the congregation. Then will all sing—as with one heart and one mouth will they sing unto the Lord. Not a single lip will remain closed; no tongue will be silent; and when they have sung them in childhood they will only love them more in youth. If they have edified them in middle life they will cheer their pilgrimage in old age; and having poured out their grateful praise by means of them through life, they shall only change on their dying lips into the anthems of heaven, and be glorified in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The reader will confess that the subject to which we have briefly called his attention, is a vital one. It concerns the very deepest interests of life. We build churches, we sustain churches, not to afford a preacher opportunity to display his talents before us, but to worship God. This we cannot do by proxy—it is our own personal duty, our own glorious privilege.

Our meeting before the Lord implies that we go up to the Lord's house to worship. To do so in form and not in reality is not only the greatest irreverence, but even a direct insult to God. Can we then sit in silence, as mere spectators, before the Lord! Certainly not without

sin ; for in this way do we make what is ordained as a savor of life unto life, for ourselves only a savour of death unto death.

There is something animating in the united worship of a congregation.

Lord, how delightful 'tisto see
A whole assembly worship Thee !
At once they sing, and at once they pray !
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

This is what the **A**pistle also enjoins: "That we may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We have not sought to disparage the necessity of the word in our public services, but we have only plead for worship, as well. Let us not abate an iota of our interest in the pulpit ; but let us value also in due proportion the prayers and sacrifices of the altar. Let us hear earnestly with our ears ; but also pray and sing earnestly with lip and voice. Let us not look less to the minister for the light and consolations of the word, but, if possible, more to God in prayer and praise. Let us not be any the less hearers but more zealously worshipers.

If the preaching teaches us how to worship, teaches us why we should worship, and urges us to worship, let us also carry out its teachings, in active and positive worship : and not flatter ourselves when returning from the house of God that we have worshiped God, when in fact we have only heard a sermon.

Let the people worship Thee, O Lord ; let all the people worship Thee. The Psalmist calls on all things to worship God ; and all things do, in their way, praise and worship Him. But let man be high-priest to lead the solemn service due our heavenly Father.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The loud resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to Heaven !

Most truly did Theodore Sedgwick say that it is the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott with his manly form. It is Brougham with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondack, or on the Miramichi. It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and on horseback twenty. It is Washington, with his splendid frame and physical strength.

"ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE."

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."

MY God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee Father—sweet endearing name—
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel,
But Oh, the thought does tranquilize and heal;
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed, I wake,
Or in the night but little sleep can take,
This brief appeal, submissively I make—
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand:
All, all is known to Thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone, never to govern more.
All, all are known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness—this state
Which seems t' unnerve and incapacitate—
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await;
That can I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
When I recall the Son of Thy dear love,
The cup thou would'st not for our sakes remove—
That cup He drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs; no drop remained
Of wrath for those whose cup of woe He drained:
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained.
All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome, PRECIOUS can His Spirit make
My little drop of suffering for his sake;
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all is known to Thee.

LITTLE THINGS.

AN ADDRESS BY A TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

[Continued from the January Number.]

THERE is nothing so small but that the power of Omnipotence has been exerted in its creation—no duty so trivial, apparently, but that it has been imposed by the fiat of Jehovah. And let us see how He who ruleth and governeth all things, looks upon the little things of his own creation—how the great Father “of an infinite majesty” considers the humblest creatures of His hand: “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.” “The very hairs of your head are numbered.” “Behold the fowls of the air; your heavenly Father feedeth them.” “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” Precious sayings from the Son of Man to those who have ears to hear and understandings to appreciate them.

We cannot appreciate the importance of the life of an insect in the grand designs of nature, and yet what presumption forces us to consider its life unimportant, simply because we are too blind to understand, to the fullest extent, the connection of God’s works. In the same way, because we cannot see the immediate effects of an omission of a duty, we presume to consider it unimportant, as though God would have permitted duties to cross our paths which were unimportant. Thus we are ever judging of His ways towards mankind, instead of submitting to them and endeavoring to conform our conduct to his requirements. Our souls are like instruments out of tune, which send forth discordant sounds that so completely change the nature of the tune as to make it harsh and grating instead of sweet and attractive, as it came from the composer’s hands.

Our lives must be so passed that “little things” receive due attention, and then we shall find that

“Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven.”

The ministry of angels will bring its aid to such a life. Their powerful aid will prevent us from thinking insignificant or tedious that which may demand our attention, and life will become all irradiant with the happy feelings which arise from well-spent days.

Another result will be a prayerful spirit. I do not mean the habit of offering up private prayer, morning and evening, which no christian can ever omit without fearful detriment to his soul, but that spirit which induces a man to invoke the aid of God in any difficulty that may beset him in life, whether he be in his closet, in the busy walks of life, in the family circle, in the perilous storm on angry waters, or in the school-room troubled by the perplexities of hard lessons. Do you think tha

the Father is unmindful of his children's troubles—that he will not aid your diligent and faithful efforts to perform your school duties—that it is improper to call upon Him in such trivial matters! My dear friends, whatever it is *your* duty to do, may properly be made the subject of prayer for divine assistance. Let this idea take hold of you, so that you get its full meaning, and apprehend the length and breadth and height of that meaning. Learn first what your duties are; next that *all* are important and that you dare thrust none aside, because God has assigned them to you; and then, I say, the result of all this will be a prayerful spirit, which will not hesitate to implore heavenly aid in the performance of the simplest tasks. Prayer *with* diligence, and prayer *for* diligence, will remove many a stumbling block from our path. It becomes us to pray to God for a prayerful spirit, as well as for faith in the efficacy of prayer. Christ is not to be considered as devoid of sympathy in any trial or trouble that may beset our pathway. He is with his people always if they will only call upon Him, and believe on Him when they call. No more beautiful thought has met my eye, in the reading of the last year, than that expressed by the Rev. J. F. R. Mercein, in these words:—when “a child tries and purifies its heart, Jesus cares as much for a broken toy as for a broken fortune.” May not both teachers and scholars learn that his sympathies are with them in their trials! Is there not a source of relief for the troubles and difficulties which may meet us in our respective spheres, which is unfailing in its very nature and free to all who may wish to use it? Shall we not learn at the feet of the Master, that He will not desert His children in any trial whatever?

Suffer me to examine for a short while what are some of the *little things* which students, in a state of pupilage, are too often in the habit of disregarding as too small to require their careful attention. If attention in a general way has been excited to what we have called little things, you will best know in what particular directions your own errors lie; still some few striking points seem to demand special notice. The sphere of woman is emphatically HOME. Whatever be her character, it will exhibit itself there in its naked truth. Man's sphere being the world, he may conceal his *real* character from nearly every one with whom he is brought into contact, so that his unpleasant points may not prove disagreeable to his fellow man. But whatever woman's character be, it will be revealed at home, and will there be productive of happiness or misery in the family. Hence the necessity of watching every thing that may exercise an unfortunate influence upon it; and as a neglect of the duties which are incumbent on her as a scholar must exercise such an influence, it follows that such neglect should—I say it with full deliberation, be religiously guarded against. I do not wish to proclaim the miserable morality involved in the maxim—that *honesty is the best policy*, but that it is necessary to be *honest* and *true* and *faithful*, simply because it is right. A day laborer at his plough is required by the most cogent necessity to perform his task in the best manner possible; nay, it is in one sense a religious duty that he should do so. Religion exists in week day life, full as active and potent and necessary as on Sundays—is just as all comprehensive in our daily tasks as when we are engaged in prayer and praise. Indeed the whole of life may be made one continuous, fervent prayer, one glorious anthem of praise.

Obedience to rules of order and discipline, is generally considered one of those minor duties, which a scholar need only perform when the eye of the teacher is upon her, or when an opposite course will come to his knowledge. Our notions on this point become so slipshod, that we have learned to look upon rules of this kind as though made for the purpose of testing our ingenuity in their violation. If no direct penalty results for the infraction of rules, we feel a quiet glow of satisfaction at our victory. If any one among us here is without sin in this respect, let that one be the first to cast a stone. Now every such pseudo-victory is a step towards the attainment of a condition of mind that will make us violate all laws—and the only reason why we do not reach this goal is because the strivings of the good spirit within us are ever dragging us from it.

Rules of order and discipline are not made so much for the disorderly, as to prevent us from becoming such. Everything in God's universe is constructed in accordance with laws, which have only been established so that all shall move to His glory, without the possibility of any collision taking place among them. Had man not violated one of these laws at the very first, such a harmony would now reign through the earth as we are taught to believe exists in Heaven. All creation would join in pouring forth such glorious music that the angels themselves would listen with delight, and the Creator would again pronounce, as when first He stamped approval on all His works, that all was good. And, though now much exists that is inharmonious and discordant—though the chant of *glory to God on high* is marred by the rude and boisterous notes which man's sinful nature is ever intruding in the midst of the celestial strains—yet each one of us is in a position, where, by cheerful obedience to the laws of harmony, he can lessen the discord and swell the joyous acclaim. What if the position be humble; that of a mere school girl, or school teacher, who can say what a favoring approval their efforts will not meet from the Most High? Was not the poor widow's mite considered by Christ as more than all that which the rich had cast into the treasury.

There is a luxury, also, in the feeling that we can look our fellow beings full in the face, without a fear that anything we have done in violation of law can be brought against us—an honest pride in doing our duty at all times and under all circumstances. Many years ago, there lived in Philadelphia an honest mechanic, whose ingenuity and skill had won him many friends among those whose station in the world was far above his. As a lock maker he acquired considerable reputation; when fire engines were first introduced, his attention was directed to them, and his skill soon led him to excel in their manufacture. An old friend told me that, while talking with him one day, he observed the honest smith was taking great pains in polishing a brass screw, which was to be used in a part of an engine entirely concealed from view. "Why do you spend time on that screw," said my friend, "no one will ever see it?" The answer was, "some of these days the engine will be taken to pieces, and no man shall say that Pat Lyon slighted any portion of his work." My young friends, some of these days the record of our lives will be taken to pieces and examined—let us try to have as few imperfect portions as possible.

Few think of *the absolute necessity of straining every faculty in their efforts to master the lessons assigned them.* This necessity does no spring from fear of a teacher's reprimand. If this were all, it might not be of sufficient importance to be considered among our powerful *little things.* It springs from the necessity of obeying God and our parents, and from the relations which we hold with the world around us.

We are commanded to glorify God in spirit and in body. Living souls have been given us. The whole of nature is extended before us as our birthright. We have not only talents, but the means of cultivating them. Shall we despise these talents, and, instead of learning to know God's works and thus to put ourselves in the way of doing his service most effectually here, by sloth and carelessness lose every opportunity? It is really a fearful thing to look back upon misspent time! Every man is willing to acknowledge how great a sinner he is in this respect; and, while we find lamentations on all sides on account of lost time, no one has ever yet been found who truly regretted any efforts he may have made to employ the moments profitably as they glided into Eternity.

But the task of education having been transferred from parents to teachers, all the respect which we owe to the former requires us to conform to the wishes of the latter. Lessons are to be conned *because* they have been assigned to the pupil, and not because they are pleasant. It is a great thing to obey orders from those who have the right to give them, and it is just as necessary as it is to resist the commands of those who usurp authority. The parent, in eager solicitude for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the child, selects what it considers as the best course of mental training for it to undergo, or elects some particular teacher, or school, in whose care, for the time being, this whole subject is placed. Hence the teacher, to a certain extent, is to be looked upon as a parent, and whatever tasks are assigned by him must be considered as of the same importance as though they were directly ordered by the parent.

Again: our relations to our fellow men require that our minds should be so trained, that we shall be able to do the greatest possible good in our respective spheres of labor. All that we can do, during our academic course, will but feebly fit us for this task. By honestly seizing hold of the studies assigned us, faithfully bending our every energy to their mastery, success will crown our efforts. The honest glow of satisfaction will cover our cheeks, when we know that we are laboring from the love of doing our duty. The rewards, which crown the hero after deeds of carnage, are not more precious than those feelings which fill the student's breast, as the well-conned lesson has been recited, and his conscience has bid him rest satisfied that he has done his duty according to the measure of ability that God has given him: And then, in addition to such rewards, there is the fact that knowledge has been gained, which will cling to him after friends have deserted, and the world has turned a cold and repulsive face. It is a sad subject to contemplate, but facts are stubborn things and we must all sooner or later contemplate it—it is a sad thought that most all of our schoolday friendships are short lived. We leave school with the warmest protestations of friendship, but a few short months in the world show us that this will not

withstand the effect of separation ; despite the protestations to the contrary, our friendships grow cold and our love becomes dim. In this view, while not despising earthly friendships and straining every nerve to retain the dear intimacies of your school-life, strive to make such friendship with knowledge, as will survive all the vicissitudes of fortune and of life.

Among the little things considered as of trifling importance in a boarding school, unfortunately both by teachers and pupils, is *the law which regulates the time of rising in the morning*. In all well-regulated schools, pupils are required to rise at a certain hour so as to be present at the morning prayers of the family, sufficient time generally being allowed between the two periods to admit of the necessary arrangements of toilet for the day. A careless consideration of the real *spirit* of these rules leads to the disregard of the *letter*. We think we have conformed with the law, if we only make our appearance at the time when prayers are to be held, and that it is unnecessary to pay attention to the signal which warns us to leave our beds. Let us see if there is any evil resulting from this apparently trivial violation of law. If a law is to be obeyed at all, its letter as well as its spirit should be considered whenever this is possible. Through disregard of this principle, we learn how to *violate* laws, and, having once begun, with even as simple a law as that which regulates the time of leaving bed, it is an easy matter to train ourselves to violations of other and, seemingly more important laws. It is impossible to say what effect upon the formation of character, such infractions of rules may produce. Like all little things, when disregarded, they establish a careless tendency, which shall end—no one can tell where. Never accustom yourselves to compromises with wrong. We cannot suffer ourselves to come into contact with pitch without receiving a certain amount of defilement—we cannot trifle with a disregard for law, without having our consciences somewhat seared and ourselves made regardless of their demands.

I have said nothing as to the necessity of early rising, as this seems to be a mooted point among men. It would seem, however, that all authorities, human and inspired, unite in declaring how inestimable are its benefits, how the fresh, invigorating air of the morning brings the glow of health to the cheek, and renewed strength to the whole vital system—how the faculties are thoroughly aroused to such duties as may devolve upon us—how a joyousness of soul possesses us instead of that dull, stupid feeling which always follows a long protracted sleep. The wisest man that ever governed the favored people, speaks thus in his maxims of wisdom, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise ! which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep : so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and want as an armed man.”

Another consideration still points out the necessity of obeying the rule as regards early rising, and that is the necessity of having our faculties fully awake before joining in morning prayers. What kind of worship is that which is offered up by a soul still torpid and inactive

from the sleep of the night, by eyes not yet fully relieved from the heaviness of their lids, by a person whose continuons yawns and deep drawn sighs show that he is regretting the necessity of leaving the land of slumbers? Common politeness forbids that we should exhibit such indications of want of interest and disquietude, in the presence of friends with whom we are engaged in conversation. One is voted rude and vulgar by the world, should he indulge in them, and is only excusable on the ground of weakness of body induced by disease. Are they then less offensive in the sight of God than in that of man, or rather are they not insults to His divine majesty? If it require hours for us to overcome the stupefying effects of sleep, or miles of walking to bring our faculties into a condition of perfect wakefulness, let us not begrudge either so as to put our whole bodies, minds and souls, into a proper condition before we come into the presence of God. To such a conclusion a little reflection will lead us all.

The pleasures of the table form another stumbling block in the way of the Christian. It is considered a little thing to indulge in a surfeit at the table. "Truly there are no laws," one may say, "established by religion which will prevent one from eating what he pleases and when he pleases." Just here is the great mistake. Whatever the laws of human health require, is required by religion. We cannot too frequently keep this fact in mind. But there are no *general* laws, adapted to every one, as to the nature and amount of food to be consumed at the table. The peculiar condition of each one's system soon shows what can be eaten with impunity, and what must be dispensed with. If we violate these indications, we are directly violating the laws of our own existence—we are sinning against the laws of the Most High. Every one is disposed to join in any amount of denunciation of drunkenness—to declaim against those who tarry long at the wine cup, but there are few who think that the same principle is involved in an intemperate or improper use of food. I say all can readily ascertain the *nature* and *amount* of food required by their own bodies, and if they violate the law regulating this they commit a sin. The dyspeptic, who wilfully eats that which will aggravate the horrible pains and morbid broodings of that disease, is as much to be blamed as the drunkard who knowingly imbibes the draught that will insure him a lodgment in the gutter with the swine. Has not St. Paul even given as one of the indications of some who "are the enemies of the cross of Christ," the fact that their appetites are revered as their God? It is surely a *little thing* to notice what one eats at the table, but when our eating may bring on disease and even death, it constitutes a sin against the laws of our being. It is a grand thing to bear patiently the ills of life. Every one admits that it is a sublime thing "to suffer and be strong;" but we must not shape our conduct so as to produce suffering. Says Dr. Lee on this subject, "Let us not invent crosses, that we may carry them; or be weighed down with any that we may lawfully put aside. Suffering is the most evil thing in the world—sin only excepted, and therefore tolerable only so far as it is the medicine and cure of that root of all evil."

Another *little thing*, and the last that my time will allow me to notice, is *neatness in dress and system in everything we do*. As the surround-

ings of a man always, in some mysterious manner, act upon his mind and produce effects more or less injurious, it is proper that our attention should be directed to them. It is true that whited sepulchres are to be found, and yet when the outside is neat and attractive, we have the right to expect, as a rule, that the interior will not be full of dead men's bones, but will contain a living soul. Avoid slovenliness of dress, carelessness of manner and disregard of the conventionalities of life, as so many stumbling blocks in the way of your mental or spiritual improvement. They will leave an impress which may give you years of anguish and pain. It is far easier to avoid a wound than to heal one after it has been received, even though your medicaments be of the most energetic character.

I have dwelt thus long upon the necessity of attending to little things, because at your age it is an easy matter to cultivate the habit of doing so. They are really the great things of life. It depends on them for its value. They give it the stamp that shall make it acceptable to men and angels, and even God Himself, or such an impression is made upon it that it is avoided by all these and can only be welcomed by the spirits of discord and despair. We have all heard the song—*a little word in kindness spoken*, and are ready to acknowledge the force of such a little word; Wordsworth calls that the

“Best portion of a good man's life,
His little daily unremembered acts,
Of kindness and of love;”

and how true is it that by attention to little things, we shall find that the great things of this world are not unnoticed, for

“Little things
On little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven.”

L. H. S.

“HE WENT AWAY SORROWFUL.”

How much that young man had! And yet he was sorrowful. He had youth. He was of God's chosen people. The rich blood of Eastern manhood mantled on his cheek. Yet sorrowful! He had wealth, great possessions; and he loved them, too. And yet sorrowful! He had distinction. He was a ruler. And yet sorrowful! He had a spotless morality. Jesus did not impeach the truth of his statement that he had known and kept the ten commandments from his youth. And yet sorrowful!

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED IN THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

BY REV. DANIEL GANS.

THE book of Esther is in many respects a very peculiar book to be found in the canon of Holy Scripture. Who was its author no one can tell with any absolute certainty, yet there is reason given in the book itself for the general impression that Mordecai wrote it. The name of God is not once found in it, although it is true that perhaps no other book within the whole circle of revelation, so clearly reveals his providence and illustrates the doctrine, that God rules among the affairs of men as well as over the angels in Heaven.

The ten chapters composing the whole book are designed to set forth a wicked plot to exterminate the Jews, the manner in which it was defeated, and the care which God takes of his people. The narrative is continuous from the first chapter to the last, and no one portion can be properly understood, save as we make ourselves familiar with the whole scene.

The principal character in the narrative is the King Ahasuerus—a man of great wealth, magnificence and power. His palace in Shushan, the royal city of Persia, was a structure of magnificent proportions, and comprehended every thing necessary to awe his subjects and gratify his pride and passions. He reigned from India to Ethiopia, over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

The next personage of importance in the general scene, is Vashti, the King's wife, beautiful, accomplished and proud. The king, greatly elated by the magnificence of his palace and the vast extent of his dominion, and with a view to exhibit all this, proclaimed a feast to be held in the royal establishment, to which he invited all the princes and nobles of the provinces. In the midst of the hilarity which abounded, heightened, if not maddened, by wine, the king deputed several of his noblemen to bring in his wife Vashti, that by the attractive nature of her charms he might add to the glory of the scene. But Vashti rejected their invitation and refused to obey the summons of her husband. This greatly excited his wrath, because it wounded his pride. On this account the king, led by the suggestion of his servants, issued a commandment which was written among the laws of the Medes and Persians—to indicate its fixed character—that Vashti should come no more before the king Ahasuerus, and that her royal estate should be given to another, better than she. This is the beginning of that series of events by which God, overruling wickedness, so signally saved his own people from oppression and established them in power.

Hadassah, or Esther, becomes the next wife of the king—equally beautiful, no less accomplished, and connected by ties of blood with

God's people. She was a Jewess. Her parents dying when she was very young, she was taken and adopted by Mordecai, who was the uncle of her father. Admitted thus into the royal bosom, her personal charms at once gave her great power, and thus the ground-work was laid for that complete victory over the wicked designs of the enemy of the Jews. Thus Providence prepares the defence of his people even before the plot is formed against them, though the instruments used for the purpose on both sides are all unconscious of what is to be. The power of Esther, the Queen, was increased still more by a circumstance which was also providential.

Although Esther had not made known her relatives to the king as yet, she still continued, as before, to be under the counsel and guidance of Mordecai, her adopted father. Being at the gate of the palace Mordecai chanced one day to discover the wrath of two of the king's Chamberlains, and to hear that it was their purpose to lay violent hands on the king and put him to death. Immediately he communicated this fact to Esther, who told it to her royal husband, and thus through her, and one as yet unknown to him, his life was spared. Here now, in the person of Esther, is the defence; and scarcely has it become matured, until the bloody plot is formed and ready for execution.

Haman is now raised up by the king to a position above all the princes and nobles in the realm. He was proud and ambitious and tyrannical. No sooner was he the prime minister of the king than he required all beneath him in station, however far above him in character and ability, to bow to him and hail him in his position of honor. But one there was whose soul was too great to allow of this hypocritical conduct. Mordecai refused to bow as Haman passed through the gate into the palace. This excited his wrath; and representing his case falsely to the king, and connecting all the other Jews scattered throughout the provinces with it, he obtained a decree that they should all be put to death.

But Haman had not seen that Providence had provided against this very case in the person of Esther, even before the false representation was conceived in his heart, or the decree on the ground of it, obtained from the king.

When Mordecai heard what was done he was deeply affected. He put on sack-cloth and ashes, and went out in the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry. The same deep distress, mourning and bitter weeping spread through all the provinces, for the people doomed to death were numerous and scattered all over the kingdom.

The Queen's maids informed her of the wretched condition of the Jews and especially of Mordecai; whereupon she was exceedingly grieved, and sent raiment to clothe Mordecai and to take away his sack-cloth; but his people doomed, he would not receive it.

He returned word to Esther requesting her, as this seemed to be the only hope, that she would enter in unto the king in person and plead the cause of her people. Esther felt her duty—her affection for her kindred added strength to it; but how shall she do this? *The fixed law was to put to death every one, whether man or woman, who would enter into the inner Court of the King uncalled, and such only could escape to whom the king chose to hold out the golden sceptre.* Yet the

duty was plain and pressing. Death was before her on her entrance, except the king should hold out the sceptre. A woman's heart beat in her breast, which is full of courage as it is full of love. The doom of her people was before her, which she could not bear to contemplate. She sent Mordecai this answer: "Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink for three days, night or day: I also, and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish."

Here is a noble female spirit—worthy to beat in the person of the proudest queen of earth. She recognized the providence of God and the rites which he had appointed, and suffered no personal ease, dignity or honor to render her unmindful of her humble people. She was willing not only to part with her pleasures, honors, and splendors, but even to sacrifice her life, if need be, for her kindred, and for the sake of the duty which she owed her God. "If I perish, I perish!"

The day fixed for her entrance arrived. Robing her stately person in her royal apparel, she slowly advanced towards the inner court of the royal presence. Her heart is filled. The lawless venture causes her to tremble. Paleness spreads over her countenance which gives additional interest to her queenly charms. At length the gorgeous Court is reached. The stern King is seated on his throne. Before him unbidden, and contrary to the law, stands his beautiful but frail wife. What an hour! The silence for the moment is profound—Esther hears nothing but the beating of her own heart, and sees nothing but the King in whose hands her life is. Presently the King moves—he seizes the golden sceptre, and holds it towards the queen. She approached and lay her finger upon it, and lifting up her heart, thanked God that he has spared her life and given her favor in the eyes of the King, on behalf of his own dear people, whose destruction was sought by falsehood and cruelty.

The conference now was free and without dread. The King requested her to state her petition, and assured her that it should be granted even to the half of his kingdom.

Her first thing was to inform the King that she wished to prepare a banquet for to-morrow, and requested the King and Haman to be present, stating that at that banquet she would make known her request. Immediately the King sent his commands to Haman to be present at the banquet on the morrow. This only served to flatter his vanity—the only guest with the King at the banquet of the Queen. His vain heart was full—his head became giddy. He talked largely of the glory of his riches, of the multitude of his children, of all the things in which the King had promoted him, how he had been advanced above all the princes and nobles of the land; and to put the climax upon the whole, he referred with peculiar pride to the honor of being invited on to-morrow as the only guest with the King to the banquet of the Queen. The only drawback in the case of his glory was the presence of that hateful Mordecai, in humble office, at the King's gate, who would not bow to him and doff his hat as he passed in and out. This seemed to have been the fly in the ointment—it destroyed the whole of his glory. For, he said, "What is all this honor to me as long as I see Mordecai the

Jew sitting at the King's gate!" His haughty spirit was so strongly excited in view of his indignity, that he was willing to follow any counsel that would remove the offender. At the suggestion of his wife and friends, he had a gallows erected fifty cubits high, and designed, on tomorrow, at the banquet, to obtain an order from the King, that Mordecai be hanged thereon.

The shades of the intervening night covered the palace. The King rocked on his downy pillows however much he desired, could not sleep. Providence can keep monarchs wakeful as well as subjects, to accomplish his ends. In this wakeful state the King desired something to occupy his mind and divert his thoughts; and accordingly commanded the records of the Chronicles to be brought and read to him. A few pages sufficed to discover the fact, that it was Mordecai who had discovered the design of two of the King's servants to take his life, and that he had reported the same to the Queen, who had told it to the King—it was Mordecai who had saved the King's life!

This was enough—Mordecai now is safe. The King inquired—"What honor had been done him for this?" The servants answered, "none."

But a noise is heard in the court. "Who is there?" asked the King; and being informed that it was Haman, he ordered that he should enter. Haman was here to request the hanging of Mordecai, just at the moment when his meritorious deed was discovered. The King asked Haman as he entered, "what shall be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor?" Haman, in the pride of his heart, thought surely this man must be himself, and pointed out honors far higher than any which he has hitherto enjoyed. Even these honors, said the King, give thou to Mordecai, the Jew, standing in the gate! How his pride was wounded as he was thus compelled, by the King's commandment, to elevate, far above himself, one whom he despised, and for whose hanging he had just come to request the King! Thus is illustrated the truth of that scripture, true always—"He that exalteth himself," &c.

The morning dawned, and in due time the King and Haman were at the Queen's banquet. Now being asked for her petition, she said to the King, that her life was sold and the lives of all her people, and that they were all resting under the dreadful doom of a cruel death." The King was moved to wrath. "Who did this?" he asked with feeling. The Queen, lifting her little hand and pointing, replied, "that wicked Haman." Now is the time for the wretch to feel, who could not feel before. As the frown comes over the face of the King, the coward and wicked Haman trembles; while the King retires to the garden, he falls down before the Queen and begs for pardon. He quakes in view of the displeasure of the Jewess Queen, but could exult over the destruction of her kindred. He was directed from the banqueting hall of the Queen, which was the culmination of his pride, to be taken back to his own house; and there, on the scaffold, 50 cubits high, which he had erected for Mordecai, he himself was hanged. Thus the wicked are taken in the net which they lay for others. "He that seeketh his own life," &c.

Mordecai was now elevated to the position which Haman occupied, and the Queen gave him Haman's house. The whole case in regard to her people was given into the hands of the Queen, and full power was

given to Mordecai, as the leader to avenge the wrong done his people upon their enemies. Then was their mourning turned to gladness, and throughout all the provinces a feast was proclaimed in commemoration of the deliverance, to be observed annually on the 14th and 15th days of the month Adar, or March. This feast is still observed by the Jews, called the feast of Purim—from *Pur*—a Persian word, which signifies *lot*, because Haman had by lot determined that this should be the time for the destruction of the Jews, which, overruled by God's mysterious providence, became the period of their glorious deliverance. "He that loseth his own life for my sake," &c.

Throughout this whole narrative we see the mysterious providence of God strikingly illustrated. In the putting away of Vashti—in the success of Esther—in the elevation of Mordecai—in the downfall of Haman, induced by his own pride and wickedness—in the liberation of the Jews who were hated and were now under the power of a heathen King—in all this, how strongly marked is the doctrine of divine providence! and the fact that God will make the wrath of man to praise him and deliver his people!

But the case of Esther going in unto the King, not according to the law, to plead for her people, at the risk of her life, is suggestive of several thoughts with which the whole narrative may be still further improved. Thus Christ went in unto the King immortal, eternal and invisible, to plead for man and secure the deliverance of the race.

It was not according to the strict law of justice; for strict justice required that man who sinned—the sinner—should make satisfaction for sin. But Christ, although he assumed man's nature, yet was not a sinner. Hence Christ went in not according to law, the law of strict justice demanding the suffering of the sinner himself. He went in unto the King on the ground of another law—the law of mercy—for after all, God in justice, might have rejected the satisfaction of Christ, because it was not from the sinner, and his acceptance of it was an act of mercy. So that, notwithstanding all that Christ did, all his merits, which were infinite in themselves, Christ could not, on the ground of justice, demand salvation. After all his sufferings and death, salvation is a matter of mercy and not of right, because Christ was not a sinner, and God might in justice have required the sinner to make the satisfaction, and rejected all others. But in mercy, and according to a voluntary agreement on the part of His own mind, and prompted thereto by His love, He was willing to accept the substitute, who was not a sinner.

Christ approached the great King with very much the same feelings as those with which Esther approached the King of Persia—"If I perish, I perish." We see this in the garden and on the cross. Would God extend the golden sceptre? See Him when overwhelmed in the garden, and hear Him pray: "Oh my father if this cup," &c. See Him on the cross, when God's countenance was withdrawn, and hear Him exclaim, "My God, my God," &c. But at length the great King reaches forth the sceptre—Christ dies, goes down into the grave, rises up partly glorified among his brethren, and at length from the mount, he ascends and lays his hand upon it, and presents to the King in person his petition—not on the ground of justice, but mercy—that he would subdue the enemies of his people, liberate them from bondage, and give them

the privilege of sitting down with Him on His throne. And the king said: "All power is given unto thee," &c. This is the deliverance which the Christian commemorates by the feast of Purim—making Esther and Mordecai the type of Mary and Christ. The Jews stop with the type; the Christian looks to the antetype, for the deliverance which Christ effected comprehends all other deliverances of God's people from the beginning to the end of the world.

The same is true in regard to sinners now. When they go in unto the king in the way of repentance, they do not go according to law—the law of strict justice—but the law of mercy on which salvation is grounded. They do not go and demand salvation because Christ has died—demand it as a right—a right arising from strict justice, as if God now, in view of the death of Christ was bound, compelled to grant it; but they go as beggars—humbly entreating that God, for the sake of Christ's merits, will accept, extend the sceptre of his favor, pardon and save. Their salvation is still all of mercy; for God could be strictly just if he were to reject every one coming to him through Christ—but mercy has led him to agree not to do this. The sinner always repeats the words of Esther, "I will go in," &c. And this has doubtless suggested the stronger,

"I can but perish if I go," &c.

The same words are used also by the Christian. However far he may be advanced, it is all of mercy; and with every additional request, he goes on the ground of mercy. God is under no obligation, other than the argument of his own mind formed in mercy.

RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM HEYSER, ESQ.

LIKE snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They rest on time's resistless tide,
And cold are while they stay:
But joys that from religion flow
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with brighter light.

Religion's rays no clouds obscure,
But o'er the christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests 'round him roll;
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
That ray will light it still.

H E B R E W L E G E N D S .

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

X X V I I .

THE WANDERER AND THE DATE TREE IN THE DESERT.

RABBI Nachman was very rich, and learned, and wise. And yet he begged his friend Rabbi Jizchak to impart his blessing to him.

"You remind me," said this last Rabbi, "of a man who had wandered about nearly a whole day in a desert, and was now hungry, thirsty and weary. Still necessity urged him to travel on; and he came at length into the midst of a most enchanting scene, where stood a beautiful date tree, and where a little rill rippled smilingly by. The tired stranger seated himself down under the tree, plucked some of its fruit, and refreshed himself with it.

Thankful for the unexpected refreshment, he turned to his benefactor and said: "Tree! tree! what blessing shall I give thee? Shall I wish thee large branches, beautiful leaves, refreshing shade? These thou hast already. Shall I wish thee choice fruit in abundance? Thou art already blest with these. Shall I wish thee a life-giving rill to water thy roots? This also is not wanting to thee. Thus there is nothing that I can wish thee, but that each one of thy scions, whithersoever they may be planted, may flourish even as thyself."

And then to his friend, he said: "And you, my friend, what blessing can I give thee? Learned and wise thou already art. Riches thou hast to superfluity. Thy children are many. Thus, I can only wish that all thy posterity may be blest even as thou art."

THE OLD GARDENER AND THE EMPEROR HADRIAN.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God; I am the Lord.—Levit. xix: 32.

The Emperor Hadrian passed by Tiberias in Galilee, and saw there an aged man casting up a large ditch, in order to plant fig trees therein.

"Had you properly employed the morning of your life," the Emperor called to him, "you would not in the evening of your days find it necessary to perform such bitter toil!"

"I did employ my youthful years usefully," said the old man. "But the evening of my life also shall not be spent in vain. I leave it to God to do as seemeth to him best!"

"How old may you be?" asked the Emperor.

“About one hundred years !”

“A hundred years ? How ? You are so old, and still plant trees ? Can you then still hope to eat of the fruit of your labor ?”

“Great King,” said the venerable gray-headed man, “I hope this, of course. If God shall permit, I may well yet eat of the fruit of these trees. If not, my children will refresh themselves with their fruit. Did not my fathers plant trees for me, and shall I not do the same for my children ?”

The Emperor was pleased with the reply of the old man. “Well, old man,” said he, “should you live to see fruit on these trees, then let me know it. Did you hear it ?”

With these words he left him. The old man lived long enough to see the fruits of his industry. The trees blossomed, and bore excellent figs. When they were perfectly ripe he took the finest of them, put them in a little basket, and went to the King’s residence. Hadrian was just at the time looking out of the window of his palace, and when he saw an old man stooped with years at the gate of the palace with a basket on his arm, he commanded that he be brought directly into his room.

“What do you bring, old man ?” he called to him as he approached.

“Will the King, my lord, be pleased to call to mind,” said the old gardener, “how he once saw a very old man planting fig-trees, and requested that he should let the King know it in case he should live to see the fruits of his labor. I am that old man, and here is fruit from those trees. Be pleased, O King, to receive it as a humble token of gratitude for thy great condescension.”

Hadrian was rejoiced to see such an example of extreme old age, which was still blest with the full enjoyment of all the powers of body and mind. He requested the old man to be seated, directed the basket to be emptied, and to be filled with gold, and returned to him as a present. Some men at the court were witness to this extraordinary incident, and exclaimed : “Is it possible that our great King should bestow so much honor on a contemptible Jew !”

“Why should I not honor him whom God has so highly honored ?” answered Hadrian. “Behold his great age and imitate his example of industry and usefulness !”

After these words the King dismissed the venerable man with kindly words, who, greatly astonished and pleased, returned to his humble home.

BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT.

“THERE are three things, says St. Augustine, whereof man consists—spirit, soul and body ; which again are called two, because often the soul is named together with the spirit ; for a certain reasonable part of the same, which beasts are without, is called the spirit ; that which is chief in us is the spirit ; next, the life whereby we are joined unto the body, is called the soul ; finally, the body itself, since it is visible, is that which is last.”

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

THE following beautiful Poem, for which we are sure the readers of the Guardian will be thankful, we met with in a late collection of English poetry. We doubt whether any language can furnish anything of its kind equal to the "Bells of Shandon." It requires but little imagination, while reading it, to hear the mellow music of that glorious Abbey chime, as it must have greeted the ear, and afterwards still waked the memories of the Poet, sounding so "grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee."—ED.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

BY FATHER PROUT.

Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango.—[Inscription on an old Bell.

I.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
And still grow fonder
Sweet Cork. of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

II.

I've heard bells chimin'
Full many a clime in
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

III.

I've heard bells tollin'
Old Adrian's mole in
Their thunders rollin'
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber
Pealing solemnly;
O, the bells of Shandon
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

IV.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While in town and Kiosk, O,
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them,
But there's a phantom
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

*An Abbey near Cork, celebrated for its chime of bells.

THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES.

THERE is a great amount of curious interest connected with the Ancient Sibyls, and the mysterious oracles or prophecies associated with their names. Dr. Humphrey Prideaux, in his historical work connecting the Old Testament history with the beginning of the New, has given a careful account of these singular personages and their oracles, from which we compile and condense this article for the readers of the *Guardian*.

When Cæsar Augustus, a short time before the birth of Jesus Christ, became Emperor of Rome, he immediately began to reform such matters as needed reforming in his kingdom. He began by instituting an examination into the prophetic books which then went abroad; for a great number of these being at this time everywhere spread abroad among the people, created great disturbances, and raised many vain hopes and fears in the minds of men, according as they were interpreted for or against what was then uppermost in the government. All these Augustus called in, and caused most of them, to the number of two thousand volumes, to be burned as spurious, reserving only those which bore the name of some of the Sibyls for their authors. And these also he subjected to a strict examination, retaining of them only such as on this trial were judged genuine; the rest he burnt like the rest. Those that were pronounced genuine he put into two golden cabinets, and laid them up in the temple of Apollo, which he had built in the palace. These Sibylline oracles were in great repute in the heathen world, and are often referred to by the ancient writers of the Christian Church.

The Sibyls were women of ancient times, said to have been endued with a prophetic spirit, and to have delivered oracles foreshadowing the fates and destinies of Kingdoms and States. We have, in the ancient writings, mention made of ten of them, the eldest of which being named Sibylla, all others of the same sex, who afterwards pretended to have the like fatidical spirit and power, were from her called Sibyls, the most eminent of which were the ten referred to; and of these the most noted was she whom the Romans called Sibylla Cumæ, and by the Greeks Erythræ; for the same Sibyl bore both these names. She was born at Erythræ in Ionia, and therefore received this name among the Greeks; but having removed to Cumæ in Italy, and there delivered all her oracles, she was from thence called Cumæ by the Romans and Italians.

The place at Cumæ where she lived, and from whence she is said to have given out her oracles, was a cave, or subterranean vault, digged out of the main rock. Justin Martyr, who had been upon the place, speaking of it, and of the Sibyl which there prophesied, tells us as follows: "This Sibyl, they say, being a Babylonian by descent, and the daughter of Berosus, who wrote the Chaldaic History, came, I know not how, into Campania, and there delivered her oracles in a city called Cumæ, situated at the distance of six miles from Baia. I having been upon the

place, did there see a large chapel or oratory, which was all hewn out of the main rock, a work great and wonderful; in which chapel, as the inhabitants made report to me, according as they had it by ancient tradition from their forefathers, the Sibyl gave forth her oracles. In the middle of the chapel they showed me three hollow places hewn out of the same rock, in which, being filled with water, they told me she used to wash herself, and that then after having put on her garments, she retired into the innermost cell of that chapel, which was also hewn out of the same rock; and there having settled herself upon a high advanced seat in the middle of that cell, from thence uttered and gave forth her oracles." Onuphrius writes that this cell continued to be seen many hundred years after, until the year of our Lord 1539, in which all Campania having been shaken by a terrible earthquake at Puteoly, huge mountains of sand, gravel and slime, were then cast up from the bottom of the sea, which totally overwhelmed, and utterly ruined this chapel of the Cumæan Sibyl. The same author tells us that about nine years after, in 1548, having been on the place, and made diligent inquiry of the inhabitants, he found, that till that earthquake everything in that vault was exactly as Justin Martyr had described it; but that it was utterly destroyed at that time. But travellers are there still shown a vault, which they call the grotto of the Sibyl, even to this day.

Of the time which this Sibyl lived there are various opinions. Justin Martyr, in saying that she was by descent a Babylonian, and daughter of Berosus, the historian, thus puts her below the time of Alexander. No doubt he mistook her for Athenias, the second Sibyl, which was called the Erythræan, who lived about that time; but she never came to Cumæ in Italy. Virgil makes her to have lived at Cumæ in the time of the Trojan war, and to have been contemporary with Æneas; and others place her in the time of Tarquin, the last king of Rome. These last found their opinion upon the supposal that it was she herself that brought the books of her prophecies to that king; but this is nowhere said.

In regard to the bringing of the Sibylline books to Tarquin, this singular story is told: While Tarquin, the second of that name, reigned at Rome, there came a certain woman to him from a foreign country, with nine books containing the oracles of the Sibyls, which she offered to sell to him, demanding for them three hundred pieces of gold. But Tarquin refusing to pay that price for them, she burnt three of the nine! and then offered him the remaining six at the same price, at which demand she being thought out of her wits, was rejected with scorn and laughter; whereupon she burnt three others of them, and then offered him the remaining three; persisting still to demand the same price for these as she first had for all the nine. At which strange procedure Tarquin being moved, and thinking that there might be something in it more than ordinary, sent for the augurs to consult them about it; who, on their examining into the matter, told him, that they found, by certain signs, that which he had despised was a divine gift; that it was a great loss and damage that he had not bought all the nine books that were offered him; and therefore pressed him to give the woman for the remaining three the price she asked. Whereon the woman being paid, and the books delivered to Tarquin, the woman gave him strict charge

to keep them safely as containing oracles relating to the future state of Rome; and after that she disappeared and was no more seen.

Tarquin put these books into a stone coffer, and laid them up in a vault under ground in the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, and appointed two of the principal of the nobility to have the keeping of them, with strict charge not to divulge them, or suffer any other besides themselves to have the perusal of them, or on any occasion whatsoever as much as in the least to look into them; which was so strictly required that Marcus Attilius, one of the first to whose custody these books were committed, having given liberty to Petronius Labius to take a copy of these books, he was, for this breach of trust, sown up in a sack and cast into the river, which was a punishment among the Romans, that never else used to be inflicted save only on parricides.

After the dissolution of the regal power, the commonwealth continued the same regard to these books, and craftily made use of them in the ensuing government for the quieting of the people in all disturbances that ever happened among them. For wherever any great misfortune befel them, any prodigies appeared to fright them, or any other accident or occasion made a ruffle or disorder among the people, these books were ordered to be consulted, and the keepers of them always brought forth such an answer as served the purpose: and in many difficulties the governors of that state helped themselves in this way; and for this reason there was nothing among the Romans which they kept with more strict and sacred care than these books, that thereby the use of them might be made the better to answer the end designed. They always chose the keepers of them out of the chief of the nobility, assigned them this office for life, and exempted them from all the burdens of the State, both military and civil, as men wholly consecrated to this one thing only. These were at first only two, afterwards they were augmented to ten, and later still to fifteen. None others were allowed to look into these books; and then only when on any exigencies of the State they were ordered so to do by the Senate. Thus were these books carefully kept till the civil wars of Sylla and Marius, when, the capitol being accidentally set on fire and burnt to the ground, these books were burnt with it. This happened in the year before Christ 83.

Seven years afterwards, the capitol being again rebuilt, Caius Scribonius Curio being then Consul, made a motion in the Senate about restoring the Sibylline oracles. The motive in desiring their restoration was the benefit they had been, and could still be to the commonwealth. The Senate understanding that some of these oracles were still in existence at Erythræ in Ionia, where the Sibyl was born, they sent three ambassadors from their body to take copies of them and bring them to Rome. These gathered together from the papers of several private persons about two thousand verses in the Greek language, pretending to be Sibylline prophecies and oracles, and brought them back with them to Rome. Still others were gathered at Samos, Ilium, and other cities, in Greece, Sicily, Africa, and Italy; and thus great numbers of what pretended to be oracles of the Sibyls were collected and laid up in the new capitol in place of those that had been burnt.

But there was this great difference between those books and those burnt in the capitol; those were not known to the vulgar, while these

were; and the public importance given to them by the Roman Senate only made them to be better remembered and more widely dispersed. Thus, in the whole collection laid up in the capitol, there was scarcely a single prophesy or oracle of which there were not copies in private hands. From these, floating about in private hands, Virgil had that Sibylline prophecy of the coming of Christ, and the restoring of justice, righteousness and blessedness to the world by Him, which he has set forth in his fourth Eclogue; and from them came also the many other prophecies of the same import, which at this time went abroad in the pagan world.

Their being thus popularly known, the object aimed at in their use by the Roman Senate, was in a great measure defeated. To rectify this difficulty a law was made that all who had any copies of them should bring them to the pretor of the city; and all were prohibited under pain of death to withhold any of them. But a secret is sweet, and may be kept. The law did not accomplish the end. Not only did many retain what they had, but many others were forged; and Sibylline leaves were again floating about, as if blown by an unseen power, plenty as the leaves of the forest. It was this that induced Augustus, on taking on him the high-priesthood of Rome, to revive the same law. Whereon so many copies of these pretended prophecies, being brought in as amounted to a great multitude of volumes, he ordered them all strictly to be examined, and having burned and destroyed all that were disapproved, to the number mentioned in the beginning of this article, he deposited the rest for the use of the State. These afterwards Tiberius caused to be examined over again, burning many more of them, preserving only such of them as were of moment, and found worthy of approbation for that service of the State for which they were originally intended; and to these, long as Rome remained heathen, great recourse was had. For about this time, on the coming of Christ our Saviour, the great Oracle of all truth, all other oracles ceasing, the Sibylline prophecies, and the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, the *Sortes Prænestinæ*, with some other like foolish inventions for divination, were the only oracles they had to consult. In this use the Sibylline oracles continued till the year of our Lord 399, when they were utterly destroyed.

Their destruction was brought about on this wise: Not long before the year 399, a prophecy had been given out by the heathen Romans which it was pretended had been taken from the Sibylline oracles, which imported, that Peter had by magic founded the Christian religion, and that it was to last only for the term of 365 years, and that it was, at the end of that time wholly to vanish and be no more professed in the world. This term expiring in the year of our Lord 398—that being exactly 365 years after the ascension of Christ into heaven, and the first establishing of the christian religion thereupon—Honorius, the Roman Emperor, taking advantage of this to convict these Sibylline writings of manifest forgery and imposture, ordered them all to be destroyed; and accordingly the next year, A. D. 399, Stilico, by virtue of a decree from him, burnt all these prophetic writings, and pulled down and utterly demolished the temple of Apollo in which they had been deposited. The same year became fatal also to many other heathen temples in Africa, and elsewhere, throughout the Roman Empire.

Thus in the end did Christ, by the stability and progress of His holy religion, make dumb the oracles of heathenism !

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steps of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell,
Inspired the pale-eyed priests from the prophetic cell.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

It was through educated and cultivated women that Boniface sought to christianize Germany. He sent one Gunitrud to Bavaria, and Theela into the Main regions. He especially depended much on Lisba, who sprung from an ancient noble family, and was on his mother's side a relative of his. She was an only child, given to her parents when they had already attained a goodly age, was by them early devoted to the Lord's service, and was afterwards educated by Telta, prioress of the convent of Winbrann, in England.

She made rapid progress in learning, wrote well even Latin verse, and carried on a correspondence with Boniface, who in the year A. D. 748, called her to Germany to be abbottess of the convent of Bishopheim near Wurtzburg, which he intended as a school for the education of females. Here Lisba, who always had the Bible at her side, labored in the work of christian discipline and morals ; and from all directions her pupils were called for as prioresses of similar institutions, in order by their influence to spread christianity, and cultivate the true christian life. She became a great help to Boniface. When he was about to remove to Friesland, he called her to him and exhorted her to continue steadfast and faithful in her calling. He presented to her the dress which he had worn as a monk, and expressed the wish that, at death, they might be laid side by side.

Charles the Great held Lisba in high estimation, often invited her to his court, and made her princely presents. She also often visited the wife of the great Emperor Hildegard, and removed to the convent at Schonersheim, in order to be nearer to Aachen. Only a few days before her death she had seen the Empress for the last time. When they parted she kissed her, and said : "Farewell, my dear sovereign and sister ; farewell, precious part of mine own soul ! Christ, our Creator and Redeemer, grant that without shame we may see each other again in the great day of judgment !" In the midst of devout prayers Lisba departed in the year of our Lord 779, and her remains were laid beside the grave of Boniface in Fulda, to rest till the resurrection day !

The Norman Prince Rolla, who had fled before Harold, the fair-haired Norwegian Prince—Rolla, who had vowed to Gyda (a proud Norwegian damsel) who had rejected his hand with the words : “I will only then accept it when you shall bring me all Norway as a morning present,” that he would not again comb his beautiful hair till he was ruler of the whole country, conquered the northern shores of France and married Gisba, a French Princess. Through her influence he became a christian, and led his people also to embrace christianity.

In Bohemia, about the year A. D. 930, the Princess Drahomira earnestly labored for the defence and preservation of paganism. But Ludmilla, the wife of Vorziwoys, wrought victoriously against her for the introduction of christianity ; and for her zeal she was afterwards numbered among the saints of the calendar.

From love to the beautiful Bohemian Dombrowka, Miesko, the Polish Prince, divorced himself from his seven wives, received baptism, A. D. 966, and constrained his people to embrace christianity.

The Russian Princess Olga, when, about the year A. D. 945, her husband had fallen in a contest with the Drewliers, a people dwelling in the western part of Kiew, seized the reigns of government. Fearfully boiled her vengeance ! Twenty delegates who were sent to her by the Drewliers to solicit her hand in marriage with their King, she caused to be buried alive—a number of prominent men of that people she burnt in a bath room, and as an offering on Igor’s grave she cut to pieces 5000 men ! It is said that to those who came to her capital city, and honorably explained and justified themselves, she offered pardon on the condition that they would pay her tribute. When these expressed their willingness to accept the condition of tribute, she asked of each family three doves and three sparrows ; these birds she had clothed with very combustible material, then setting them on fire, left them fly, and thus set the whole city in a terrible conflagration !

This Olga, after she had brought this awful offering of death, was moved to civilize her rude people, and she saw that the best means to accomplish this was to introduce christianity. She made a visit to Constantinople, where she submitted to christian instruction, and received baptism. She declined an offer of marriage which the Greek Emperor made to her, still a beautiful widow of sixty years. She took the name of Helena, by which name she now stands among the saints of the calendar. She turned to the German Emperor, Otho I., and begged him to furnish her christian teachers, which request was granted her. Christianity, however, made slow progress among her people ; and her son, Swaetoslaw, she was not able to incline towards its acceptance. But her uncle, Bladimir, who at first hesitated whether he should accept the Jewish, Mahomedan, or Christian religion, was persuaded by a Greek ecclesiastic to embrace the latter ; and as the service in the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, best pleased the commissioners which had been sent out to become acquainted with the religious worship of all lands, he introduced this service, after which the Greek Princess Anna, with whom he had become united in marriage, induced him, A. D. 988, to submit to baptism, and thus devote himself personally to the christian religion.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

THE MIRACLE OF CANA IN GALILEE.

[St. John II; 1—11.]

As Christ began his MINISTRY, not in Judea the centre of the old religion, nor in Samaria the centre of the old schism, but in half-heathen Galilee—Galilee of the Gentiles—so He performed his first miracle there. The significance of this, as to his relation and ultimate mission to the Gentiles:—

His FIRST miracle is performed in the FAMILY.

I. The radical (RADICAL taken in its good sense) character of christianity. It begins at the roots and germs. Hence we have:

(a) His first parable is of the seed. Mark IV.

His first miracle in the FAMILY where we begin, where nations begin, where Christ's human life began, and where evermore begins all glory to God in the highest, all peace on earth, all good will to men.

(b) We have his first miracle not only in the family, but on the occasion of a FOUNDING or CONSTITUTING a family—at a marriage. The solemn consequences which depend on marriage. "Only in the Lord." Here great good—here great evil—begins.

(c) We have his sympathy and help in what seem the SMALL and trivial cares of life. He interposes His power to relieve a family, in a delicate position, from perplexity and mortification. This shadows forth what Christ and christianity always do—goes to the smallest roots of our cares.

II. The genial character of Christ and christianity. Jesus SANCTIONS and SANC-TIFIES, by his presence, a joyful occasion. Different from the austere BAPTIST—the severe PHARISEE—the LEGALIST of all ages. In Him the Gospel underlies, precedes, glorifies in joy, the Law.

III. Christ and christianity ACCELE-RATES all processes. The idea of a mir-acle—it does not suspend, not contradict natural laws, but ACCELERATES them—

reaches the result instantaneously. By growth of the grape is water also turned into wine, but there slowly—here, at once. Christianity is a great wide-reaching miracle, by which all processes are accelerated—a vivific energy in the world—stimulating all energies. This is the means of furnishing help and RELIEF in straits, as in the miracle. Wherever help is needed, He, by his providence, AT ONCE CONCENTRATES IT.

IV. Christ and christianity GLORIFY all things that come under their power. Water, the lower; into wine, the higher. An elevating power. Moses, the Law, at the first miracle turned water into blood! Ex. VII.—death. Christ's first miracle turned water into wine—the symbol of life. In, and through Christ, all powers work UPWARD. So through His body, the church, even as the water in the soil and air, through the roots, leaves, trunk and branches of the vine, into the wine in the ripe grape.

V. Christ and christianity always give the best last. "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Sin—the world—reverse the order, and give the best first, the worst last. The world leads through (false) joy, to sorrow; christianity through sorrow to true joy.

Let us learn:

1. Always to connect our joyful social occasions WITH THE FAMILY. Its influence conserves. The evils flowing from social amusement result greatly from their being dissociated from family—from its quieting influences—from its wholesome restraints. Outside social conventicle amusements, breed extravagance—folly—sin. Home is the place for social diversions, of an innocent character. Only when not provided here are they sought outside—which is evil.

2. Always call in the right kind of company. Jesus, his mother—the disciples—christians. This festival of Cana was not like those in the worldly families of Christ's time. Verse 10. "Evil

communications," &c. Our proper associates, and the sharers of our festive joy should be better, purer, wiser than ourselves. "Set your affections on things ABOVE"—in this respect, as in all others.

3. See that Christ is there. He will not repress or dampen any proper joy. In some cases even the presence of the Pastor is thought a hindrance—such joy of doubtful character! Would not in such cases, Christ's presence be still more in the way. Christ as a guest is the true test of social proprieties—of the true character of social diversions.

LOLA MONTEZ.

Who does not remember her? It is but a few years since the heads of all the fashionables were turned by her wonderful displays and exploits. Lola Montez—the half Creole daughter of a Spanish or an Irish officer—the wife of Mr. James, in India, whom she afterwards left—the dancer of Porte St. Martin in Paris, and the delight and wit of the fashionables of the French capitol—the dancer for the King Louis of Munich, turning his silly head, and producing a revolution, and became Countess of Landsfelt, living on a splendid pension in a princely furnished house, with her portrait hanging in the gallery of court beauties—afterwards banished and appearing in England, making the fashionables crazy there—then the wife of a young English officer, Mr. Heald—is arraigned and tried for bigamy—divorced—comes to the United States in 1852—makes and acts dramas of her foolish and wicked adventures—goes to New Orleans—to California, where she marries and is divorced again—goes to Australia in 1855—actress there—back to this country where she delivers lectures—publishes a volume of her lectures on "Arts of Beauty, and Secrets of a Lady's Toilet," and "Anecdotes of Love," with an "Autobiography." Who has not heard of her? And how endeth this lesson of folly and vanity, of abused talent, and of fashionable vanity! Here is the sad picture which the last accounts give of her:

"Lola Montez is stopping at Astoria with a kind friend, but, alas! in what a condition of body and mind! She is not exactly an imbecile, and yet what term will more clearly express her mental helplessness? Physically she is an invalid of a melancholy description. A female friend of mine saw her a day

or two ago, and it was enough to make one's heart bleed to note her picturesque limnings of the wonderfully changed woman. Lola was costumed in a half night and half morning robe, and she sat in a pretty garden, her hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and cadaverous complexion forming a remarkable contrast to the gay flowers. She was unable to utter an intelligible word, except spasmodically, and after repeated efforts. Her mouth was frothing, like that of one in partial convulsions, and she was unconsciously wiping it, as little boys do, by drawing it across the sleeve of her dress. In fact, she had the strange, wild appearance and behavior of a quiet idiot, and is evidently lost to all further interest in the world around her, and its affairs. And so ends her eventful history! What a study for the brilliant and thoughtless! What a sermon on human vanity.

THE END.

Since writing the above, the papers bring the following news of this singular and unfortunate woman. Thus passes the glory and the vanity of this world:

Lola Montez died and was buried in New York on Thursday last. She bore the title in Bavaria of the Countess of Landsfelt, conferred on her by the King of Bavaria, but was driven from that country in a popular revolution. Since then she has been residing frequently in this country. Rev. Dr. Hawkes often visited her, by request, and officiated at her funeral.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING.

The following beautiful thoughts are from one of Trench's Sermons before the University of Cambridge, p. 48, 49.

"Vicarious suffering, it is strange to hear the mighty uproar that is made about it; when indeed in lower forms—not low in themselves, though low as compared with the highest—it is everywhere, where love is at all. For indeed is not this, one freely taking on himself the consequences of other's faults, and thus averting from those others, at least in part, the penalties of the same, building what others have thrown down, gathering what others have scattered, bearing the burdens which others have wrapped together, healing the wounds which others have inflicted saying the things which he never took; smarting for sins which he never committed; is not this, I say, the law and the condition of all highest nobleness in the world?—is it not that

which God is continually demanding of His elect, they approving themselves as His elect, as they do not shrink from this demand, as they freely own themselves the debtors of love to the last penny of the requirement which it makes? And if this be so, shall we question the right of God Himself to display this nobleness which He demands of his creatures?"

GENTILITY.

The following, especially in these days of "Young America," contains a great deal more truth than poetry. It is as full of seeds as the head of a sun-flower, and may very properly stand among our "Seed-Thoughts."

Genteel it is to have soft hands,
But not genteel to work on lands;
Genteel it is to lie in bed,
But not genteel to earn your bread;
Genteel it is to cringe and bow,
But not genteel to sow and plow;
Genteel it is to play the beau,
But not genteel to reap and mow;
Genteel it is to keep a gig,
But not genteel to hoe and dig;
Genteel it is in trade to fail,
But not genteel to swing the flail,
Genteel it is to play the fool,
But not genteel to keep a school;
Genteel it is to cheat the tailor,
But not genteel to be a sailor;
Genteel it is to fight a duel,
But not genteel to cut your fuel;
Genteel it is to eat rich cake,
But not genteel to cook and bake;
Genteel it is to have the blues,
But not genteel to wear thick shoes;
Genteel it is to roll in wealth,
But not genteel to have good health;
Genteel it is to cut a friend,
But not genteel your clothes to mend;
Genteel it is to make a show,
But not genteel poor folks to know;
Genteel it is to run away,
But not genteel at home to stay;
Genteel it is to smirk and smile,
But not genteel to shun all guile;
Genteel it is to be a knave,
But not genteel your cash to save;
Genteel it is to make a bet,
But not genteel to pay a debt,
Genteel it is to play at dice;
But not genteel to take advice;
Genteel it is to curse and swear,
But not genteel plain clothes to wear;
Genteel it is to know a lord,
But not genteel to pay our board;
Genteel it is to skip and hop,
But not genteel to tend to shop;
Genteel it is to waste your life,
But not genteel to love your wife.
I cannot tell what I may do,

Or what sad scenes may yet pass through;
I may perchance turn deaf and blind,
The pity of all human kind;
I may perchance be doomed to beg,
And hop about upon one leg;
And even may I come to steal,
But may I never be genteel!
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Oh! may I never get THAT low!

HONOR TO PARENTS.

It is no doubt a lovely sight to see "the whole family in Heaven," angels and redeemed men all unite in love and reverence around one Father. There He sits, the centre of that circle of heavenly love. How they bend around him with cheerful humility! How they wait for His commands and counsels! How they hearken to His word, obey orders and return to Him for his smile of approbation and love.

So ought it to be on the earth. So ought the parents to be the centre of a radiant circle of love. So ought children to gather with one mind and heart around them, receive counsels from them, and wait to make them happy, and to be made happy by them in return. But, alas! sin divides wherever it enters. It destroys unity and love, and introduces variance and strife, where the sweetest concord ought to be found.

Sin loves to violate law and walk in its own ways. Children have naturally in them this feeling of independence, which hates restraints, and will own no master and no law. Hence children, as they grow in years, if not imbued with piety, grow in self-sufficiency, gradually cast from them parental authority, and treat with silent contempt or with open disrespect, all efforts on the part of parents to restrain and direct them. The consequences, however, are the same as in all other cases where the laws of God are violated; it brings often temporal, and if not repented of, eternal evil, upon the offenders. Hence we find in the word of God warnings, counsels and threats against such children as render not due honor and love to their parents, and promises to those who do.

So important is this duty that God has made it the subject of one of the ten commandments, given on Sinai amid that grand display of Almighty majesty which Moses and the children of Israel witnessed when God gave them his law: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, edited by George Ripley and Charles Dana. Vol. XI. MAGGILIVRAY—MOXA.

This princely work which we have favorably noticed as each successive volume appeared, moves on steadily towards completion. The care and ability with which this extensive Dictionary of Knowledge is edited increases our confidence in it as the work advances. The subjects which such a work generally includes, all carefully brought down to the present time, including many biographical notices of prominent living men, it becomes an almost indispensable work of reference. Every large library should contain it; and smaller individual libraries have only the more need of it as it covers ground which no such library in which the number of books is necessarily limited, can supply references on all the subjects that are called into requisition in even the most common investigations. It seems to be properly appreciated by the public, as there are, we understand, over twelve thousand copies taken by subscription. This is a large circulation to begin with; but it is not only well deserved by the work, but also needed to cover the immense outlay required by the enterprising publishers to get it up. Elias Barr & Co., Lancaster, are agents, who furnish the work at the regular price of \$3 per volume in cloth.

The following notice of the "Golden Censer," has been sent us by "J. H. A. B." As his view of the book, we cheerfully give it an insertion here.—Ed.

THE GOLDEN CENSER: Or Devotions for Young Christians. By Rev. H. Harbaugh, D. D. Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston, 1860. pp. 491.

This devotional manual has, thus far, met with a most favorable and flattering reception. It could hardly have been otherwise. It proposes to meet a want which has been so long deeply felt, that any sincere approximation to its supply had an advance guarantee of a welcome. That a book of this character should suit the tastes and views of all who may look into it with a critical eye, can hardly be expected. It necessarily goes over a broad field of christian thought and feeling, and touches upon many delicate and disputed points. He would handle a pen of most extraordinary dis-

cretion and skill, who should treat, in a practical way, of all these points, without coming into collision with some diverging sentiment. The general success of this manual, in this respect, will be gratifying to every impartial reader. Let those who think the work might be better done, take hold at once. The field is not shut against them. Meanwhile let our young members procure and devoutly use this book; it can hardly fail under God's blessing to do them good. Let them use it, not as a substitute for their own free private meditations and prayers. This is not any legitimate design of such manuals. Their highest proper aim is to give direction and aid to our own private thoughts and spontaneous personal devotions. We cannot grow in grace, or get to Heaven, by saying prayers, nor even by admiring the beautifully composed devotions of others. Each one must pray for himself. But all who endeavor habitually and devoutly to do this, must have, more than once, felt the advantage of such outward helps, as furnishing suitable forms in which to utter the deep desires and feelings of the heart. Such manuals therefore are to be warmly commended. And whilst they are primarily designed for young christians, they may also be used with profit by such as have been longer on the narrow way, and are nearer the happy end of their toilsome pilgrimage. May this "Golden Censer" yield much fragrant incense to the Lord.

YOUNG AMERICAN'S PICTURE GALLERY; THE YOUNG PILGRIM: Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, 1860.

Both highly interesting books for children and youth. The former is gotten up in large quarto form, beautifully bound, and embellished with a large number of historical plates. It breathes a spirit of true patriotism, such as needs especially to be inculcated in these disloyal days. "The Young Pilgrim" is a successful abridgement of John Bunyan's famous work, and is well adapted to interest and instruct the large class of persons for whom it is designed. The publishers merit great praise, and a liberal patronage, for seeking to supply our juvenile literature with such substantial books.

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

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| VOL. XIII. | | |
| Rev. C. H. Reiter..... | 1 | |
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1861

1861

THE GUARDIAN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel engraving*. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven nearer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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"LIFE--LIGHT--LOVE."

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A Monthly Magazine,

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EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE MARCH NUMBER.

| | |
|--|----|
| 1. OLD AND NEW ASSOCIATIONS..... | 65 |
| 1. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 67 |
| 3. ABOUT THE BIRDS..... | 69 |
| 4. RULE FOR DETERMINING EASTER SUNDAY..... | 70 |
| 5. AN EASTER SONG. (Poetry.)..... | 71 |
| 6. "THE GOLDEN CENSER."..... | 72 |
| 7. HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY..... | 76 |
| 8. "CHRIST IS ALL." (Poetry.)..... | 82 |
| 9. WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY..... | 83 |
| 10. THE LIFE OF GRACE AND THE WORD OF GOD..... | 84 |
| 11. THE PROUDEST BOAST OF MIND..... | 85 |
| 12. A CONTENTED FARMER..... | 86 |
| 13. FORTUNE TELLING..... | 87 |
| 14. LIFE'S SHADOWS. (Poetry.)..... | 89 |
| 15. GRAY HAIRS..... | 90 |
| 16. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 93 |
| 7. NOTES ON NEW BOOKS..... | 94 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|--------------------------|---|
| VOL. VIII. | | Philip S. Pretz..... | 1 |
| Philip S. Pretz..... | \$1 | Hon. H. G. Long..... | 1 |
| VOL. IX. | | Susan Sheneberger..... | 1 |
| Kate Ginther..... | 1 | Clarissa Stouch..... | 1 |
| Philip S. Pretz..... | 1 | Rev. Henry Mosser..... | 1 |
| Levi J. Groh..... | 1 | John R. Hudders..... | 1 |
| VOL. X. | | Hon. A. L. Hayes..... | 1 |
| Kate Ginther..... | 1 | Sophia E. Achenbach..... | 1 |
| Philip S. Pretz..... | 1 | Peter F. Shuman..... | 1 |
| Rev. J. W. A. Shafer..... | 1 | Martha Alice Snyder..... | 1 |
| Levi J. Groh..... | 1 | J. P. Feaman..... | 1 |
| VOL. XI. | | Catharine Glouinger..... | 1 |
| Kate Ginther..... | 1 | J. W. Gundrum..... | 1 |
| Rev. Thos. T. Jeager..... | 1 | Johanna Mindel..... | 1 |
| Philip Zieber..... | 1 | Chas. Wannemacher..... | 1 |
| Philip S. Pretz..... | 1 | Charles Lawall..... | 1 |
| Hon. H. G. Long..... | 1 | Jacob Y. Deiz..... | 1 |
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| Jacob Rader..... | 1 | Jacob Rader..... | 1 |
| Levi J. Groh..... | 1 | Anna M. Bomberger..... | 1 |
| VOL. XII. | | Amos Keller..... | 1 |
| Ann E. Roadman..... | 1 | Levi J. Groh..... | 1 |
| David G. Klein..... | 1 | Margaret J. Thomas..... | 1 |
| David Neff..... | 1 | Miss Leah Beitzel..... | 1 |
| Philip Zieber..... | 1 | VOL. XIII. | |
| Miss Kate Scheetz..... | 1 | Levi J. Groh..... | 1 |

The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—MARCH, 1861.—NO. 3.

OLD AND NEW ASSOCIATIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

How things change ! Much faster do things change now than they did in a time not remote in the past. The "olden time" is not so far back to us as it was to our Fathers. One need not now be fourscore years old, to be able to speak of the "olden time" to the astonishment of the young. Those of us, the days of whose years have not attained half that number, can speak to our children of the days of old, and tell them things that belonged to our day and generation, that sound as strange and wonderful to their ears as did the tales of our grandfathers to us when we sat on their knees.

We are sometimes disposed to pity the children of the present generation for being compelled to remain ignorant of many of those customs and scenes now faded away with the past, once so familiar to us, and from which we have still many of our pleasantest half-poetical memories.

What, for instance, do the lads of the present day know of either the stumpy toot, or the smoothly sounding lengthened swell of the dinner horn, that once called us from the fields—a sound which started the dogs to a fearful yell, caused the horses to prick up their ears as if they too had an interest in it, and painted in every plow-boy's imagination the pleasant vision of a smoking dinner. The pleasant horn is laid aside. And what have we in its place ? Alas ! a dull cast-iron bell, of most unpoetical sound, hanging between two upright poles in the yard, or on the top of the house. No maiden ever gets red cheeks pulling the string of that stupid dinner signal. Yankee machines have hushed the sound of the flax-break and scutching knife. Threshing machines have stopped the music of the sounding flail. Black dull coal

has banished from the hearth forever the cheerful crackling wood fires which the poets have been so much pleased with in all ages. Light buggies and good roads have caused the old-time saddles to disappear, so that they are only now relics of the garret. Even the friendly carry-all is no more seen; and whoever would dare to come to town with one of these venerable conveniences would be laughed at by rude boys, and giggled at by school girls. Where is the old plated straw hat? Crowded out by the palm leaf, for which commerce is responsible. Where are the ladies' wide sleeves that used to cover the upper half of the arm so richly that a careless eye would imagine three ladies where there was in fact but one! Where are the long fronted bonnets in which were noblest faces deeply hidden, like a grave hermit, but faintly seen far back in the dim twilight of his cave. Alas! they have been crushed back like the top of a gig when the riders prefer to sit out in the open air.

In towns it is no better. For the old town pump we have hydrants; and the "old oaken bucket" is hidden and preserved only in poetry. The old cake sign has been changed to a confectionary saloon. The old familiar sign of the beer bottle has given way to the Lager cask. The Rising Sun Tavern is now the National Hotel. The old store-keeper has gone to merchandizing. The Doctor has turned to be a Physician. The Lawyer is now an Advocate and Counsellor at Law. The old barber has been elevated to the head of a Tonsorial Institute! Thus the old gives place to the new.

We freely grant that some of these changes have been useful improvements. But it would be cruel in the reader to cast that up to us just now, when we have wrought ourself up into such a "fine phrenzy" of eloquence on the pleasant semi-poetical reminiscences of the olden time. When a comparatively young man finds himself in a position to speak to those still younger, of things belonging to an age which for them is forever left behind, he ought not to be disturbed by such utilitarian insinuations! It is not the mercenary and useful, but it is poetical and pleasant memories that we are after.

On this ground—granting all that can be said of the *usefulness* of many of these changes—that is, on the ground of pleasant recollections, we boldly defend the old. We do not believe that the dull iron bell which now calls farmers to dinner, can ever gather around itself the pleasant associations of the musical noon-day horn. It wakens no dogs; no horses prick their ears and laugh; no echoes play down the vales and around the hills; the maiden of one farm-house never thinks of answering her associate at another a mile off, by the friendly imitation of each other's horn-tunes, thus keeping up a daily communion without seeing each other's faces. The metal bell has no such power; all it can do is to send out a dull, monotonous, meaningless, stumpy, stunning sound over the fields, which sound seems to have no other ambition than to die out as soon as possible in its own rumbling agony. Will poets ever immortalize this unpoetical thing? Who believes that hydrants can ever gather around them the pleasant associations of the old village pump? What an amount of a peculiar kind of social life has gone with this relic of the olden time. So of all the last mentioned, as well as of many others not enumerated.

To be serious, modern conveniences inaugurate a different kind of so-

cial life, and create a different kind of association. These conveniences tend to create selfishness as they do to cultivate self-dependence. Just as those who were wont to meet in neighborly sociability at the village pump, meet there no more, but go separately and selfishly to their own hydrants; so in other respects does each one more and more seek his own, in his own separate way. Mutual dependence cultivates mutual sympathy, while independence disintegrates society.

Let us not despise modern improvements; but let us also beware of the chilling effect produced on our social nature by an entire surrender of ourselves to material interests. To do first, and most earnestly, and ever only on that which "will pay," to the neglect and destruction of that which cultivates the higher nature, is a straight and certain way to a worse civilization, whatever of temporal convenience and profit it may have to plead in its favor.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XXIX.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

IN the February Number of the Guardian, we gave the story of "The Emperor Hadrian and the Old Gardener." The reader will remember that the old gardener received a basket of gold for one of fruit, from the trees which he had himself planted in his old age. Here is the sequel of the same story:

When the old man had arrived at home with the gold, and exhibited his royal present, all the people were astonished. Among the neighbors whom curiosity had drawn to his house, there was a simple and very miserly woman. Scarcely had she seen the great treasure which he had received for so small a quantity of figs, when the thought struck her that the King must be very fond of that kind of fruit. Hastily she went home and began to scold with her husband:

"Thou son of misery, why do you dream along after this manner? Do you not hear that the Emperor is extraordinarily fond of figs? Go quickly and bring him some that you may become as rich as our old neighbor!"

The foolish man was not able to withstand the reproaches of his wife; he went and filled a large bag with figs, and laid it on his shoulder. After many weary efforts he arrived at length at the gate of the palace, and asked to be admitted to the presence of the Emperor. When they asked him what he desired, he answered, that he had heard how fond the mighty Emperor was of figs, and had accordingly brought him a bag of this fruit, for which he expected a liberal reward. This the chamberlain reported to his lord. The Emperor could not refrain from

smiling at the folly and presumption of the man, and said: "Then let the foolish man receive his reward. Command him to stand still where he is at the gate, and give directions that each one who enters the gate shall take one of the figs and throw it into the foolish man's face, till they are all used up. Then let him go!"

It was so done. The poor man was mocked, laughed at, and belabored with the juicy figs; and instead of wishing any longer for gold, he only longed to see the bottom of his bag! But this wish was only fulfilled after long suffering and much patience, when at last the bag was empty, and he was allowed to depart. Sad and mortified he stole back to his home.

Meanwhile his wife waited full of great hope, thinking how she would use the expected treasure, calculating how many fine caps, dresses, and other articles of clothing she would be able to buy with it! She kept thinking how finely she would appear, and how her neighbors would wonder to see her shining thus in gold and silks. Impatiently therefore did she await his return.

When he came at length, and she saw his bag empty, she thought that at least his pockets would be full of gold. Without waiting to greet him in the customary way, she scarcely gave him time to breathe a little, when she hastily asked him what kind of treasure he had received?

"Have you no patience, angry and miserable woman!" cried her angry husband! "Have patience, and I will tell you all. *Great* luck, and *much* luck, have I had. Great luck it was for me that I carried figs and not peaches to the Emperor, for then they would perhaps have stoned me. Much luck I derived, from the fact that the figs were soft, or else I would not have been able to bring my head home with me!"

XXX. THE HEAD OF THE SERPENT AND ITS TAIL.

Take you wise men, and understanding, and known among your tribes, and I will make them rulers over you.—DEUT: 1. 13.

For a long time the tail of the serpent had always followed the course taken by the head, and thus matters went well. One day, however, the tail became tired of this way of going, and said to the head:

"With great dissatisfaction I have for a long time been observing your unrighteous ways. In all our travels you lead off, and I, as a miserable slave, must follow after you. Evermore do you appear at the head of affairs, and I as an obscure servant must stand in the shade. Is this just? Am I not a member of the same body? Why then may I not lead as well as you?"

Then the head answered: "O, thou foolish tail! How could you do this. You have no eyes to see danger, no ear to hear its approach, and no understanding to avoid it? Is it not for your good that I am at the head of things?"

"For my good?" answered the tail, angrily. "That is just the way all kings and rulers speak to their subjects! But from henceforth I will no more submit to this kind of lead. I will hereafter take the course that seems best to myself."

Then the head of the serpent said : " Then let it be so. You shall hereafter point out the way that I shall take ! "

The new order of things introduced, the tail soon led the serpent into a muddy pool, from which it only extricated itself after much toil, and then the whole body was so covered with mud that the serpent could scarcely be recognized. Next the tail led it into a thorn-bush, and the more it labored to get out the more was its flesh cut and wounded by the thorns ! All would have gone to destruction had not the head again found the way by which a retreat could be made !

Still the foolish tail was not satisfied, and continued his whim, till at length he led the way into a fiery oven ! Soon he began to feel the dreadful element ; the whole serpent began to writhe in agony, and the head once more made a kind effort to secure deliverance from the fearful end that awaited them both. But it was now too late ! The fire had already affected the vital and nobler parts, and the head shared in the misfortune of the whole !

When the ruler (king) is forced to do the will of the subjects, the whole nation will soon be hurried to destruction !

The Editor of the Guardian is of opinion that there lies a lesson in this old Hebrew story, from which many in our own beloved land might learn exactly that wisdom which more than any other is needed at this time. How many have we who are scarcely fit to be tails, who nevertheless proudly aspire to be heads !

ABOUT THE BIRDS.

THE National Intelligencer gives the following beautiful instance of the kindness towards each other by the birds :

" A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last curiosity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes he found a female thrush, whose wings were caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother, and then to her young, she in the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing as they went a song of praise."

RULE FOR DETERMINING EASTER SUNDAY UNTIL A. D. 2499.

L. H. S.

EASTER Sunday is always that Sunday which next succeeds the first full moon after the 21st of March, and in case the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after. One of the most certain rules for its determination, is that given by the French mathematician, Delambre, in the third volume of his large treatise on Astronomy. It is as follows:

1. Divide the number of the year by 19, and call the remainder *a*.
2. " " " by 4, " " *b*.
3. " " " by 7, " " *c*.
4. " $(19a - M)$ by 30, " " *d*.
5. " $(2b - 4c - 6d - N)$ by 7, " " *e*.
6. Make $M=15$, and $N=6$ for the Julian Calendar.

In the Gregorian Calendar, *M* and *N* will have the following values:

| | <i>M</i> | <i>N</i> |
|-------------------|----------|----------|
| From 1582 to 1699 | 22 | 3 |
| 1700 to 1799 | 23 | 3 |
| 1800 to 1899 | 23 | 4 |
| 1900 to 1999 | 24 | 5 |
| 2000 to 2099 | 24 | 5 |
| 2100 to 2199 | 24 | 6 |
| 2200 to 2299 | 25 | 0 |
| 2300 to 2399 | 26 | 1 |
| 2400 to 2499 | 25 | 1 |

7. Easter day will either be
 $(22 - d - e)$ of March, or
 $(d - e - 9)$ of April.

This rule is absolute for the Julian Calendar. In calculations for the Gregorian Calendar, if a number is given over 24th of April, seven days must be subtracted.

Applying these rules to the coming year, 1861,

$$a=18.$$

$$b=1.$$

$$c=6.$$

$$d=5.$$

$$e=4.$$

Hence Easter Sunday is $(22 - d - e) = (22 - 5 - 4) = 31$ st of March.

AN EASTER SONG.

BY REV. J. M. NEALE, M. A.

1. A song, a song, our chief to greet,
Our King to meet,
Returning in His glory:
A song of those that went before,
In days of yore,
And shadowed out his story.
2. While Gaza's guards their vigils kept,
In Gaza's homes our Samson slept
The quiet sleep of mortals:
But rising up at midnight, tore
The brazen shingles from the door,
And bore away the portals.
3. By many a hostile chief and band
Our Jephtha was assaulted:
To be the Lord of all the land
Our Joseph is exalted;
Now David's son and David's Lord
Hath fac'd the giant dreaded,
And with Goliath's own great sword
Goliath hath beheaded.
4. With pitcher and with burning lamp,
He march'd to storm th' invaders' camp,
Our own, our royal Gideon:
The mortal pitcher shattered sore,
The Godhead's lamp to ruin bore
The vanquished host of Midian.
5. Joshua leading, God preceding,
Israel stems the river:
Down Mount Tabor; Barak's sabre
Glitters to deliver;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Desert Edom owns our freedom
Thro' the blood-red waters:
David reigneth, and obtaineth
Joy for Sion's daughters.
6. Jehoshaphat returns in peace,
By shouting myriads follow'd:
And Jonah finds his glad release,
Whom late the monster swallow'd.
He glories o'er Assyria's fall,
Our victor Ezekias:
By night he visits Salem's wall,
Our truer Nehemias:
Alleluia, Alleluia.

-
7. Lord of breath, Lord of death,
Lord of things celestial and infernal:
Guide and speed, guard and feed,
By the living waters lead
And the flow'rs eternal.
 8. We, as yet, are toiling sore
On the sea's rough surges:
Thou art standing on the shore,
Where no troubles vex Thee more,
Where no tempest surges.
 9. Thou, Thou be nigh
While our vessel seeks the port:
Thou, Thou on high
Crown us in Thy royal court.
 10. Thou hast conquer'd let us win:
Thou hast enter'd let us in.
Thou hast vanquished Death and Sin,
Up to Heaven ascending:
Let us all with thee ascend;
Grant us after Thee to tend,
Thee the way, to Thee the end:
End that hast no ending.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
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"THE GOLDEN CENSER."

BY PARVUS.

THIS article on our own late Book, is admitted at the request of its author. In a letter, enclosing the article, he pleads thus: "You may, it seems to me, admit such articles into the Guardian without any impropriety, seeing that they are offered altogether unsolicited by, and unknown to you. Let us have them then." Certainly. Thanking our Reverend friend for his favorable judgment of our little work, we let him speak for himself.—ED.

"The Golden Censer" claims to be "*a book of devotions for young christian*," and well may it lay claim to this exalted and holy office. It is indeed "*a book of devotions*," not only for *young* christians however, but also for *older* christians, who will find much in it that will be profitable unto them. Nor is it "*a book of devotions*" *merely*. It is, at the same time, a book of *instruction* also, and that in a broad sense of the term. In order to understand this, however, the book must be thoroughly studied and thoroughly used. No mere reading over of its contents is sufficient to give any person a true idea of the nature of the work. Its life and spirit must be felt. These must be permitted to lay

hold of the mind and the heart so as to bring them under their power and influence before a correct judgment can be formed and pronounced on the merits of the work. Otherwise our judgment on the book will amount to the same thing as the infidel's judgment on the holy word of God.

This being the case, it is proper that all should feel somewhat reluctant to pronounce unfavorably on such a book as "The Golden Censer," which was doubtless prepared with prayerful anxiety and with a holy desire to make it a blessing, under God, unto young christians. No man has the right to lay violent hands upon it, and with a view to its prejudice proclaim abroad that it is a dangerous book; even, perhaps, without having given it such an examination as is absolutely necessary to form a just opinion in regard to its merits or demerits.

I have, so far, not seen nor heard any unfavorable judgments passed on "The Golden Censer," but suspect that there be such who look upon it with a suspicious eye. Let us coolly look at a few points of objection which *may* and probably *will* be urged, and let us examine the grounds, real or imaginary, on which such objections are generally based.

The first objection is of a general nature, and has reference to the use of forms of prayer in general. There are many well meaning persons who are much prejudiced against the use of forms at all. Their idea is, that if prayer does not come from the heart, that is, the words that are used in prayer, it cannot be acceptable unto God. But this objection has no good foundation. The emotions and desires of the heart must express themselves in language, and this expression must assume forms of a more or less correct and proper, or incorrect and improper character. Forms we must and will have, either our own or those of another. It matters not whether they be printed on paper or on our memory, as both these can be properly, but also improperly used. What are called *free prayers*, are generally stereotyped forms, many of which are anything but free. Endless repetitions of a few sentences and phrases oftentimes constitute the greater part of such prayers. Who has not heard expressions like the following, brought into almost every sentence of a lengthy prayer, as for instance: "Heavenly Father, we pray thee"—"Gracious God, we beseech thee?" and others. Such repetitions savor very strongly of *vain* repetitions. Now this is really a very serious defect, and one that cleaves to many well meaning and pious christians, who have been praying people for many years! And it prevails indeed to a very great extent. If some prayers that are made as free, were written out in full, they would indeed constitute a very curious piece of composition.

This being the case, it is very desirable that all who profess to lead others in public prayer should take pains to overcome this evil. But in what way can this be done most effectually? In the proper use of well prepared forms, in their private devotions from day to day. Such forms will become; so to say, interwoven with our thinking, and thus become part and parcel of our intellectual and spiritual being. Now when we think of the fact, that these forms—I now refer to those in "The Golden Censer"—are full of life and spirit of the holy Word of God, which thus becomes deeply and indelibly impressed on the mind and heart, the

reasons become still stronger for the use of such forms. To pray and praise—to supplicate and intercede in the spirit and words of Patriarchs, Prophets, Priests and Kings—of Apostles, Evangelists, Confessors and Martyrs, of all ages, climes and tongues, is of itself something of very great importance, if we have really, by the regenerating power of God's Spirit, been introduced into the blessed communion of saints, so that we feel ourselves compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses. In use of the forms which "The Golden Censer" presents to us, we are brought into communion and fellowship with the Old and New Testament worthies, and also with the holy men and martyrs of later ages, down unto the present day. This I consider a strong argument in favor of the regular, faithful and earnest use of the little book which we now have under consideration.

It is sometimes said: "*the use of forms leads to dead formality,*" and this is made an objection. If this be really true, it is indeed a most serious objection. But is it true? It is not. Where the true spirit of devotion dwells in the heart such forms can be used with great satisfaction and with great benefit; and where this spirit of devotion dwells *not, free prayer*, if at all engaged in, *becomes the worst of all formalities*. The assertion may be made, and that without fear of successful contradiction, that whoever cannot use a *given form of prayer* in the true spirit of devotion, is not qualified either to make a free prayer in that spirit. It is the state of the heart and mind that gives to prayer its true life and power, and not the mere fact that the prayer is free or written. What a pitiful state of heart and mind it betrays when the good and soul-elevating forms of old are totally rejected, and when many trying to be original, fall into downright profanity in the name of prayer!

Now all this can be very easily remedied if young christians will make faithful use of such forms as are here offered unto them. By doing so they will become prepared to pray with the understanding and with the heart; and so pray unto the true edification of others. It must not be supposed that the habitual use of forms will in any manner disqualify any person for engaging in *free prayer*. Nay, the very *reverse* is the result. Instead of disqualifying for free prayer, it prepares the heart and mind for this solemn and sacred duty and privilege. It stores the mind with a fund of suitable thoughts and ideas from the word of God, and the writings, meditations and prayers of God's people of all ages, countries and climes, in and through the expression of which the heart may give an appropriate utterance to its emotions and desires. It impresses the heart with feelings of reverence when it contemplates the solemn and reverential prayers and supplications of the holy men of God, who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and are now before the "great white throne," praising and adoring for ever and ever, the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Who can resist the influence and power of such a cloud of witnesses?

But to proceed to another ground of objection that will likely be urged against the little book now under contemplation. This has reference to its doctrinal position, which is of no uncertain character, and which cannot but be offensive to all such as hold lax views on the subjects brought into view.

“The Golden Censer” regards the church as a *reality* and not as a mere *abstraction*—as a *divine institution*, bearing powers and blessings in her bosom that lie beyond the reach and comprehension of unsanctified reason, and dispensing, by her divinely ordained means, these powers and blessings unto all that rightly approach unto her. Consequently the sacrament of baptism is regarded, not as a mere ample ceremony that may just as well be omitted, but as a holy rite in and by which the subject is brought under the influence of the divine grace and spirit. The baptised children of the church are regarded as standing in covenant relations with God, and thus as christians in beginning, who must now grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. The rite of confirmation is regarded as an act of great solemnity, in and by which the Lord lays hold upon the subjects anew and sheds forth upon them in renewed and richer measures His grace and spirit. The sacrament of the Lord’s Supper is spoken of as a true feast of love for the soul, in which not only the *death of Christ is commemorated*, but in which also *the life of Christ is appropriated*.

Everywhere, and in everything, divine institutions and ordinances are regarded in a light which must be unacceptable to all such as hold low views on the solemn and holy mysteries of the christian religion. But can this be a ground of objection to the book? Nay, verily. It is much more a ground of recommendation. It stands on scripture ground from beginning to end. Its position is impregnable, because it is fortified all round by the strong towers of God’s holy word. Yea, just on this very ground may “The Golden Censer” lay claim to its greatest worth. There is truly no worse spirit abroad in the church than that which seeks to bring everything in the word of God down to the level of common sense. To strip the divinely ordained means of all mystery and power, and to make them mere empty and unprofitable ceremonies, is surely such a high-handed outrage on these holy things as should fill every true christian heart with sorrow and indignation. How refreshing and encouraging to find such a book as “The Golden Censer,” which breathes the spirit and speaks the language of the word of God without disguise. Readers of the Guardian, get and use the book.

A MS. VELLUM PENTATEUCH of extreme antiquity, supposed to have been written during the time of the first temple in Jerusalem, has been recently purchased by Dr. Basilius Levishon, of the Russian Episcopate at Jerusalem. It has been for ages in possession of a princely family, and among its many historical marginal observations is one recording its preservation from fire in the time of Zerubbabel, in Jerusalem.

HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

THERE is a mystery about the following article. Several years ago, after a meeting of Synod, it was found in the bed-room of a family that had entertained some members of Synod. It was afterwards handed to us. At first, we thought it was a lost sermon on the words of the caption; but the word "*article*" being used in it, shows that it was intended for some periodical. But for what publication was it intended? By what author written? Who can answer these questions? It was, however, intended for the public, and hence we give the forlorn *orphan* a home in THE GUARDIAN. Should it now come before the eye of its true parent, we hope he will be grateful to us for sending it home. The substance of the article is beautifully appropriate to the approaching holidays of Good Friday and Easter.—ED.

The person alluded to in this significant expression, is Christ. To the earnest charge of the Church to the daughters of Jerusalem, that if they find "her beloved," they should tell Him that she was "sick of love"—they replied with sarcastic tone, "What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O, thou fairest of women? What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?" With the deep heaving of a heart overcome with love, she answers, "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chief among ten thousands; His head is as the most fine gold, His mouth is most sweet; yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O, daughters of Jerusalem!" Thus when the sorrowful inquiring penitent exclaims, "O, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might even come to His seat!" the scorning world may answer, "Wherefore is thy God better than our gods? He hath a Devil? Can anything good come out of Nazareth? Is this not the carpenter's son? Away with Him!" But the answer of that penitent is like that of the Church in substance. "He is precious; yea, He loved the people, He is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; yea, He is altogether lovely."

But, in the language of Jesus to the Pharisees: "What think ye of Christ?" Is He "precious"—"altogether lovely"—to you? Do you value Him, seek Him, love Him, obey Him as such? That He is altogether lovely, no one who has experienced the joys of His salvation will deny. All such will exclaim of Him:

"O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine,
I cannot wish for more."

"Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven—best friend of man."

But for the sake of those who realize Him not as altogether lovely, it shall be the burden of this article to prove Him such, and to show wherein he is lovely.

He is altogether lovely, in comparison with all other reputed gods. Compare the Saviour and His religion with the gods and religion of Heathenism. Let the 30,000 gods of Greek and Roman Mythology, let the rivers of blood shed to glut the rapacity of some cruel deity, let the painful pilgrimages of whole armies of devotees to the shrine of their idolatry, be compared with the spirit, nature and religion of the Son of God, and into what insignificance does the former dwindle before the latter !

The most uncomely feature of the former is, that it was all a deception and a lie. All was but the figment of a distorted imagination. The heathen derives neither honor nor happiness from his intercourse with his gods ; no loveliness or truth adorned their ephemeral and imaginary existence—the devotee was clad in the same disgusting character, and inspired with the same dastardly spirit as his god. Look at the principal gods—the highest seat in the Olympian Senate is occupied by an incestuous Jupiter ; the gods around him are dependent on his word. Mars is blood-thirsty, Mercury thievish, and Venus voluptuous—all seek to infuse in their followers the same sensual, dishonest, and cruel spirit. Solon represents the gods as being envious of the happiness of men ; hence the blood of their votaries streamed forth to appease their wrath. The attribute love does not belong either to the gods or religion of heathenism. When we now compare such deities and such religion, a religion of cruel and immoral rites, making gods of everything, with temples devoted to the sacrifice of chastity, with human blood flowing upon its altars—gods who outrage nature by beastly amours, and brutalizing humanity by vices which causes the heart to shudder—when we compare such with Jesus and His religion—a Saviour who includes in His person true divinity and true humanity, with all their essential and concomitant attributes—a religion which calls for the love and devotion of a holy and regenerate heart, with supreme love to God as a Father, a Protector and Saviour, with gratitude for His benefits, trust in His mercy, reverence for His authority and patient submission to His laws, holding out as reward for all this—happiness upon earth, and eternal life and glory in Heaven. In the light of this comparative view of the Saviour, with what conviction can we exclaim : “ He is altogether lovely ! ” “ Whom have I in Heaven but Thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee ! ” for Thou maketh the “ wilderness and solitary places to bud and blossom as the rose.”

But the sinner, even in this land of Gospel light, has gods, and he worships them in preference to Christ ; his religion is the worship of his adopted gods. Shall we institute a comparison between those and the Saviour ? Are his devotions at earthly shrines—his consecrations to Mammon—his sensual pleasures, sordid treasures and empty honors, more lovely than the consecrations of the Christian at the altar of Heaven ? are the objects of his supreme affection more lovely than the hero of Calvary—the Saviour of a ruined world ? Methinks the native force of unimpaired reason would point with unwavering decision to the infinite loveliness and the resultant felicity of the latter.

But, in the second place, He is altogether lovely in himself.

Under this head we shall speak of His nature and person, of His character and office, and of the religion of which He is the author.

And first, He is altogether lovely in His nature and person. We determine the loveliness of an object not merely by the coincidence of its outward appearance with our views of the lovely, but more especially by the satisfaction which its native, internal attributes affords our inherent consciousness of what is essential to the conceptions of the lovely. Thus, in our view of the nature and persons—if they have any—of the gods of the heathen, we found our greatest contempt of them to proceed from the fact that their nature and persons were wholly inadequate to the essential conception of God—hence their utter want of loveliness. Now, by this same test, let us see whether Christ, in His nature and person, meets our consciousness of the essential features of the lovely; if so, He must to us be altogether lovely. What then is His nature—His person? The former is two-fold—the complete human and divine; and the latter is the product of the harmonious union of the former; He possesses a perfect Divinity, was God, He and the Father being one; and an unfalling humanity, being like unto us, sin excepted; and hence his nature was endowed with all those infinite and holy attributes which belong to the divine nature on the one hand, and with all those lofty and refined features of primitive human nature on the other; hence possessed of all that is lovely in the natural and spiritual world—in Heaven or upon earth. The same may be said of His person. He is the God-man, “the word made flesh.” Does not the conception of such a person bring before our moral sight all the inherent attributes of perfect loveliness? Unlike the gods of the heathen, some of which rise no higher than a lizard, the calf, or the onion, the person of Christ rises not only superior to the native dignity of man, but includes all that is lovely in the adorable Trinity. But He is altogether lovely in His official and private character. He is Prophet, Priest and King. Hence in His office as Saviour, He carries with him the wisdom of prophecy, the holiness and consecration of sacrifice, and the power, dignity and glory of sovereignty. As a Prophet, He is “the light of the world”—“the day-spring from on high”—“the sun of righteousness.” As a Priest, He gives himself a sacrifice, “without spot or blemish, holy and acceptable to God,” for the redemption of a perishing world. As a King, He is the prince of peace, ruling over us, guiding us by the still waters of life, and making us co-heirs with Him to an everlasting inheritance. Hence all the loveliness attached to the relations belongs to Him. The same may be said of His private social character. He is a friend that “sticketh closer than a brother.” Sympathy for ruined man absorbed all His thoughts, and became the great impelling principle of His life; He was ever touched with a feeling of our infirmities; His sympathy for us was more than mere feeling; it produced self-denial, unspeakable suffering, infinite grace. Such was the extent of His love towards unworthy man, that He willingly, gladly laid down His life for us, and endured the unutterable agonies of the cross without a murmur. In all His trials and sorrows, He breathed the tenderest emotions for those whom He loved. Like the Sun that pours his splendor over countless millions, and irradiates every orb that revolves around him, so His sympathy extends to every heart, and casts a lovely calm over the gloom of life and the solitude of the grave. His bosom was the sanctuary of others’ sorrows. He possessed a heart in which every

tender and ennobling feeling found a home. Though himself destitute of even the necessities of life, without the consolations of a friend, or the joys of a home, a lone wanderer through life, despised by the world, and forsaken by "His own," yet for them He weeps, for the world He dies, for His enemies He prays. To the poor, the sick, the forlorn and heavy laden, He is a benefactor, a physician, a friend, and a rest. He pours the balsam of Heaven into the bleeding heart; watches the sleepless agonies of death, and irradiates our expiring moments with the light of a promised immortality.

When He comes in contact with suffering humanity; when the heart bursting with pungent agonies seeks comfort through His sympathy, then it is that the depth and tenderness of His love are evinced by the readiness with which He administers the needed aid. Does He mingle with the blind, the lame and the deaf? their eyes are opened, their ears are unstopped, they are at once made whole. Does the penitent woman come up behind Him for aid? No sooner is she known than she feels the joys of pardoned sin. Does a Mary sit at His feet, wash them with her tears, and wipe them with her silken tresses? the "good part" she has thus chosen, is made good unto her, as an everlasting inheritance. Does He bend over the couch of the sick, and dying, and the dead? He stays the cold hand of death, and warms into life the fluid that froze in the heart. Does He stand over the grave of His friend Lazarus? He sheds upon it the tears of tenderest sympathy, and restores him to his disconsolate friends. Does His aged mother gaze upon Him while He languishes upon "the accursed tree?" He forgets His pangs, and appoints John her protector—"woman, behold thy son!" And even when hanging upon the cross, when His enemies thought He could no longer fulfil His mission of mercy upon earth,

"He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side."

Thus we see Him throughout life, lovely in all His feelings and in all His acts as a personal and private friend. Not even His enemies escape His kindness; amid their bitterest persecution He sought every opportunity to do them good:

"Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forg'd, and he that drew the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

But His loveliness shines brightest through the agonies of the cross! Oh, if we wish to see Him altogether lovely, we must take our seat as an humble penitent at the foot of the cross; there every feature of His love stands forth to view.

"The cross! oh, ravishment and bliss--
How grateful even its anguish is;
Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Taste happiness complete."

But who can conceive or describe the agonies of the cross! The

light that streams from it bewilders the soul. We can dwell with comparative calmness upon the first page of sacred history; we can with some degree of pride muse over those pages which bear the record of our creation; we love to read the vivid descriptions of Paradise; we can even read the tragic scene of the fall and its consequent misery and degradation without many deep emotions of sorrow and of shame; we can study the records of God's retributions and denunciations against iniquity—of the prophecies of a coming Saviour who shall take upon Himself the iniquity of us all, without either fearful apprehensions or lively gratitude: we can go to Bethlehem to admire and condemn the obscure birth of the Saviour, and study His progress through opposition and sorrow—pick up the hallowed truths which fell from His lips, without either sympathy or improvement. We can go with Him to Gethsemane, where, in the midnight hour, He mused over the sufferings that were to follow, till the crimson sweat of His soul's agony gushed from every pore, stood in thick drops upon His brow, and fell in heavy clods to the ground, and there we can admire His self-sacrifice and dismiss the tragic scene with but a single tear; we can go with Him to Pilot's hall, and read of His stripes, His betrayal, His mockery, and the unjust sentence that was passed upon Him. Yea, we can behold Him as He wound His way up the hill of Golgotha, groaning and borne down beneath the ponderous cross; and with self-possession, pity His doom and frown upon the black stain which this malicious treatment brought upon humanity. But when we come to gaze upon the accursed tree; when we witness the bloody scenes of Calvary; when we hear the victim of the world's curse proclaimed the mighty conqueror; and when we learn that His curse was our blessing, His death was our life; that the sins which He bore were our sins; that the stripes which lacerated His back were the healing balm for our wounds; Oh, is it then that man becomes overwhelmed with the mighty force that blazes upon his astonished sight; is it then that the mind becomes bewildered with the mysterious depths of redeeming love. Who can for a moment, gaze and not be overcome with wonder, love and praise upon Jesus, in dying agonies; "who, His own self bore our sins in His own body, on the tree; that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.

"The sun beheld it—no the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veiled his face:
Nor such as this, nor such as nature makes;
A midnight nature shuddered to behold
A midnight new—a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At the enormous load of guilt
Which bowed His blessed head, overwhelmed his cross,
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb
With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead?
Hell howled; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that man might smile! Heaven bled
That man might never die!"

Sinner, raise your eyes to yonder bloody scene; see you not that spectacle over which angels weep? hear you not those cries of anguish

that mingle with the sound of ruffian laughter and cruel mockery ! Tell me, who is it that hangs there, that groans, bleeds and dies there ?

“Is this the Infinite ? ’Tis He,
My Saviour and my God !”

Yes, ’tis He whom you daily crucify afresh and put to an open shame. And why hangs He there ? Why does He bleed and die there ? For you !

“For you these pangs His soul assail,
For you this death is borne ;
Your sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.”

Yes, ungrateful sinner, your sins pierced Him ; He carried them in His bosom ; they tore His bleeding heart into pieces, and hung their agonizing victim on the accursed tree. There He hangs, a spectacle to laughing men—to weeping angels. Shameful sight ! And can you gaze—upon it without emotions of gratitude and love ? Can you see no loveliness in the voluntary sufferings and death which He there endured for you ? Does no unspeakable charm for you linger around the spot upon which He bought you with His precious blood ? Have you no heart to admire and appreciate an act of disinterested love, which secures you for a new creation, a title and meetness for Heaven, a joy unspeakable and full of glory ? And with your eyes thus chained to that spectacle which exhibits the most complete view of Heaven’s unmerited mercy and love, can you not feel the truth and utter the beautiful language of the poet :

“On Calvary’s hill my morning eye discerns,
With faith’s clear view that spectacle, which wiped
Each tear away, and bids the heart result.
There hangs the Love of God ! there hangs of man
The ransomed—there the Merit—there the Cure
Of human griefs—the Way, the Truth, the Life !”

And if such be the love and loveliness of Christ ; if He is your ransom, your merit, your cure, the way, truth and life, should you not prefer Him above your chief joy ? Should you not return that love, reflect that loveliness, employ that remedy ? Can you pass by Calvary, and gaze upon that wondrous sight, and still remain unmoved ? Have you no tears of sympathy and gratitude ? Will you despise His efforts to save you ? Will you rush through His blood, amid His solicitations, to your eternal ruin ?

“Wilt thou let Him bleed in pain,
Still to death thy Lord pursue ;
Open all His wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew ?”

Oh, remember, that His cross is the centre of all your hopes and interests beyond time ; it is your only support—your only enduring heritage ; apart from all things fade from their loveliness ; there is no true glory, wealth or pleasure, for man, which does not begin and end at the cross. Will you take it up and follow Christ ? You, who are in the sweet morning of life, think not that the religion of Jesus will blast your

hopes of future happiness ; think not that early piety will crush the rising energies of your nature and nip the fair buds of promise. No ! your devotion to Christ, the consecration of your heart to Him, who is "altogether lovely," will give eternal freshness and beauty to all the ennobling features of youth ; the bud of piety knows no fading in your heart, and death but opens it in eternal bloom. It is the most lovely of all human features, because it is the growth in the heart of Him who is "altogether lovely."

It is beautiful and lovely, whether it opens itself in the heart of childhood, or expands in the bosom of youth—whether it sheds its light upon the soul of manhood, or ripens upon the silvered brow of age. No chilly frost or burning sun can blight its beauty ; it never fades, but will ever bloom in its loveliness, while eternity shall last. Oh, then, seek this immortal plant—pluck this golden bud from the crimsoned soil of Calvary, and nourish it forever in your bosom. But do it now, while you have time and opportunity. "All things are now ready." With open arms the Saviour is ready to receive you. None are rejected ; there is "enough and to spare."

"Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet."

"CHRIST IS ALL."

THE BENEFITS OF THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

BY H. HAMLIN.

In thy cross is all my plea ;
By thy bonds am I made free.
By thy stripes my soul is healed,
By thy blood my pardon sealed.

By thy fainting I endure ;
By thy fall I stand secure.
By thy cruel death I live ;
Joy and peace thy sufferings give.

By thy fasting I am fed,
Richly with a living bread !
By thy thirsting, through my soul
Living waters ever roll !

By that cruel crown of thorns,
Holy peace my brow adorns ;
By those mocking taunts and jeers,
I am saved from shame and tears.

Just, by Jesus justified,
When beneath my sins he died !
Righteous, by thy righteousness,
Thine own robe my perfect dress !

Perfect by thy perfect life ;
Peaceful, by thy holy strife ;
Pure, by Jesus purified,
In the fountain from thy side.

Holy, by thy holiness,
Resting by thy weariness ;
By thy sorrow, I may sing,
From thy groans my pleasures spring !

Thou wast poor ; how rich am I !
Thou wast homeless ; Jesus, why ?
Only that my soul might share
Mansions here and mansions there !

By thy rising, I shall rise :
Death must yield its transient prize ;
Thine ascension, mine shall be !
All thy glory I shall see !

Cross of Christ ! here, HERE I fall,
Pleading only, CHRIST IS ALL :
This, my God, my Judge, shall be
At thy bar MY ONLY PLEA !

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the celebrated Bishop Otto of Bamberg, on his missionary tour in Kamin, came to the residence of the Duke Wratislaw of Pomerania, he found his first and principal supporter in Heila, the Duke's wife, who a christian herself had already won the people around her to christianity. She was also successful in moving her husband to put away his twenty-four wives and to adhere to his own lawful wife alone.

Litthau was also indebted to a woman for the introduction of christianity. Hedwig, daughter of King Ludwig of Poland, then in the fifteenth year of his age, was solemnly crowned at Cracow in 1385. Jagellon, Prince of Litthau, heard of her great beauty, and desired her hand, promising at the same time should his request be granted, to turn with his people to christianity. He also promised to reward William of Austria, to whom Hedwig was already engaged, for the surrender of his claim. This touched the heart of Hedwig. She had made up her mind, before Jagellon in person should arrive, to marry William, who had hastened to Cracow; but yielding to the earnest entreaties of her mother and the nobles of Poland, who looked both to the future enlargement of Poland, and also sought to open a wider door to christianity, Hedwig was persuaded to suppress her love toward William.

When Jagellon, who had already submitted himself to baptism, came to Cracow, she robed herself in black, went to the principal church, and prayed three hours before an image of Christ crucified; then she cast the black robe over the image of Christ, where it is still shown to this day, rose strengthened, and extended her hand to the bridegroom! Soon after she went with her husband to Litthau, where he now introduced christianity, so that afterwards at once over 30,000 persons submitted to holy Baptism. The Prince, who took the name of Wladislaw, provided for all those who were baptized, a white woolen garment.

At the request of Hedwig there were now many churches built. She caused the sermons of many of the celebrated church fathers, as also the holy scriptures, to be translated into the Polish language. She supported a large number of poor students in institutions of learning, established many institutions of mercy, and bequeathed to the Bishop of Cracow all her jewels and treasures for the founding of a University in that place.

The people were greatly attached to her, and lamented her death with great sincerity, which occurred in 1399. She had only one child, a daughter, who died a few days after her. Her husband mourned deeply for the glorified one; and when afterwards he was married again, he devoutly preserved the marriage ring which Hedwig had presented to him as his greatest treasure, and at his death bequeathed it to the Bishop of Cracow.

Hedwig was buried in the principal church in Cracow, a dignitary from Rome officiating. On her grave is read the Latin inscription: "Here lies Hedwig, the Star of Poland! She knew how to restrain her heart by reason, and heroically to conquer herself. She was wealth to the ministry, dew to the poor, the pillar of the church, the ornament of nobility, the pious protectress of the citizens. Mighty she did not desire to be, but rather loved to be mild. Alas! the consoler of the poor and suffering, our mother and queen, our hope and our refuge, is gone! O King of the Poles, receive this Queen of the Poles to Thyself; and let her dwell in Thy Paradise!"

THE LIFE OF GRACE AND THE WORD OF GOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

To no one does the word of God yield up its treasures at once. To possess its contents requires time and study.

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that study alone will make us acquainted with the word of God. Mind alone cannot measure the Bible, nor can the growth and expansion of mind take in its contents. The progress of the religious life is necessary to a knowledge of it. The growth of piety is a better commentator on the word of God, than the expansion of the intellect. As we advance higher in holiness, the view we have of the field of revelation becomes wider before us. In God's light alone can we see light.

Every one who is really growing in grace has noticed that in reading any part of the Scriptures which had been read a few years before, greater light now shines from it; and truths are seen in it which were never seen before. True, this may in part be owing to an advance in intelligence; but it is owing chiefly to a progress made in the divine life. The deeper union and sympathy with the spirit of inspiration and revelation which we have attained by a farther growth in grace, opens our spirit to a larger apprehension and reception of divine truth. As the truth is spiritually discerned, a larger measure of spiritual strength will enable us to discern it in larger measure.

After having been absent from the scenes of our childhood for years, we find, on a revisit of those scenes familiar to us in early life, that every thing seems to us to be flattened and compressed. Hills seem to us no more so high, nor valleys so deep. Fields seem smaller, and distances from one spot to another seem less. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that our own minds and experiences have expanded, our grasp and comprehension has widened, and we are able now, with less effort,

to take in and cover a wider range. The capacities of our life have enlarged, and this it is that gives us power of greater comprehension. In like manner, when growth in the divine life widens our experiences, and exercises our powers of spiritual perception, we return to God's word with a power of commenting which we had not before. Into this enlarged receptivity, the divine word pours its treasures with a free flow never before experienced. Before it mountains of difficulty, which once seemed so great, sink; and valleys of mysterious depth rise to afford us a level path into their sacred soil. Wide spaces, over which the mind before only dispersed, are concentrated; and relations of truth which once stood seemingly at irreconcilable distance, are brought nigh to each other and beautifully as well as easily harmonized.

Thus, according to the Apostolic word, growth in grace precedes growth in knowledge of Jesus Christ, and is the condition on which alone such growth in knowledge is possible. The religious life is, in order, before religious teaching and religious knowledge. Grace must be in us, and we in grace, before the word can be really in us; and ever afterwards it will be in us only in the same degree as we are in grace. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

The same truth is illustrated in another way. Every christian has noticed in reading the word of God, that at one time the mind is peculiarly impressed by one passage, and at another time by another. So that if the same chapter is read a score of times, no passage will impress in the same way each time, but every time a different passage will present an emphasis of meaning to the spirit. This must be attributed to the changing experiences of the heart and mind, which adapts it at one time to receive a peculiar impression from one passage, and at another time from a different one. Thus showing that the word of God will always be conditioned in its influence upon the heart by its particular gracious state at the time.

Thus the word of God becomes to the gracious heart a self-regulating instructor, imparting just exactly what is needed at the time, whether it be reproof, instruction, encouragement or comfort. It is always a word in season—a table ever prepared for the hungry; and a fountain of life ever flowing for the thirsty. Blessed are they who can take from its fulness, grace for grace. Truly

"'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown."

THE PROUDEST BOAST OF MIND.

THE proudest of Mind
Is centered in the common good—
The 'melioration of mankind—
The blessing of the multitude.—GEIST.

A CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king; "does this acre belong to you, over which you so industriously labor!"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who did not know that it was the king, "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen," (about twenty cents,) said the farmer.

"This is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said:

"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer:

"I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help. I keep them; this is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for the children, that they may receive Christian instruction, this will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep—this I give for the Lord's sake."

"The king, well pleased with this answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man! Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before!"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming, "The coin is also genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his burgo-master."

A NAME THAT THEY LIVE, BUT ARE DEAD.—There are some professing christians who are attached to the church like the icicles that hang outside; they hold fast above, but ever point and ever grow downwards toward the earth.

FORTUNE TELLING.

BY THE EDITOR.

FEW persons have any idea of the vast number of persons who resort to so-called fortune tellers, for information in their affairs, great and small, earnest and trivial. Few would believe, were the figures brought before them, what sums of money are carried or mailed to these arrant humbugs. Just call to mind the fact, that almost every small town can boast the residence of one of these would-be witches. Think of the amount the higher class of them spend in advertising in our city dailies, and you must be convinced that the fools are not yet all dead. Almost every city paper that knows to value money above decency and moral principle, thrusts from three to half a dozen such advertisements before its readers in every issue. Here is a specimen from the Ledger, where you may always find a rich variety of them :

"No Imposition—Madam Semore, Doctress and Astrologist, was born with a natural gift. She tells the past and the future ; she was never known to fail ; she can tell your very thoughts, and cause speedy marriages, and bring together those separated. Ladies, 25 cts. She gives numbers free of charge. Residence, No. 1006 Shippen street, corner of Carbon, above Tenth, south side. Name on the door. She is the only person that can show a likeness of your future husband or absent friend in reality."

It has been a question with many, whether something effectual ought not to be done to suppress these shameful impositions upon the ignorant and weak. Roback was routed a few years ago by the civil authorities ; but there is a less notorious tribe that are not so easily reached by existing laws. It seems that our State Legislature is about to take measures to inaugurate an effective law against the evil. The following has transpired :

*Suppression of Fortune Telling—Harrisburg, Feb. 14.—*The bill for the suppression of fortune telling passed the House last night. It provides that any person who shall pretend, for gain or lucre, to foretell future events by cards, tokens, the inspection of the head or hand of any person, or by any one's age, or by consulting the movements of the heavenly bodies ; or who shall pretend, for gain or lucre, to effect any purpose by spells, charms, necromancy or incantations, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by any Court of Quarter Sessions in this Commonwealth, with fine and imprisonment. The first offence shall be punished with not more than two years' imprisonment, nor less than 15 days, and a fine of not more than \$100, nor less than \$10 ; the second offence, with any term of imprisonment and fine exceeding the above, that the Court may deem proper. That any person or persons who shall advise the taking or administering of what are commonly called

love powders or potions, or who shall prepare the same to be taken or administered, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished as above provided.

In commenting on this proposed measure, the Philadelphia Ledger says: "The best bill against fortune-telling would be to extend and improve the common-school system of this State. Anything short of an application to the radical seat of the evil—popular ignorance and superstition—will fail of producing the slightest effect." This precious high-toned sentiment is on one page of the Ledger, and the above advertisement of Madam Semore on the other! The moral editor pockets the money which the witch gives him, strokes his beard, (if he has one,) and recommends enlightenment and common schools as the best means of curing the evil. We believe common schools do exist even in Philadelphia; if they do not, we move their introduction, and propose the Ledger-man as a needy candidate to share in the enlightenment of said schools. After his graduation, that paper itself might do a good work in the proposed reform. The Ledger's views seem to us to be borrowed from old Demetrius: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."

If the evil is to be suppressed by spreading light among the people, we propose that all who wish to be enlightened, keep hands off the Ledger, and read *The Guardian*. For we are sure that whilst it will cost them not one-third as much a year, they will find in it vastly more light in regard to the subject in hand.

We differ, however, widely from the Ledger in regard to his proposed remedy. Light will extinguish this craft; but it must be the right kind of light. Mere carnal, mere worldly intelligence, has no power whatever. Let us illustrate by a fact.

In one of our county towns lived a very enlightened gentleman—sufficiently intelligent and prominent in the community to hold one of the county offices. He regularly consulted one of these witches on the affairs of his business! Unfortunately, he did not pay as he went along, and his account run up to some dozen of dollars. At last the witch sued the public officer for the "value received." The matter came before an honest Squire, who was not half as intelligent as the public functionary, but he had far more instinctive moral light. He was horrified at the idea that "so smart a man," should dabble in such business. In relating the case afterwards to a friend, the honest Squire remarked: "I couldn't find no law about it, but it was agin the Scripture and so I did give it agin him. The feller had no pisness to consult mid dat vitch. I sough he might pay for his foolish capers!"

Hence we conclude, as they say in debating societies, that mere intelligence affords no preservation against this folly. We might, with the same propriety, contend that intelligence will save men from buying lottery tickets, or prevent others from selling them. Indeed, it is very curious to notice how little power common intelligence has against the schemes of humbug. In the absence of a religious spirit, and of religious principle, there is in this respect, "no difference between the wise man and the fool."

But why would a law like the one proposed, be out of place? Have we not laws against lotteries? Have we not laws to defend the weak

against the strong and the cunning? Is not getting money under false pretences regarded as a crime in law? and have we not laws to prevent these frauds? Is not this the same in principle? Do not these humbugs prey upon the weak and simple; and is not all they receive money obtained under false pretences? Such a law seems to us to be as legitimate as it is loudly called for by the increasing boldness of these detestable humbugs. We would only propose one amendment, and that is, that all editors of papers, like the *Ledger-man*, who, for "filthy lucre," aid and abet these humbugs by publishing their foolish and wicked advertisements, be declared accessory to the crime, and receive the same punishment. Why not? It is done in other similar cases.

L I F E ' S S H A D O W S .

BY WM. HEYSER, ESQ.

ALAS! when sadness o'er my soul
Her shadowy mantle throws,
With mystic pow'r life's troubles roll,
And waves around me close.

With longing eyes I look beyond
This cold and narrow sphere,
And almost murmur at the bonds
Which hold my spirit here.

And yet why should I wish or ask
Freedom from toil or care—
Or in a glorious sunlight bask,
While others suffering are?

Trials should make our spirit strong,
And nerve its drowsy pow'rs
To rise above the thoughtless throng,
Which moves this world of ours.

And if beneath its genial skies
My wayward steps should lead,
Or in a pleasant, thornless way,
My feet should ever tread—

Too fair might seem earth's glowing scenes—
Too bright her gilded toys—
This captive heart might lose their beams,
Which lead to higher joys.

GRAY HAIRS.

BY REV. D. GANS.

OUR life is like a stream of water, never standing still, but ever flowing on towards the great ocean. Every day some vital forces pass away from our persons, and, connecting with this stream, they are borne downward so rapidly and so powerfully, that it is not possible for us to snatch them back and again incorporate them into our constitutions. We can only stand upon the shore and weep and sigh over the departure of vitality that can never again be ours.

But even this thought, sad as it is, expresses not fully the sad condition of many. It were well indeed if men were all conscious of this daily wasting of vitality—if, standing upon the shore, they did all really see portions of their life borne away, and could heartily weep over it. The lesson would be one of great profit, and every tear thus shed would be converted into a precious gem to sparkle in their eternal crown.

But alas! this is not the case. Men are rather like plants that concentrate portions of their vitality every year in blossoms, and are altogether unconscious of the fact, that every blossom that blooms and falls to the ground, indicates so much less remaining vitality.

Such is our life that the very blooming of it points to decay and death. But such also is the stupidity which has penetrated the mind in consequence of sin, that, amid all the signs of decay, we remain unconscious of the fact. Not only do men fail to notice the sign of diminishing vitality as it appears in a gray hair here and there upon the head, but even when the whole head is blooming for the grave many are found, as amid an enchanted bower, dreaming of an earthly immortality. Hence the prophet said: "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."

One reason of this lies, doubtless, in the rapid and silent flight of time. Day follows day in quick and noiseless succession. Sometimes hundreds and even thousands of these glide away before we wake up fully to the fact; and then we express our surprise, saying, is it possible that three, four, or even five years have already passed away! Why, we scarcely thought that one year had fled. How rapidly time flies!

We have all frequently heard such remarks; and from those too upon whose head each year, and perhaps each month had planted an additional sign of time's rapid flight.

Another reason why men get old before they know it, is the fact that their attention is so uninterruptedly turned to the business and cares of the world. There seems to be no time to notice the passage of time, except as this may have regard to their business. The day passes, and it is thought of only as it stood connected with the accomplishment of this or that purpose. They never stop to reflect seriously, that another day is gone from the brief number that constitute our life, and that

hence we are just this much older, and nearer our end. Without any such reflection men give themselves to sleep. In this state, all unconscious as they are, each moment steals away with every breath some vital energy, of which, when they wake in the morning, they make no account. Men bar the doors of their dwellings to keep out the thief who would steal away their property, but in regard to time, which steals away their life, they seem to be wholly unconcerned. Though they cannot exclude time, either from their dwellings or their chambers, yet it would be well seriously to reflect, at the close of each day, and at the dawn of each morning, how much of vitality it has taken, and how little yet remains for the world that now is. Thus men would measure their days, and in proportion as they diminish, apply their hearts more earnestly to wisdom.

Again, men grow old before they know it, because it is not pleasant to think of the rapid flight of time. Such thoughts bring up prophetic scenes of a grave and solemn character. It paints the old man with wrinkled brow, tremulous voice, feeble limb, with staff in hand, ready for the pilgrim's journey to another country. It points to a certain isolation from the active young life of the world, which is always more or less sad. Nor can the grave and all the solemnities attending it be kept out of view if our thought is active in marking the flight of time. Let the thought wander up the stream but a short distance, and each one must see his coffin floating downward toward the point he occupies on the bank; and to notice the flight of time, is to see that coffin, urged on by every minute ripple, coming nearer and still nearer, until at last it grates against the shore and waits, with open lids, for its immortal freight. All this is not pleasant to flesh and blood, and hence men will not reflect on the passing of days and months. On the other hand, they often labor to divert their minds from the signs of decay around them. Some will not walk alone over fallen autumn leaves, lest the rustling should too sadly remind them of the winding sheet. They must have gay company to talk about life, spring-time, and worldly pleasure. Some will even seek to destroy the mark which Providence makes to grow upon their heads, either by removing the gray hairs as they appear here and there, or by applying to them a composition which will change their color. Thus men seek to silence the voice of God—they do not like to look into the mirror which God places before them, because this mirror returns a correct image, as it is modified by the passage of each succeeding day. But they will look into the mirror they have manufactured for themselves, which returns, at every period, the same youthful countenance and brilliant eye. Thus while time actually passes on, bearing with it, in each moment, some portion of vitality, the outward signs of this fact are destroyed, and because men do not see them, they imagine that they at least are not affected by the restless tide. Hiding their gray hairs from their eyes, they calm their feelings, and forget where they stand. Thus they pass from period to period, until often they stand upon the very verge of old age, and know it not.

This is a sad sight. But it is still more sad, to see, on a sudden, the old man waking up to behold himself at the end of his journey, unprepared to obey the call of God.

Gray hairs indicate that the person who carries them, has a history;

that the beginnings of his life are a considerable distance in the past—that he has passed through many and varied experiences—that he has seen something of the world; and that he ought, in some real and true sense, to be the embodiment of the wisdom of the past. Gray hairs and wisdom are always associated together, because they ought to belong together. Persons who have reached the age at which gray hairs ordinarily appear, have had time and opportunity to see much of the folly of the world—to examine and test the truth or error of things—to know what is good in the long run, and what is evil: and now, standing as the embodiment of the past, they are looked up to with respect and reverence. Their voice sounds through the sad changes of many days, and its utterances become oracular. We all expect wisdom from the lips of those whose heads carry this white crown of honor.

But reasonable expectation, in this regard, is not always gratified. Many, though they have lived long, yet know not. They have heard much, but understood little; they have seen much, but perceived little—they have experienced much, but have profited little. Gray hairs, in their case, mean nothing; and instead of exciting respect and veneration, they tempt to laughter and derision. One of the saddest sights, is a gray-headed child. It is monstrous; it contradicts all the reasonable expectations of the mind and designs of Providence; and we turn away from it with grieved and painful feelings. Not to know something of the folly of wickedness after witnessing its sad consequences hundreds and thousands of times; and to know nothing of the wisdom of piety, after seeing its happiness and prosperity during a period of fifty, sixty, and seventy years, is to be in a condition in which every hair that has turned gray utters a voice of mockery and condemnation. In this condition gray hairs become a sign of wicked imbecility, which must always inspire the feelings of derision and contempt. It is a great shame to grow gray and not grow wise. He is a stupid student in God's university. Perhaps there is a reason in this view why many watch the appearances of gray hairs with such close vigilance, in order to remove them! But it were still better to leave them grow, that every day their increase in number might increase the exhortation to cultivate the wisdom of which they are the sign. And when the wisdom is possessed for which they call, no one will be ashamed of its legitimate and natural sign. Wisdom, of all other attributes, is most honorable; and do men ordinarily seek to hide or destroy the badge of any noble acquirements? No! they are proud of it; but the sign without the substance is ludicrous; and to escape the derision for which it calls, they change the sign and make it more youthful!

Each gray hair is a fresh call to increased effort to understand the folly of the world—to separate from it and to become truly wise. And if the path of true wisdom is once found, it is not difficult to keep pace with the change of the hairs. Let the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, enter the heart, and every day's experience and observation will settle some great principle of truth. The turning of each hair will indicate some new discovery in the great department of knowledge; so that by the time the head is completely covered with gray hairs, it will rest, like that of a king, beneath a crown of glory.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

The following "Parody" is respectfully dedicated to all the war-loving spirits of the land. Inasmuch as none of the readers of the Guardian are of this kind, they are requested to commend it to those who are. Let all beware of Normal's fate!

A FEARFUL TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

On a pine wood-shed, in an alley dark, where scattered moonbeams flitting through a row of tottering chimneys, and an awning torn and drooping fell—strode back and forth, with stiffened and tense-drawn muscle and peculiar tread—a cat.

His name was Norval; on yonder neighboring shed his father fought the cats that came in squads from streets beyond in search of food and strange adventure.

Grim war he courted; and his twisted tail, and spine upheaving in fantastic curve, and claws distended, and ears flatly pressed against a head thrown back defiantly, told of impending strife.

With eyes agleam, and screeching blast of war, and steps as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with tail a-wag triumphantly.

Then with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath, in direst vengeance hissed—he started back, and crooked in body like a letter U inverted, stood in fierce expectancy.

'Twas well. With eyeballs glaring and ears all aslant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slow up a post, from out the dark below, a head appeared.

A dreadful tocsin of determined strife young Norval uttered; then with face unblanched, and moustache standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitations to the foe.

Approaching the other, and with prep-

arations dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they walked, with tails uplifted in the air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate.

Thrice around the roof they went in circle, each with eye upon the foe intently bent; then sideways moving, as is wont with cats, gave one long-drawn, terrific, savage yaw, and buckled in.

The fur flew. A mist of hair hung over the battle-field. High above the din of passing wagons rose the dreadful tumult of struggling cats. So gleamed their eyes in frenzy, that to me who saw the conflict from a window near, naught else was plain but fiery stars that moved in orbits most eccentric.

An hour they struggled in tempestuous might, then faint and fainter grew the squall of war, until all sound was hushed. Then went I forth with lantern, and the field surveyed. What saw I?

Six claws—one ear—of teeth, perhaps a handful—and, save fur, naught else except a solitary tail. That tail was Norval's—by a ring I knew it. The ear was—. But we'll let the matter rest. The tail will do without the ear.

AN ALLEGORY BY ONE OF THE FATHERS.

A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large he tied it up and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away, but, finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime, the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact rep-

resentation of those, who being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening^g their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will by-and-by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

LASTING ODOR.

The enduring odor of musk is astonishing. When Justinian, in 538, rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled

with the odor. What a beautiful illustration of the lasting savor of a good name. There are holy men who lived and wrought for Christ and the world before St. Sophia was erected, and while it was being erected, whose names are still fragrant with a better odor than that which still makes pleasant the walls of that temple, and which will continue to be "as ointment poured forth" when the musk and mortar of St. Sophia shall be scattered as dust before the storm.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.

When our Saviour had reached that awful eminence where the love of His heart toward the world, flowered in its highest glory, though there were others near him—the Marys and John—yet His heart bounded first toward her whose bosom was His first home. He saith unto his mother, "woman behold thy son!" Her heart was the home of His earliest affections, and the divine sufferer, like a babe distressed, seeks the bosom of sympathy which responded in tenderness to His earliest tears!

Toward a pious mother ever turns the heart of the good. But not of the good alone. For we have an instance of an infidel of talent and respectability, who under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees and cried in agony: "God of MY MOTHER, have mercy on me!"

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

FIVE NEW BOOKS IN ONE WEEK.

Published by C. Scribner, New York.

- I. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW: By J. A. Alexander, D. D. pp. 556. Price, \$1.25.

Dr. Alexander's ability as a commentator is conceded. This volume has a peculiar interest, as being his last work—published since his death. "It is complete as a commentary to the close of chapter XVI, and then, as though the author anticipated the approaching interruption of his labors, it finds a quasi-completion in an analysis of the concluding chapters." The latter part of the work was re-read by him, and no doubt received finishing touches, "just a week and a day before his death." There are few commentaries in which you feel so constantly how truly learned

the work is, but in which, at the same time, you see so little of the machinery or scaffolding of learning. The book seems popular; and in some respects is popular, like Barnes, whilst its depth and pious genial sympathy with the Spirit of Revelation reminds you ever of Olshausen. The reader is not led, as in many commentaries, to blunder amid a chaos of opinions, but is conducted rather in the central and peaceful path of the sweetest life of divine truth.

- II. THOUGHTS ON PREACHING: By James W. Alexander, D.D.; pp. 514. Price \$1.25.

Equally learned with his brother, the commentator, his mind runs more in a practical channel. Devoted as he was to the pastoral work, he studied the sub-

ject of preaching in all its aspects with great enthusiasm. It was long his cherished wish, we are informed, to prepare a systematic work on Homolities, but death defeated his plans. His "Thoughts on Preaching," however, were jotted down from time to time—and here we have them in a most interesting volume. Thus, though the book has not the form of a regular Homolitical treatise, it has, perhaps, even more of its practical power. How these brief paragraphs, these aphoristic sayings, abound in excellent sayings, instructive and arousing to every minister. One is really drawn along, as if it were a regular narrative. The searching truth of one aphorism, impressively presented, ever gives assurance that something good will be found in the next. We shall not soon lay this interesting book out of reach. Here we are told how the most successful ministers studied, prepared, and preached; and on almost every page we find some suggestion adapted to correct what is wrong, or stimulate what is right in ourselves. Emphatically a book for ministers.

III. NOTES ON NEW TESTAMENT LITERATURE AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY: By J. A. Alexander, D.D.; pp. 319. Price \$1.

This volume contains all that Dr. Alexander left fit for the press of Biblical and Historical Lectures. His Lectures were never written out in full, though he intended that this should be done at some future day. As a book of reference, containing a vast number of Biblical and ecclesiastical facts, systematically arranged and wonderfully compact, with suggestions valuable in the study of those subjects to which the book is devoted, it is calculated to render much service to the student of Theology and Clerical History. We have found these brief notes a great refresher of the memory, as well as a good instructor. Those who listened to the learned Professor's lectures while living, will welcome this volume not only as a memorial of their departed instructor, but also as a monitor to call up many truths orally conveyed to them, in the way of expansion, from these brief notes. It is a good book for ministers.

IV. CHRISTIAN NURTURE: By Horace Bushnell, D.D.; pp. 407. Price \$1.25. There are few books in which we have

felt the same interest as we have in this. We read it with much interest and benefit when it was first published, in 1847, as a small volume of 72 pages, by the Mass. Sabbath School Society. With no less interest we read the lengthy and able review of it by Dr. Nevin in successive numbers of the "Messenger." A second edition of the work was enlarged by the addition of one chapter and some articles or notes variously related to the general subject. In that form the work rested until the appearance of the present greatly enlarged volume, including thirteen new essays. The author has not sought to make this work scientific as to the arrangement of matter; it is rather topical and aphoristic. This does not make it less, but perhaps more instructive to thinking readers; but it has also this fault, that it enables the author to escape too easily from theological difficulties which press him at various points. We do not mean that the discussion is not honest—it is eminently so intended; but a scientific theological development of the topic in hand would have convinced the author of the existence of a fundamental fallacy in regard to the basis on which, and from which, Christian nurture must begin. The central idea of the book is contained in this proposition: "THE CHILD IS TO GROW UP A CHRISTIAN, AND NEVER KNOW HIMSELF AS BEING OTHERWISE." A most important proposition, covering a most precious truth. This proposition, too, is discussed and established with a power of argument, and clearness of illustration, nowhere else to be found. But when the question arises, from what basis does this nurture begin? Dr. B. answers, from nature—not from the gracious basis afforded by the covenant of baptism. As far as we can see, the ruling idea of the discussion is an argument arising to show that Christianity is the best, the only power, by which nature can be educated into grace. Were it not for this radical, vitiating principle, this would be one of the most powerful books for the times published in the last score of years. It is a powerful discussion. It will make a deep impression on many minds; and it is our solemn conviction that it will powerfully help to set a certain class of minds right, whilst it will aid just as well in setting another class fearfully wrong! He who firmly holds to the grace of baptism as the basis on which all Christian nurture has its di-

vine warrant, will find this book of immense advantage in confirming and rendering intelligent his views. He who holds no such view will be injured by it. But we check our pen; because we would not say anything that would in any way seem to deny the extraordinary ability manifest on every page. Justice can only be done to the book by a Review article, in which every exception taken may be properly justified by references to the volume itself. Here is something worthy of attention. Let our Reviews take hold of this great question with the same earnestness, genial spirit, and humble piety manifested by the amiable and able author of this volume.

V. THE CHARACTER OF JESUS: By Horace Bushnell, D.D.; pp. 173, 18mo. Price 50 cts.

A charming little volume. It is a reprint of the tenth chapter of Dr. Bushnell's elaborate work, "Nature and the Supernatural." This part of that work, on its appearance, made a very decided impression on the Christian mind; and frequent calls were made on the publisher to give it to the public in a separate volume, that it might go where the larger work would not easily find its way. "Here it is, on tinted paper, in cloth, antique, with carmine edges—a perfect gem, both in its form and contents. It is the aim of the book to sketch 'the self-evidencing, superhuman character of Christ.' It aims to reach and prove His divinity through and by His humanity. It shows that there is everywhere too much in the human of Christ to leave him merely human; and that His divinity is needed at all points to complement and render symmetrical and consistent the character given of Him in the Gospel. Ullman, of Germany, and Young, of England, have called attention to the same subject; and lately, also, Dr. Schaff, in his "Moral Character of Christ." Though not the first to originate the line of thought, Dr. Bushnell has illustrated and presented it with such clearness and originality of arrangement, beauty of style, and unction of spirit, as to awaken attention to it in a way never before reached. What a beautiful picture of our Saviour is here! With all our heart we commend this little book to our readers.

All these books of Mr. Scribner are gotten up in excellent taste. The paper

and type are pleasant to the eye, for which the publisher has our special thanks.

SINAI AND ZION; OR, A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO THE LAND OF PROMISE: By Benjamin Bausman. With illustrations. Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila., 1861. pp. 543.

In this book Mr. Bausman gives us an account of a tour which he made to Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Syria, in 1857. "Others—many others—have published books on the Holy Land." So they have. But remember the proverb, "DUO SI FACIUNT IDEM, NON EST IDEM"—"If two do the same, it is not the same they do." Most surely has Mr. Bausman not done as others in many respects. He does not copy the guide-books. He does not describe what he did not see. He does not take for granted that those who have not travelled in the East know as much about it as he does. He knows that as

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land;

so also little things make up the really interesting features of travel. Whilst he gives us the "Cedars of Lebanon," he does not forget "the hyssop that grows on the wall." For ourselves, we have found less of what may be read in a hundred books, and more of what we did not know before, in this book, than in any volume of travels we have ever read. He gives us not so much the "main points" of interest which he met like milestones along the way, as a PICTURE of what he saw all along, and every where. Instance his description of the city of Cairo—the like of which graphic picture is nowhere to be found. Give us little things, ye travellers! This very feature in Mr. B.'s book is what will delight the general reader, and not only delight, but instruct him.

Next to this, is the vast amount of plain common sense Bible knowledge which every page affords. In a few words, we are pleased with this book. It is nicely written, nicely illustrated, nicely printed, and nicely bound. Let it be circulated throughout the churches, that our traveller may tell his pleasant and instructive story of the Holy Land at thousands of firesides. Thanks for the excellent index. Only \$1.25.

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1861

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THE GUARDIAN A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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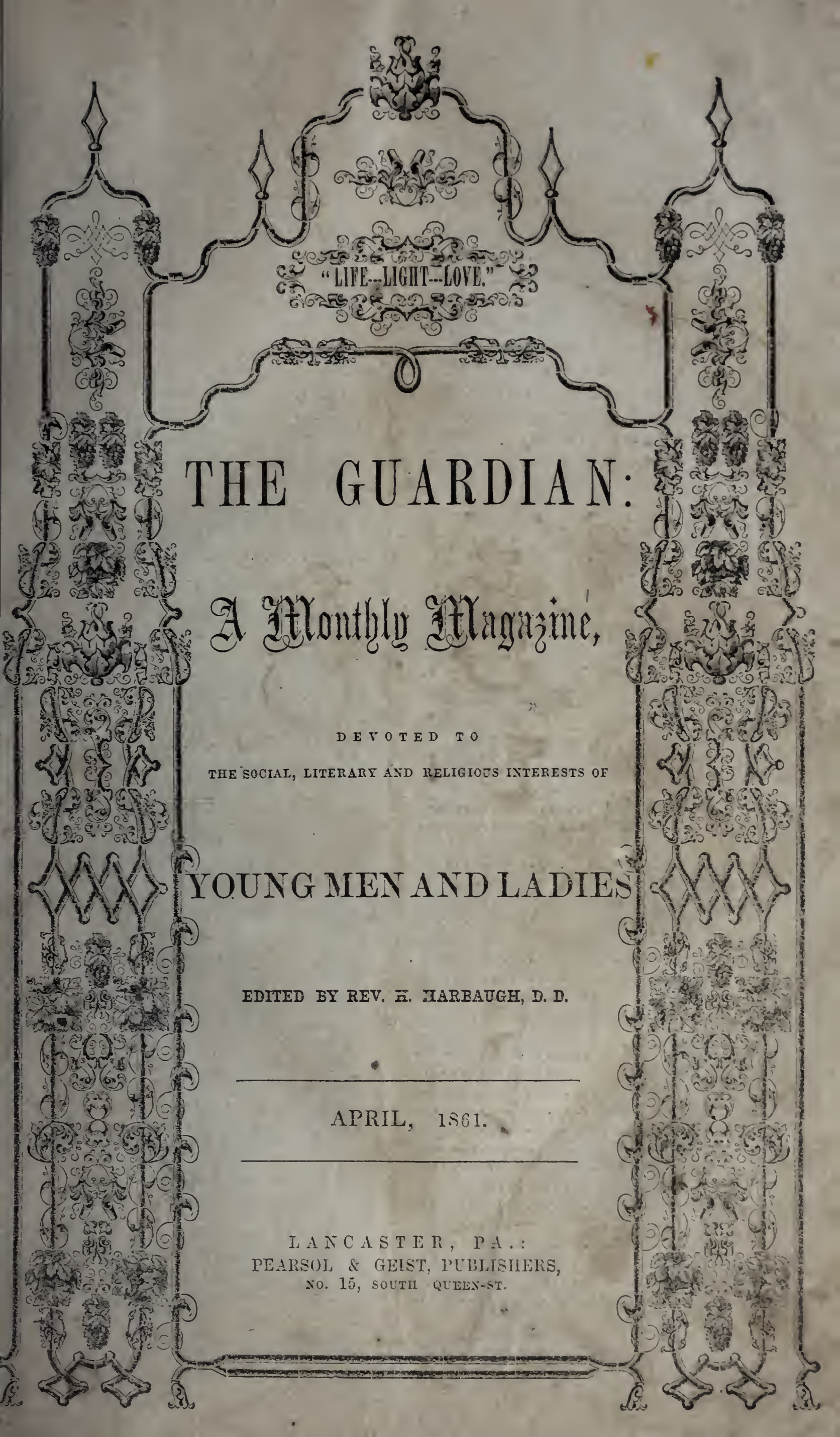
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"LIFE--LIGHT--LOVE."

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A Monthly Magazine,

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE APRIL NUMBER.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST..... | 97 |
| 2. THE PIGEON AT THE WINDOW. (Poetry.)..... | 103 |
| 3. EARLY ASSOCIATIONS..... | 104 |
| 4. ABOUT DIAMONDS, AND THE PLEASURE OF POSSESS- ING THEM..... | 105 |
| 5. THE OLD TURNPIKE..... | 107 |
| 6. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 111 |
| 7. LIVE FOR SOMETHING..... | 112 |
| 8. ANGEL VISITS. (Poetry.)..... | 113 |
| 9. ROCK ME TO SLEEP. (Poetry.)..... | 116 |
| 10. BEAUTIFUL EASTER CUSTOMS..... | 117 |
| 11. "STABAT MATER DOLOROSO." (Poetry.)..... | 119 |
| 12. SINGING TO SINNERS..... | 120 |
| 13. THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE. (Poetry.)..... | 123 |
| 14. AT THE CROSS..... | 124 |
| 15. GATHERING FLOWERS..... | 125 |
| 16. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 127 |
| 17. NOTES ON NEW BOOKS..... | 128 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| VOL. IX. | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|
| John S. Black..... | \$1 | Robert Selfridge.... | 1 |
| VOL. X. | | N. F. Pancoast..... | 1 |
| Geo. Jordan..... | 1 | Illman & Bro..... | 1 |
| John S. Black..... | 1 | Joseph F. Witmer..... | 1 |
| VOL. XI. | | John S. Black..... | 25c |
| Geo. Jordan..... | 1 | Mrs. Sallie Dietz..... | 1 |
| Illman & Bro..... | 1 | Mrs. E. Hager..... | 1 |
| John S. Black..... | 1 | Mrs. A. T. Umberger..... | 1 |
| Daniel Schaffner..... | 1 | Miss Caroline Heorner..... | 1 |
| John P. Knappenberger..... | 1 | Jacob Heorner..... | 1 |
| Valentine J. Bruner..... | 1 | Andrew Ebersole..... | 1 |
| Rev. J. S. Dubbs..... | 1 | Benj. C. Taylor..... | 1 |
| Amos H. Herr..... | 1 | John P. Knappenberger..... | 1 |
| Rev. Dr. Schaff..... | 1 | Valentine J. Bruner..... | 1 |
| VOL. XII. | | Emeline Souder..... | 1 |
| Geo. Jordan..... | 1 | J. J. Pilkay..... | 1 |
| C. B. Durborow..... | 1 | Rev. J. S. Dubbs..... | 1 |
| J. C. Wanner..... | 1 | R. M. Jacoby..... | 1 |
| H. K. Bentz..... | 1 | Magdalene McDuell..... | 1 |
| D. Focht..... | 1 | Mrs. Fanny Neff..... | 1 |
| Amanda Spaid..... | 1 | Annie M. Auxer..... | 1 |
| Mrs. Dr. Wm. Maybury..... | 1 | Samuel Young, M. D..... | 1 |
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| John Seltzer..... | 1 | Milton H. Hockman..... | 1 |
| Geo. Gordon..... | 1 | Rev. Dr. J. C. Orrick..... | 1 |
| Ezra Bertolet..... | 1 | Rev. Dr. Schaff..... | 1 |
| N. Burdenstock..... | 1 | W. F. P. Davis..... | 1 |
| | | George S. Ball..... | 1 |

The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—APRIL, 1861.—NO. 4.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

BY THE EDITOR.

“EVERY thing has its *time*. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.” In the world of nature there is a time to sow and a time to reap; and the passing seasons present a right time in which whatever is to be done must be done. In business life there are ebbs and flows which present duties, and promise advantages, which demand attention just at that particular time. It is so in religion. There are times and seasons in life, which are as crises to the soul, when immense gain or loss hang upon an act or a decision.

Thus, as every thing has its time, so also it has its *limit*. As God says to the ocean, “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;” so he sets to all men their bounds which they may not pass. There is no limit to God’s grace, but there is in man the power of resisting it beyond a point where there remains no longer in the soul the power or disposition to accept it and make it available. As man has the power of taking his own bodily life, so he has the power of committing spiritual suicide on his soul. He may sever the last cord which binds his soul to God, the source of life, and hopeless death is the result.

This the holy scriptures plainly teach.

“There is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it.” John v: 16. This is commonly called the sin against the Holy Ghost, since against him alone can the sin that finds no pardon be committed. “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall

not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Matt. XII : 31, 32. Mark III : 28, 29.

No passage of scripture has a more solemn sound than this. No wonder that it has filled the minds of thousands with reverence and awe. In this same spirit would we approach its exposition.

What is the nature of the sin here indicated? It has this solemn peculiarity, which distinguishes it from all other sin, that it "hath never forgiveness." The question, How may it be committed? has been variously answered.

1. It has been said that it was committed by the Pharisees in their ascribing the miracle of Christ when He healed the man who was blind and dumb, to the power of a devil working in Him. (Matt. XII : 25). From this then it is concluded that this sin could only be committed at that period, and is no more possible after the age of miracles.

To this view there are several formidable objections.

The sin which the Pharisees thus committed was a sin *against the Son* peculiarly. It was against Him directly that they spake blasphemy : "This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of devils."

It does not change the case to say that their sin was against the Spirit, because the Spirit was in Christ when they reviled Him; for the Spirit was still *His* spirit. It was not the Spirit who did the miracle by Christ, but He performed it "by the Spirit of God." The insult was to Him. It was against the Son that they blasphemed, not directly against the Spirit.

But that they had not by that act committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, is plain from the fact that Christ does not charge them with having done so; He only warns them of the danger of doing it. He does not say you have blasphemed against the Holy Ghost; but He says, "he that *shall* blaspheme," shall have no forgiveness. This He said : "because they said, He hath an unclean spirit." He feared that having thus blasphemously spoken against Himself they might do it also to the Holy Spirit, and thus sin unto death. Hence he warns them against a sin which they were in danger of, but which they had not yet committed.

2. Again, some have held that this sin is committed by a stubborn denial of the Gospel, and a wilful rejection of it against light and better knowledge. Thus, it is thought, it was committed by the Pharisees and others, both on this occasion and at other times, because they saw from His miracles that He was the Christ, and yet resisted and rejected His gospel.

This again would, however, be a sin directly against the Son, rather than against the Spirit. Besides, we have abundant evidence in the scripture itself, that such as had willfully rejected Christ and His gospel; yea, even some of His murderers, were reclaimed and received forgiveness. Acts II : 23. III. So too in all times of the Church there have been such as once rejected the truth with wilful deliberation and against their better judgment, who nevertheless afterwards received it to their salvation.

3. This sin cannot consist in any *one* particular thought, word or act against the spirit. If so, who could be saved? We have abundant in-

stances of resistance to the Spirit in thought, word and deed, where pardon was still received. Though the word "blasphemy" would indicate as though it were a sin committed by word, yet it can only mean that the sin as it begins in the heart thus finds its full outward expression. Sin culminates in words; as in words, better than even in acts can the truly malicious and hateful be expressed. The tongue, the most honorable member, called "the glory" by the Psalmist, has the power of the vilest insult. As long as sin is confined to the heart, or only suffered to show itself by dumb motions and silent acts, it is as yet repressed in its activities; but when it bounds to the tongue, and thence darts into the very face of God, it is an intelligently expressed insult, and consequently the highest possible. If sin culminates in words, all sinful words culminate in blasphemy; and all blasphemy culminates in that against the Holy Ghost.

It cannot consist of any *one* sin isolated and detached from the general course of life. It can only be said to be committed by a single act, in so far as that single act is a FINAL act. It is the *last* result of a persevering resistance of the spirit—a sinning against Him till He departs. The Spirit may be resisted but He returns. He may be grieved, but He does not yet depart. But He may finally be *quenched* by a continuous flood of sin poured against Him. All this sinning looks towards the final result, accomplished in the final act, by which the soul shuts itself finally and hopelessly out from the fellowship of the Spirit.

This presents to us a sin peculiarly and directly against the Holy Ghost. Those are sins peculiarly against God, the Father; as when His *love* is resisted. Those are sins peculiarly against the Son; as when His *grace* is resisted or abused. So these are sins peculiarly against the Holy Ghost; as when His *communion* is despised and resisted. The first two of these sins the Pharisees had committed, and were yet in danger of the third.

To see properly this danger, we must remember that the three persons in the Godhead, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, approached men for their salvation in three successive dispensations: the Father in the Old Testament, the Son in the New Testament age, and the Holy Ghost in the dispensation of the church, from Pentecost on to the end of the world. The Pharisees had made of none effect the dispensation of the Father; they had just rejected the second, as being represented by the Son, saying that He had a devil. Now our Saviour would say: All blasphemy and sin against the approaches of the Father and the Son, in these dispensations of mercy, can be forgiven; because there is another dispensation to come, there is another approach to man to be made; there is another gracious being coming to operate upon the hearts of even those who have despised Father and Son—namely, the Holy Ghost. But He is the last; His is the last dispensation of mercy; after Him there is no more help coming; if you strive against Him as you have against Father and Son, and blaspheme the spirit as you have the Son, ascribing his wonderful works of grace to the devil, saying of Him also that He hath an unclean spirit—then you have cut yourselves hopelessly and finally off from all hold upon Divine mercy, because you have resisted the last one that comes to you! He that hates the Father, may be won by the Son; and he that hates the Son may be won by the Spirit; but he that hates

the Spirit, wherewithal shall he be won? Beyond Him there is no other in the Godhead to come, and no other dispensation of still greater power to be inaugurated. The merciful resources of the Godhead are exhausted, and man's hatred to God has done its utmost, in a suicide of soul! Thus the sin against the Holy Ghost seems to be committed by a series of resistances, by a process of insult to His grace, kept up to final reprobacy.

The highest sins are sins against light and knowledge. Hence the warnings against the commission of this sin are directed to those who had shared high advantages of grace. Thus Christ warns the Pharisees against it. According to Paul, those whom it is impossible to recover after they fall, are such as "were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come." Heb. vi: 4. So again: "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins," but certain judgment; and the last act in that sinful process by which this fearful end was reached, was doing "despite to the spirit of grace." (Heb. x: 25, 29. See also II Pet. ii: 20.)

Thus not in ignorance is this sin committed; but by a conscious warfare with the spirit: by willfully shunning Him, and all the means by which he operates on man: by stoutly and knowingly resisting all His motions and movings; by drowning His voice when He speaks in silent, inward solemnity to the soul, and by seeking afterward to obliterate any impressions which He may have made, by delaying and deferring submission to what he urges on us as our highest duty; by all these acts, and by a stubborn and persevering keeping of them up through days, months and years, till the soul at length has wormed and writhed itself out of His last merciful embrace. As long as the soul merely fights the Father there is hope of forgiveness in the grace of the Son; as long as it fights the Son there is hope in the Spirit; but the Holy Ghost closes the ministration of hope, and in His final resistance the reprobate seals his damnation, and "hath never for giveness."

What makes sinning against the Holy Ghost so perilous and finally fatal is this fact, that he is the last gracious gift to man. Without Him also no salvation is possible. It is he that makes all means of salvation effectual. He alone can reveal Christ in the soul. He alone can take the things of Christ and show them unto us. He alone can sanctify and fit the soul for heaven. He is the last monitor that clings to the mad rebel against God. He holds fast still when the almost reprobate soul has torn loose from all other restraints. When the desperate soul has gone beyond the powerful pleadings of parental love, beyond the holy influences of earlier religious impressions, beyond the reach of the preached word and pastoral care, beyond the restraining power of sacramental and covenant grace, beyond all self-respect—so that the deeply sunken one begins to glory in his own shame, and is hurrying with desperation and blasphemy on to final overthrow, still the spirit clings to Him, till the mad soul accomplishes the final act of reprobacy, and breaks away from its merciful guide, as before the very jaws of hell.

That the soul may thus sunder itself from the Holy Ghost, is plainly taught in the passages already quoted. It is as plainly implied in all

the exhortations and warnings in which Holy Scripture abounds, not to grieve the Spirit, not to do despite to the Spirit, as well as in the earnest prayers which scripture example teaches us to offer up that the Holy Spirit may not be taken away from us. We are moreover warned not to sell our covenant right and grace as did Esau, who afterward "found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." (Heb. xii : 17.)

At the eleventh hour the husbandman still hired laborers, but not at the twelfth! The barren fig-tree was spared, and nursed and nourished, through three years, but not through the fourth. There is a time to sow and a time to reap; but there is a time also when the harvest is past and the Summer is ended. Jesus often visits the city which killeth the prophets and stoneth those that are sent unto them; but there cometh also a time when the day of its merciful visitation is past, when all hope is taken away from them, and the tender mercies of the Lord are clean gone forever! There is a time when wisdom crieth without, uttering her voice in the streets, in the place of concourse and in the opening of the gates; but there comes also a time when fear cometh like desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind: "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

In effect, all the finally impenitent commit the unpardonable sin; for the ultimate loss of the soul is only accomplished by a full and final quenching of the Holy Spirit. But besides this, it is the plain sense of the Scriptures that the hopeless state resulting from a commission of the deadly sin against the Holy Ghost, may, and in some cases does begin, before the end of the reprobate's life. When it is said that this sin shall not be forgiven "neither in *this world*, neither in the world to come," it is plainly implied that the one committing it may be still in this world after he is reprobate. Paul mentions those who bore the "evident token of perdition." Our Saviour utters over Jerusalem with tears, the solemn fact that the things which belong to their peace "are now hid from their eyes!" Judas was a "son of perdition" before his fearful end. So there are now those, as there have been in all ages, with whom the Holy Ghost has had in times gone, His controversy—whom He once wooed, but who did not suffer themselves to be won—and whose consciences are now seared as with a hot iron, who have no longer any religious instincts, who without any compunction or inward protest, can and do maliciously hate christianity, ridicule the holiest and divinest things, and can and do inwardly and outwardly revile and blaspheme the Holy Ghost. As there are saints this side of heaven, whose final glorification is fixed and sure, though they still walk among men, so there are the damned this side of hell! These are the vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction. They stand among men the finished monuments of sin's and satan's work. There remaineth for them "no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."

It must yet be noticed that there are sometimes tender, timid, and feeble spirits, who fear that they have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and they are almost unconsolably distressed on that account. Such ought to see, from what has been said of this sin, that their very fear and distress is infallible proof that no such reprobate state belongs

to them. Such distress often proceeds from physical causes, and hence does not indicate the true spiritual state; if it does spring from true penitence it has the infallible promise: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Instead of such having no hope of forgiveness, is it to them alone that pardon is promised.

It is quite another class before whom the danger of this sin lies. Those namely, who are keeping up a stiff warfare against the strivings of the Holy Ghost in them, year after year. Those who have warning upon warning, and conviction after conviction, but will not yield to the love of the spirit that woos them. O, let such remember the solemn words: "My spirit shall not always strive with man!" Trifle not with the blood of Christ. Quench not the spirit of God. Cross not the bounds of God's mercy and patience!

There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man: for man, as yet,
Is blind and in the dark;

And yet the doomed man's path below,
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed:
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned!

Oh! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself has sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where doth hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent;
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart!"

THE PIGEON AT MY WINDOW.

BY R. P. T.

UPON the window sill has lighted
A pigeon white as snow,
Half confiding, half affrighted,
And walking to and fro,
Said "Cuck-a-ta-coo!
Why, how-do-you-do!"
In purely pigeon style.

Of purity speaks his spotless dress—
His nature all of peace;
His manner as truly of fond caress,
If not commendable grace:
Turning and cooing,
The while full viewing
All round within the room.

Visitor fair, swift borne on air,
What cheer from pigeondom?
Hast tidings of good, or only despair?
Why, say, so strangely come?
No letter bringing!
From neck-band swinging!
No sign of "carrier bird."

I've heard it said, of people dying,
Such tokens sometimes come—
On angel's pinions swiftly flying,
To call blest spirits home.
Marvellous story!
Yet mixed with glory
Of the celestial world.

Say, then, kind bird, is it "Nellie" dear
You've come to call away?
Or "Haddy boy?"—or "Foddy's" career
Must cease without delay?
Such innocent lambs
Your presence commands,
To heavenly joys, I fear.

No, it can't be! I'll yield not to fright,
Nor superstitious dread!
A token so bright can ne'er take delight,
In spectres for the dead.
Too oft you have come—
At morn and at noon,
I'll be surprised no more.

Perchance you've fled from the storm-king's chill,
And the fiercely drifting snow;
And lighting upon my window-sill,
You'd tell your tale of wo!

Come in ! Come away !
 'Tis cold ! Do not stay !
 And be you warmed and fed.

With a bow and a nod he declined
 My Invitations all :
 " The air, though cold, is more to my mind—
 And ee'n the western squall !"
 Then, "cuck-a-ta-coo !"
 I bid you a-dieu !"
 And up toward heaven he flew.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

THE following is one among a thousand incidents which might be mentioned to show the permanency and value of early religious training. Let mothers be encouraged by it to sow the good seed diligently in the minds of their little children.

A Presbyterian minister of the United States, American by birth, but of Scottish parentage, happening to be in the city of New Orleans, was requested to visit an old Scottish soldier who had wandered thither, and having been attacked by the yellow fever, was conveyed to the hospital in a dying state. On announcing his errand, the sick soldier told him, in a surly tone, that he desired none of his visits ; that he knew how to die without a priest. The minister replied that he was no priest, but a Presbyterian clergyman, come to read to him the word of God, and to speak of that eternity to which he seemed drawing near. The Scot doggedly refused all conversation, and after lingering a few minutes, the minister was reluctantly compelled to take his leave. Next day, however, he called again, thinking the reflections of the man on his own rudeness might secure a better reception on a second visit. But the soldier's tone and manners were equally rude and repulsive. He turned himself in bed with his face toward the wall, as if determined to hear nothing and relent nothing. As a last effort to gain attention, he bethought himself of the hymn well known in Scotland, the composition, as it is supposed, of David Dickson of Irvin, one of the worthies of Scotland :

" O mother dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?"

This hymn his mother had taught him to sing, when a child, to the tune of Dundee. He began to hum his mother's hymn, to his mother's tune. The soldier listened for a few moments in silence ; but gradually turning himself around, his countenance relaxed, and with a tear in his eye, he enquired, " Who taught you that ?"

" My mother," said the minister.

" And so did mine," replied the now softening and relenting soldier, whose heart was melted by the recollections of infancy, and who was now prepared to give a willing ear to the man who had found the key to his Scottish heart.

ABOUT DIAMONDS, AND THE PLEASURE OF POSSESSING THEM.

THE most profound adamantologist in the world is the Duke of Brunswick. He has in his possession three millions of dollars worth of diamonds. He has just published a catalogue of his diamonds, and in the appendix there is a notice of the most celebrated diamonds in the world. This catalogue numbers not less than 268 quarto pages. It gives, with great detail, a list of his white transparent, first white, second white, steel white, blue white, light blue, black blue, light yellow, bright yellow, amber yellow, straw, champagne, deep rose, rosy, light rose, opalescent, pomegranate, violet, greenish, green, sea green, brown, light brown, deep brown, dusk black, opaque black, London fog, sandy, frosty, black spotted, cracked, split, scratched, ill-cut, uncut, square, round, oval, oblong, octagon, pointed, pigeon-eyed, almond, Chinese-eyed diamonds.

It relates how this adorned a Turkish sabre, that a royal diadem, another an Imperial collar, a third a Grand Electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye; that brilliant rosy diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber, at Agra, in 1526, (it weighs 41 carats, and is worth \$69,000); those were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro; this diamond ring, with the Stuart coat of arms and the cypher "M. S." belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; that pair of ear-rings hung once on Marie Antoinette. The Duke of Brunswick has in his possession fifteen of the ninety known diamonds, weighing thirty-six carats, but he has not a diamond worth \$200,000. He has plenty of diamonds worth \$20,000, \$30,000 and \$45,000 a piece: he has two worth \$60,000 each, one worth \$70,000, and one worth \$80,000; but he hasn't one worth \$200,000. He is in treaty now for two diamonds, one of which is worth \$232,000, and the other \$650,000, and which rank in the order of precedence established by adamantologists, in the sixth rank; that is, next after the Orloff diamond of Russia. In his list of celebrated diamonds, he places in the front rank a brilliant white diamond, weighing 250 carats, and belonging to some East India Prince, and worth \$2,500,000; next comes the Kohinoor, which weighs 186 carats, and which he sets down as worth \$1,383,840; next comes the Rajah of Matara's (Borneo) diamond; it is of the most beautiful water conceivable; the Governor of Batavia offered the Rajah \$150,000, two brigs of war, armed, equipped and provisioned for six months, and a large quantity of cannon balls, powder and Congreve rockets; the Rajah refused them all, and preferred to keep his diamond which passes for a talisman; it is worth \$1,339,455. Next comes the Great Mogul, which is of a beautiful rose color, and of the shape and size of half a hen's egg; it is worth \$784,000, according to the Duke of Brunswick's valuation, though Tavernier, the traveller, sets it down as being worth \$2,344,655. The Regent's diamond of France (and which by the way belonged to Lord Chatham's father, who brought it from India concealed in the heel of his shoe,) comes only in the fifth rank; it weighs 136½ carats—it is worth \$739,-

840 ; it is the purest diamond known ; it required two years to cut it ; before it was cut it weighed 410 carats ; the chippings of it were sold for \$410,000.

The Duke of Brunswick says the Orloff Diamond of Russia is worth only \$340,360, and not \$18,516,580, as some persons have pretended ; and he says the Nancy diamond, which Prince Paul Demidoff purchased at the price of \$400,000, is worth only \$29,160 ; but then the Duke of Brunswick reckons its historical value as nothing, although it once adorned the sword of Charles the Bold, was found after his death on the battle field of Nancy, was sold in Switzerland, carried to Portugal, and there sold ; belonged to King Antonia, to Henry III, was swallowed by the faithful noble rather than deliver it to robbers, and was found in his body, which was disinterred for the purpose of discovering it. The Duke of Brunswick dares not leave Paris, at any period of the year ; his diamonds keep him chained there. He dares not sleep from home (some people reckon this liberty of pillow one of the great franchises of Paris) a single night. Then, he lives in a house constructed not so much for comfort as for security. It is burglar proof, surrounded on every side by a high wall ; the wall itself is surmounted by a lofty iron railing, defended by innumerable sharp spear-heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches one of them a chime of bells begins instantly to ring an alarm ; this iron railing cost him \$14,127. He keeps his diamonds in a safe, built in a thick wall ; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing or at least waking him, and that he may amuse himself with them without leaving his bed. This safe is lined with granite and iron ; the locks have a secret, which must be known before they can be opened ; if opened by violence, a discharge of fire-arms takes place, which will inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room in the house are set ringing. He has but one window in his bed-room ; the sash is of the stoutest iron ; the shutters are of thick sheet iron. The ceiling of his room is plaited with iron several inches thick, and so is the floor. The door opening into it is of solid sheet iron, and cannot be entered unless one be master of the secret combination of the lock. A case of a dozen six barreled revolvers, loaded and capped, lies open on the table, within reach of the bed. Would you like to be in his place ?

WISHING TOO MUCH.

ONE of the most eccentric clergymen of the latter part of last century was the Rev. Peter Glas, minister of Crail. His pulpit language was broad Scotch, and his expressions, even in devotion, were particularly simple. Many of his parishioners being fishermen, he usually prayed specially for their welfare. One day, using the expression, "May the boats be filled wi' herrin' up to the very tow-holes" (spaces for the oars), a fisherman lustily called out, "Na no that far, sir, or we wad a' be sunk."

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE, by the highway, let us stand and note
The long, slow laboring caravan which takes,
To-day, its westward course. Like moving tents,
The laden wagons pass.

Another morning finds them on their way:
Another still, and still another flies.
To-day beside the Susquehanna, leads
Their road romantic; and to-day, the sun,
Looking betwixt the hill tops of the vales,
Beholds, with cheerful eye, the climbing line,
Which by the roaring Juniata winds;
Till lo! upon the windy mountain's height,
While glows the eve above a sea of hills,
Flushing the Alleghenian peaks, the train
Hangs like a cloud that, with the coming day,
Beside the brook which takes a westward course,
Shall hold its far descent.

Let the reader not be too much in haste. We shall not forget our title, and he shall hear somewhat of *The Old Turnpike*, and the wagons that thereon used to pass in years gone by. But we must be allowed to begin in our own way.

First of all, it must be remembered that our subject, prosy as it used to be, has become not a little poetical, as the times under our caption do show. The reader must be informed, if he does not already know, that they are taken from the "*New Pastoral*," by Thomas B. Reed, a real American, yea, a truly Pennsylvania Poem. When it was first published, in 1855, we read it, so we did! Afterwards we ventured to remark to a literary friend that it was beautiful, and a true poem. He looked through it awhile, leafing it learnedly as all scholars do, and in a very short time was enabled to say that it was no poem at all, and would scarcely do for prose! Whereupon we became inwardly indignant, and said in our heart, you know not whereof you affirm! This day, and every successive day, we are more firmly than ever convinced that the *New Pastoral* is a Poem. It describes Pennsylvania rural sights and scenes as they have been during the last half century, with great accuracy; and all these scenes are already, and are evermore becoming, poetical. Time will show that it was a poem from first, and every passing year will make it more truly so. Moreover, the time will come when some poet will find as many truly poetical elements in the "*Old Deserted Turnpike*," as Goldsmith did in the "*Deserted Village*," and will embalm them in the same sweet fragrance of immortal verse. Let this be the prophesy of the Editor of the *Guardian*.

Though our subject is thus undoubtedly poetical, it has its foundation

in the prose of secular reality. Hence our present view of The Old Turnpike, must begin somewhat solidly with a few historical touches.

We begin with the name. We do so because "every discussion about a thing will best proceed from an investigation of the name which it bears; for the name ever seizes and presents the most distinctive features of the thing, embodying them for us in a word." Strictly speaking, a Turnpike is "a frame, consisting of two bars crossing each other at right angles, and turning horizontally on a post or pin, to hinder the passage of beasts, but admitting a person to pass between the arms." Then it means also "a gate set across a road to stop travelers and carriages till toll is paid for keeping the road in repair." It seems then, that turnpike-roads have derived their name from the turnpikes or toll-gates, established on such roads by law, for the collection of tolls.

Another name which more directly point to the origin of these roads, is applied to Turnpikes—namely, *macadamized* roads. They are so called after their originator, John Loudon Macadam, who was born in Ayr, Scotland, Sept. 23d, 1756, and died in Moffat, Dumfriesshire, Nov. 26, 1836. After the death of his father, he came with his uncle to New York in 1770, where he became in time a successful merchant. During the Revolutionary War he remained a royalist, and after Independence was declared he was compelled to leave the country, with others of like sympathies. Thus he returned to Scotland in 1783.

It is said in the New American Cyclopædia, that he did not begin to construct roads after his own model till after 1798. If this be correct, it would appear that his suggestion was carried into effect by others, and in another land, before he realized it himself. For we are told that the turnpike from Philadelphia to Lancaster, at first paved with stone and since Macadamized, was commenced in 1792, finished in 1794, and was the first road of the kind in the United States. It was 62 miles in length, and cost \$465,000. Where did our forefathers get that vast sum of money, so long before the Lancaster Bank and Savings Institution were in existence? They must have made it by hard work, or in some other honest calling!

But we now eschew dates. Let history go. "Suffice it to say," that this great turnpike was in time extended to Pittsburg. In like manner was one made from Baltimore to Pittsburg, and another from Baltimore to Washington, and still others from other places to still other places. But it was on these great routes from the Atlantic coast to the Ohio river that primitive turnpiking enjoyed its day of highest glory.

How comparatively short is the time since these vast thoroughfares were literally lined, at all times and in all places, with canvass covered, heavily laden six horse teams, going west and coming east like burdened ants to and from the hive. Slowly up hill, briskly down, steadily over the level—mid rain and shine—through the dust of summer and through the snows of winter—on, on they went, going and coming with their loads of merchandise.

What busy life, what interest, toils, and cares, gathered and bustled and wrought along these roads in those days. Scarcely a hill-side, hill-top, or level, that had not its house of public entertainment, with its pump and bucket, its running fountain if this might be, its long porch with benches along the wall, its large bar-room, with its bottles, gill-glass

and its ruddy Falstaff looking landlord. What signs project from the shade-tree, hang to a horizontal scantling extending from the corner of the house, or crown the solitary perpendicular pole. What devices on them "writ or painted," that each might be different from the other, and have its own peculiar attractions, and be withal easy for the memory. There were the Kings—of Prussia, France, Sweden, Prince of Orange. There were the Generals—Washington, Lafayette, Napoleon, Wayne, Marion and others. There was the Rising Sun, the Fountain Inn, the Green Tree, the Bird-in-Hand, the Wheat Sheaf. There were the animals and the Bird—the Red Lion and other Lions, the White Bear and the Black Bear, the Stag with horns and the Doe without horns, the Bull, the Sheep, the Lamb, the Horse, white and black, the Eagle, the Swan, black and white. There was the Globe, the Wagon, the Cross-Keys, the Harrow, the Plough, the Rake, the Compass and Square, and what all the rest were "is more easily imagined than described."

What scenes these tavern and wagon yards presented. In the evening the white covered wagons dropped in one by one, or in droves of dozens, like weary gulls to their Islands. Unhitching, feeding the horses, taking a gill, eating supper, "rubbing down" the horses, smoking a cigar that in those days cost "four for a cent," the anecdotes, the "biggest story," the loud laugh, and finally the sound snoring sleep of one or two score of tired wagoners, each on his own pallet, side by side, on the bar-room floor—this ended the business of the day.

Another busy scene returned with the morning. Feeding, currying, gearing, greasing wheels, taking breakfast, a gill to start on, whips under the arm, the word of command—"Wo-hoy!" Away went the noble team! Even the old wagoner himself is inspired with some good degree of self-importance in view of the authority by him held, and he starts off, by the side of his saddle horse with a characteristic swagger which none but an old wagoner can imitate; and he only mounts his horse when the team has fairly started, feeling the same pride in such a feat as does the amateur sportsman who will shoot a bird in no other way than on the wing.

All this is witnessed with intense interest by a group of boys and young men, who have not as yet risen to preside over a team.

It has a charm for their imaginations. The thoughts and feelings that move them are expressed exceedingly well in the following song of

THE PENNSYLVANIA WAGONER:

I've often thought, if I were asked
Whose lot I envied most,
What home I thought most lightly tasked
Of man's unnumbered host—
I'd say—I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a noble team, wo-hoy!
"Wo-hoy," I'd cry, and lightly fly
Into my saddle seat,
My rein I'd slack, my whip I'd crack—
What music is so sweet?

Six blacks I'd drive, of ample chest,
All carrying high the head,
All harnessed light, and gaily dressed,
And winkers tipped with red.

“Wo-hoy!” I’d cry, the lint should fly,
 “Wo-hoy—Dobbin! Ball!”
 Their feet would ring, and I would sing—
 I’d sing my fal-de-ral.

The bells should “tingle, tingle-ling,”
 Beneath each bear-skin cap,
 And as I saw them swing and swing,
 I’d be the merriest chap.
 Yes, then I’d be a mountain boy,
 And drive a jingling team, wo-hoy!
 “Wo-hoy!” I’d cry, my words should fly,
 Each horse should prick his ear.
 With tightened chain my lumbering wain
 Should move on its career—

The golden sparks, you’d see them spring,
 Beneath my horses’ tread—
 Each mane, I’d braid it with a string,
 Of blue or flaunting red—
 So shall you know the mountain boy
 Who drives the dashing team, wo-hoy.
 “Wo-hoy!” I’d cry, each creature’s eye
 With fire would seem to burn,
 With lifted head and nostrils spread
 They’d seem the earth to spurn—

They’d champ the bit, and fling the foam,
 As they dragged on the load—
 And I would think of distant home,
 And whistle on the road.
 O, yes, I’d be a mountain boy,
 And drive a six-horse team, wo-hoy!
 “Wo-hoy!” I’d cry—Now by yon sky
 I’d rather drive those steeds
 Than win renown or wear a crown
 Won by victorious deeds:

For crowns oft press the weary head
 And health the wearer shuns,
 And Victory—trampling on the dead—
 May do for Goths and Huns:
 Seek them who will, they have no joys
 For mountain lads and wagon boys.
 “Wo-hoy!” I’d cry, and lightly fly
 Into my saddle seat,
 My reign I’d slack, my whip I’d crack,
 What music is so sweet?

P R A Y I N G.

I often say my prayers,
 But do I ever pray?
 Or do the wishes of my heart
 Suggest the words I say?
 I may as well kneel down
 And worship gods of stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone!

H E B R E W L E G E N D S.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XXX.—IMMORTALITY EXPLAINED BY THE CREATION.

THERE was once an old tombstone discovered on which were inscribed in the Greek language these lines :

“I WAS NOT, AND I CAME TO BE,
I AM NOT, BUT I SHALL BE.”

In a similar manner did Rabbi Gabiha once answer a doubter ?

“Ye fools,” said he to the Rabbi, “believing as you do in a resurrection of the dead ! Do you not see that the living die ; how can you believe that the dead shall live again ?”

“O, you simpleton,” answered Gabiha, “do you believe in the creation ? Well, if any thing comes to live which before was not, why cannot what has once lived come to live anew ?”

The doubter was confounded.

XXXII.—VOWS MUST BE KEPT.

Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay.—ECCLES. v: 5.

To the pious Rabbi Jochanan, son of Sacai, once came the report that a certain son of Schimon Antipatrus, always in a shameful way spoils his hospitality, which is otherwise very praiseworthy, by giving his guests hard treatment when they are about to depart.

“Who,” asked the Rabbi, “will make a journey to this strange and contradictory man, that we may get knowledge of the exact state of the case, and relieve the evil, if it prove to be well founded.”

Then Rabbi Jehoschuah offered himself, and set out upon the road ; when he came to the place where the son of Antipatrus lived, he sought entertainment in his house. He was very kindly received, and well cared for. He found his host well read in the law, and was himself entertained in a way that far exceeded his expectations. Still Rabbi Jehoschuah passed the night not very pleasantly, as he dreaded the treatment he should receive on his departure the next morning ; and when in the morning he had the honor of being led by his host into the bath, his fears rose to the highest point.

However, he did not only come out of the bath unhurt, but found also on his return a richly covered table set before him.

The surprise of the guest became still greater, when after the feast, his host offered himself as his attendant ; and Jehoschuah was not a

little in trouble as to the report he should make to his teachers, Rabbi Jochanan, and the rest of the learned men by whom he had been sent.

"Rabbi," said his new attendant, who saw Jehoschuah's perplexity, when he was about to take his leave, "Rabbi, what ails thee!"

Then the Rabbi told him why he came to his house, and how he had been in fear of bad treatment all the while he was there.

"Such a wise and learned man as yourself, who besides knows so well to act in a refined way, need not fear to be with me. The persons of whose hard treatment news had reached you, had on their arrival by a forced civility, sworn by the law that they would eat nothing with me, and yet in the face of this protest helped themselves right well. I sternly rebuked them for their conduct; because I had been taught that he who vows by the law and does not keep his words faithfully, deserves chastisement."

"Heaven bless you!" thereupon exclaimed the Rabbi: "your conduct toward those persons deserves praise; and should such trifling persons, who are so unmindful of oath and vow, come to you in future, yea, inflict on them a double rebuke, one for yourself and another in the name of the wise men who have sent me to you. For it is written: "If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word, he shall do accordingly to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.—NUM. xxx: 2.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

LIVE for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,—
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles,
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

A N G E L V I S I T S .

BY REV. J. K. L.

THE infidelity of the present day plainly shows its character and tendency in its bold and sweeping attempts to put a chasm between God's rational creatures on earth and in heaven. On all hands strenuous efforts are put forth to impress the minds of men with the belief that he stands alone and separate from all intercourse with the world of spirit above him. That this same belief is also to a certain extent entertained by men professedly christian, no one, at all conversant with the pulpit and press of the day, will for a moment deny. Many, with the name of God upon their lips, live in one sense *without God in the world*. Their God is far off—in yonder heavens; and as an omnipresent power, making Himself felt on earth in and through His kingdom and delegated ministers—angels and men—they have but little conception of Him. Sight and touch—far less reliable than faith—are their tests of the credibility of everything. “Except I see with mine eyes,” and “except I put my fingers into the print of the nails, I will not believe.” This spirit of unbelief prevails extensively in reference to the *ministry of angels* in this age of the world. It fails to have any right conception of the relation that holds between God's kingdom in heaven and on earth. It ignores all heavenly powers and forces at work on earth, and thus cuts asunder what God hath inseparably joined together. This is a cheerless faith, enshrouding this life in gloom; and he who rests his hopes upon it, will find that his dying hour, preceded by uncertainty and doubt, will expire in despair and woe. Sharp is the sting of doubt; great the joy of faith.

We believe not only in the existence of angels, but also in their unwearying interest in our salvation. We believe in the *communion* of saints. This communion of saints on earth with saints in heaven, holds also with the holy angels. In the word of God these are seen ascending and descending and holding visible fellowship with men. We have numerous instances of angels' visits to holy men, and even of their conversation with them, and also of their errands of life or death to families, armies, cities and nations. We shall notice a number of these without stopping to (*vainly*) inquire by what order of angels these several visits were made: whether by the

“Rapt seraph that adores and burns,”

or any other rank or order of angels in the celestial hierarchy.*

The first angel visit to earth recorded (unless perhaps the scene in Job 38: 7, may have been on earth) was soon after the fall, by the cherubim, who were placed at the East end of the garden of Eden to keep the way

*Thronoi, cheroubim, Seraphim, kuriotetes, exousiai, dunameis, archai, archangeloi, angeloi.

of the tree of life. The church in this early period experienced the blessing of frequent visits by angels. So Abraham, during the trial of his faith in the land of Moriah, and when he was ready to obey God and slay his son, the angel sent by God prevented him, and then made known to him the promised blessings of the Lord. Angels were frequently commissioned to bear tidings from the shining courts of God to his chosen ones on earth.

Often they foretold the birth of persons distinguished in Sacred History. Thus, an angel foretold the birth of Samson to Manoah's wife, and afterwards reappeared to his parents. Being invited to eat he declined; his name also he kept a secret. An angel foretold the birth of John the Baptist to Zacharias the priest. This was Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Lord. The same exalted messenger came to the Virgin Mary and said unto her: Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. Thou shalt bring forth a son and shalt call his name JESUS. An angel announced the birth and name of Christ to the shepherds, and this done, there was with the angel a heavenly host praising God and singing: "Glory to God in the highest," &c. The birth of Ishmael was foretold to Hagar by an angel. An angel also informed Cornelius that his prayers and alms had come up for a memorial before God. By an angel God made known his "Revelation" to John.

Angels were also sent to perform acts of divine vengeance and execute God's judgments upon his enemies. Thus in the reign of David, an angel smote the people "so that there died of the people from Dan even to Beersheba" seventy thousand men. An angel cut off all the mighty men of valor and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria, who had come to wage war against Hezekiah. In one night the angel slew 185,000 Assyrians. Angels delivered Lot and his family from Sodom and destroyed the city. How terrible is that divine wrath which exercises its power through angels that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

As angels execute judgments upon God's enemies, so they also bring life and comfort to his people. Many are their visits of mercy to the abodes of the poor in spirit, the meek and the mourning. Frequently they instructed and directed the holy men and prophets of the Bible. We think now of Elijah. He experienced their guidance and help. Sleeping under the juniper tree, an angel stood by him and fed him for the great journey to Horeb, the mount of God. An angel delivered Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego from the fiery furnace. An angel shut the lions' mouths that they could not hurt Daniel. An angel prayed for Jerusalem, and God answered with good words and comfortable words. An angel troubled the waters of Bethesda for the healing of the sick, blind, halt and withered. An angel opened the prison of Peter and made him free. By angels Lazarus was carried to Abraham's bosom. Angels ministered to Christ after the temptation by Satan; angels came to him in Gethsemane and strengthened him. On His resurrection day, an angel, with a countenance like lightning and raiment white as snow, rolled back the stone from His sepulchre, and proclaimed His resurrection to the Marys who came to see the sepulchre. But who can name all the visits of angels on errands of mercy and love to man?

They are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation. Great is their love towards us. Gladly they fly from God to man and bear him tidings of joy. But if they love us, how infinitely greater still is His love who created them for His glory and gave them charge over us. If they lead the child—lift up the fallen—strengthen the weak—restore the lost—bring back the straying—raise up the downcast—heal the sick—comfort the dying and bear sainted souls to Heaven, if they do all this, and more than this, how great His love who “gave *Himself* for us?”

The *number* of angels is large, and all are constantly employed adoring God and doing good to man. We rejoice that they feel interested in us; they rejoice if one sinner repenteth. The angel of God encampeth round about them that fear Him. In the tent and palace—in the field and highway—in the lions’ den and fiery-furnace—in the cloud and pillar of fire—in the burning bush and in the mountain cave—in the desert and crowded city—on sea and on shore—in peace and war—in joy and tears—“in all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,” angels are about us for good.

The last angel visit to this world will take place at the end of time. In the winding up of the affairs of this world, angels act a prominent part. Behold, what a grand and solemn scene. Angels proclaim that soon the end will come—they seal God’s servants in their foreheads—sound the seven trumpets and preach the everlasting gospel to all people. Other angels follow, and lo! the great day is at hand. Christ comes and all the holy angels with Him. Then is the harvest of the world. The angels are the reapers. Then wo to the tares.

It is a great blessing to be in such a frame of mind as to have fellowship with good angels. They are ever near us, though we see them not. Do they not still guard and guide us as they did the saints in olden time? Do they no longer influence our wishes, thoughts and feelings? Yes, verily, they minister to us as they did to the holy men and women of the early church, and in our dying hour, the hour of triumph, they will stand by our bed and strengthen us. We have often heard of the visions of dying saints. Sometimes they see bright forms hovering near, and ask, “who are these?” Some hear heavenly music, when to other ears a death-like stillness reigns in the dying chamber. Is this all a dream? No, rather is it heaven opening upon the sight of the dying saint. I remember now an account of the triumphant death of a German Reformed Minister, who died in this State, (Penna.) Prayer had been offered by a friend for the last time; for a while he lay quiet, then after the lapse of a few moments, with his latest breath, he exclaimed: “Victoria! Victoria! das Lamb ist da.”

Let me die the death of the righteous. Angels wait around him, and when he dies they bear him home to Heaven.

“Bright angels are from glory come,
They’re round his bed, they’re in his room:
They wait to waft his spirit home—
All is well—all is well.”*

*See Dr. Harbaugh’s “Heaven, or the Sainted Dead.” 8th Ed., pp. 221-258.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

THE subjoined poem—we know not who wrote it—is one of the most beautiful of its kind we have ever seen. We do not envy the heart which does not thrill to its wild and tender music:

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sorrowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue—
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-heavy brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy limbs creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasp to your arms in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

BEAUTIFUL EASTER CUSTOMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“CHRIST IS RISEN !” With these words the early christians were wont to greet each other when they first met early on Easter morning ; and the response which this salute called forth, was : “CHRIST IS RISEN INDEED !” In the Greek church the beautiful custom is still held in honor, and is practiced with great earnestness and piety. With the christians of that church, it is not only a social custom, but enters into their liturgical service in the church. During the night preceding Easter-day, the church is not lit up, and in the midst of the darkness the worshippers wait in silence, and with earnest, half-trembling expectation for the sound of the midnight bell by which the first moment of the joyful day is ushered in. With the first stroke of the bell rings on their waiting ears, the joyful message : “Christ is risen !” Then the congregation, preceded by the clergy, bearing cross and banners, as a symbol of Christ’s triumph over the power of darkness, emerge and move round the church in solemn procession, chanting the while :

The resurrection, O Christ, our Saviour,
Is celebrated by the angels in Heaven ;
Grant us also, who are here upon earth,
With pure hearts to celebrate thy glory.

As soon as the festal procession has returned to the church, it is as if the gates of light were suddenly thrown open, and the gladdened people enter the brilliant church with exceeding joy.

“CHRIST IS RISEN !” exclaims the Bishop to the Presbyter. “CHRIST IS RISEN INDEED !” is his joyful response, followed by the kiss of brotherhood ; and this is the signal for the congregation to greet one another with the same words, and the embrace and kiss of christian love.

This mode of greeting, and the use of the same words, continues throughout the day, in the private intercourse of the people. So generally and sacredly is this regarded as a sign of true piety and devotion, that the finest lady, on the street, does not feel at liberty to refuse to the commonest old man with shrubby beard, the greeting of the Easter kiss, if he reverently and respectfully salutes her with the festal words : “Christ is risen !”

Many popular and social customs, and amusements, have in all christian lands, associated themselves with the Easter joy—some of an evidently superstitious character, but others also closely connected with the glorious fact celebrated. In some parts of Ireland the legend is current that the Sun dances in the sky on Easter Sunday morning. This was once the prevailing superstition in England also, which Sir Thomas Brown, the author of “Inquiry into Vulgar Errors,” thought it not superfluous to declare unfounded. The game of ball was a

favorite Easter sport, in which municipal corporations formerly engaged with due parade and dignity ; and at Bury St. Edmund's, within a few years, the game was kept up with great spirit by twelve old women. In the northern counties of England, on Easter Sunday the men parade the streets and claim the privilege of lifting every woman three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence. The same is done by the women to the men the next day. In a part of Oxfordshire, after evening service on Easter Sunday, men and women used, as late as 1822, to throw great quantities of apples into the churchyard, and those who had been married during the year, threw three times as many as the rest ; after which all went to the minister's house and feasted on bread, cheese and ale. A less innocent custom once prevailed in France, of stoning Jews at this season ; and Dulaure, in his "*History of Paris*," tells us that Aimeric, Viscount de Rochecouard having visited Toulouse at Easter, the Chapter of St. Etienne appointed his chaplain, Hugues, to beat a Jew in his honor, an office which was performed so zealously, that the victim expired on the spot ! In England it was common for the boys to run about the streets on Easter morning, crying :

Christ is risen, Christ is risen ;
All the Jews must go to prison.

To mark their abhorrence of Jews, the English used also to make a point of eating bacon on this festival, but with it they had tanzy pudding, "a relic of the bitter herbs of the Passover." It must be confessed that all this savors rather more of hate to the Jews, than of love to the risen Christ.

The Easter Egg, with its associated customs, is known in all christian lands. Throughout the families of the Greek church, children do not grow weary of playing with their colored eggs on Easter-day ; and adults, even to the aged and venerable among them, take delight in ornamenting these Easter eggs with all kinds of beautiful, and often very significant and instructive devices, and thus presenting them to each other. In the Roman Church, the same practice prevails. Among these christians, the coloring and presenting begins on Thursday before Easter-on which day the milder practice of the church has allowed till sundown deviation from strict fasting, granting the use of eggs. In the Protestant church, from the beginning the Easter egg has been held in like honor, while the customs connected with it are very much the same as those alluded to.

We find nothing definite in regard to the origin of the Easter Egg. Some regard the custom as of heathen origin, supposing that the variegated eggs may have been designated to symbolize the flowery beauty and the germinating life which renews its youth in spring ; and that later, they were used to represent the joy which comes with the end of a long fast, during which the use of eggs was prohibited. This view of the matter seems to us far-fetched, resting on a very remote significance, and inadequate to explain the existence of this Easter custom. Whilst the abundant use of Eggs at the Easter festival may no doubt be traced to the fact that that festival ended the long Lenten fast, the coloring of Eggs, and the custom of beautifying them with all kinds of significant

devices, must have its basis in some additional fact. The christian view of the Easter Egg, as is evident from the history of church customs, has regarded the Egg as a symbol of the Resurrection, of which it is certainly impressively significant. If the fact were not known as it is, the emerging of a winged thing of life from what seems a mass of dead matter, would be a wonder almost as strange as the coming forth of a resurrection-life from the dissolution of the body that is laid in the grave. However much the analogy may fail of completeness, it is in both cases life out of apparent death.

If the egg itself symbolizes the Resurrection, why should not the coloring of the egg represent the blood of Christ as the necessary means by which the resurrection is made possible? If our memory is not at fault, an old Real-worterbuch, which we read years ago, but which we have not now at hand, is authority for this view.

When the custom of coloring Easter eggs was first introduced, seems to be unknown. It is however very ancient. It is said that in a royal roll of the time of Edward I, in England, as preserved in the tower, there is an entry of 18d. for 400 Eggs to be used in this way for Easter purposes. Whatever be its origin it is not likely that a custom so beautifully significant, and one in which children so greatly delight, will soon lose its hold on the affections of christian families. At least, the many pleasant memories which our own childhood has associated with it, constrain us to say with all our heart: "Long live the Easter Egg!" and what ever old fogies may say, we are sure that all the children will heartily respond—"Amen!"

"STABAT MATER DOLOROSO"

NEAR the cross her vigil keeping,
 Stood the mourning mother weeping,
 While her Son was hanging there;
 Through whose bosoms, inly groaning,
 Wrung with anguish—filled with moaning,
 Had been thrust the cruel spear.

Oh! how sad and desolated
 Was that ever consecrated
 Mother of the Only One!
 How she wept, and grieved and trembled,
 When she saw the woes assembled
 Thus around the glorious Son.

Whose the tears would not be welling,
 Had he seen her bosom swelling
 With an agony so wild?
 Who this inward grief could smother,
 Had he watched this loving mother
 Sadly sorrowing with her child?

For His people's sins in anguish,
 She beheld the Saviour languish,
 And endure the scourge's sway;
 Saw her darling one—her only,
 Dying in desertion lonely,
 As He breathed His soul away.

Thou! whence love its source doth borrow,
 Let me feel the strength of sorrow,
 That with her I too may grieve:
 Let my heart with ardor burning,
 Still to Christ with God be turning,
 That His grace I may receive.

SINGING TO SINNERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE question, What constitutes worship? is receiving universal attention of late. It ought to receive still more than it has hitherto done by ministers and laymen. We propose nothing learned or thorough on this subject. We think ourselves, however, on the safe side, when we suggest that *singing to sinners* is not worshipping God.

Many are the afflictions which we have endured from this source. Often have we been compelled to sit in misery, listening to the singing of a poem to sinners. We say a poem, for no such composition can lay claim to the honor of a hymn. We say listen, because we never could force ourselves to join in such a duty. We are sure that in regard to this point many have shared in our affliction. We go to the sanctuary to worship God, and instead of having that privilege afforded, we are invited to sing to sinners!

It is a matter of surprise that even ministers are found who seem never to have reflected on the incongruity of the thing. We shall never forget a most striking illustration of this. We had invited a brother clergyman to conduct the services in our own congregation. He began by announcing to be sung—

Sinners, the voice of God regard, &c.

in which piece of poetry occurs also the stanza:

“Your way is dark and leads to hell;
 Why will you persevere?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in dark despair.”

Of course it had to be sung. With what devotion may be imagined. As it was not sung to God, but to sinners, whatever benefit was derived from it must have accrued to them.

After the prayer, we thought, we shall have a hymn to God. But in this we were too hopeful, and were consequently doomed to another disappointment. For, behold! the congregation was called upon to sing once more to the sinners "in the use of the words:"

Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?

We much doubt whether even this brought sinners to pray to God, when they had before them the example of a congregation who were not even singing to God. If they had even been in the least disposed to heed the exhortation of the first stanza, we should suppose the second would have dispersed any such thought. It set forth the Lord, and offered the challenge thus:

See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors cloth his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow!

The congregation, however, got through it. Then we had the text: "Why will you die?" On this solemn text we had a solemn sermon. Nothing could have been more in place; the preacher had a fine opportunity to warn sinners of their danger, and to call them to repentance. It was faithfully done. It is the provision of the sermon to do this; and for this, as a part of the service of God's house, the sermon properly holds its important place.

Now, thought we, as the minister has had such a fine opportunity to *speak* to sinners, the congregation will certainly be allowed to sing a closing Hymn to God. It was a reasonable hope. But, alas! it was his determination that, at least for that service, the sinners should have the full benefit of the singing; and so we were once more invited to "join in a song with sweet accord," to the measure of—

Hasten, O sinner to be wise!

Suppose the sermon had made a favorable impression on some one; he would, in that case, have felt disposed to join in some act of worship to God. A devotional Hymn would have been welcome to him. But such an one, wicked as he might have regarded himself before God, would hardly have been sufficiently callous and profane to sing a *hymn to himself*! But he had to do this or be silent.

Thus there was really in all this service nothing of true worship, except the prayer; and even that was more than half exhortation to sinners, under the notion that it must be so in order to be appropriate to the sermon!

It will be said that this is an extreme case. It may be so; but it is nevertheless a true case, and this is sufficiently deplorable. That such a case can happen is proof that a wide-spread, deeply-rooted evil sentiment lies behind it. Nor are we at all persuaded that this is really an isolated case. Let the reader say whether something quite similar has not frequently occurred to his own certain knowledge.

The very fact that the greatest number of our Hymn books are stored with such poetry to sinners, is at least presumptive proof that they are sometimes sung. Here lies, to a great extent, the source of the evil.

Those who compile these books are supposed to have made the principles of hymnology their special study; and it is but natural that practical pastors, and confiding christians, should defer to their judgment, and take all to be right as they find it. Wise men have furnished this poetry, and should it not be suited to the worship of God in the sanctuary?

The great trouble is, that there are not as many true Hymns in existence as many persons suppose. The matter is not enough to fill out the number; and hence it happens in Hymn-making as it often does in music-making, that the theme is lost, buried, frightened out of its life, by the endless "variations." We read that in heaven they sing the everlasting "SONG." We sometimes wish we had only one on earth, or at least only a reasonable number.

Just look at our "New Collections," our "Complete Collections!" It, is enough to shake the nerves of any devout worshipper, to see in the pastor's hands a book, short and thick, like the "Tales of the Pirates Three, volumes in one," and then hear him announce: "Let us sing to the praise of God, Hymn Thirteen Hundred and Six!"* Looking for Hymns in such a Cyclopædia of lyrics, odes, songs, is something like hunting for treasures under the dictation of a "medium!" How you stumble through the didactic, descriptive, the historical, the hortatory, the alarming, the sentimental—poetical fancies and illustrations not only gathered from every object between the "hyssop that grows on the wall," and "The Cedars of Lebanon," but also pertaining to all things "that are in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth."

It is easy to see that by such a process of dilution and dispersion, the true spirit of devotion must be evaporated and lost. We doubt whether more than three hundred true Hymns, really adapted to public worship, can be found in the English language, or in any other tongue of earth; and from our heart we wish there were only one hundred, or even less. All the rest we would cheerfully assign their places in books of poetry, where they properly belong; and from which snug retreat they should never have been dragged forth.

If the evil complained of in this article is to be avoided, here the reformation must begin. Our Hymn-books must be cleansed. Their huge proportions must be cut down to a modest size. Worshipers must be taught in this tangible way that all is not divine song that rhymes, that true Hymns are not a kind of free game that is caught on the wing, and especially that singing to sinners is not worshipping God.

*Le Sommer's Collection of Watts & Rippon. Also the Lutheran, Baptist and Methodist Hymn Books. Also Beecher's Collection, *IN GENUS OMNE*.

THE whole of summer is at work, not merely to make leaves and flowers and fruit, but just as soon as the leaf is largely formed, it begins also to make the bud for the next year. That bud is for the next year's blossoming, not this. So your whole life is forming the bud and seed to be developed in *another life*. Of what kind is it?

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

Written on the death of Miss Anna Reichard, daughter of Daniel Reichard, Esq.,
of Ringgold's Manor, Maryland.

BY GINOSKO.

'Twas on a calm autumnal morn, just as
The blushing dawn is wedded unto day,
That round the bed of one who smiling lay
Upon the brink of death's resistless stream,
A group of mourners clustering stood, and kissed
Her faded lips, and poured into her heart
The balm that from the wounds of Jesus flows.

A loving mother's heart in agony
Poured forth her earnest, mourning prayers to God,
To stay her cherished darling on the earth;
A weeping father bent his knees to plead
With Heaven's High Judge to change the dread decree:
Around her couch, and o'er her wasted form,
Sweet sisters hung, and brothers dear as life,
As if with tears and prayers, and quenchless love,
To shield their treasure from the fatal dart.
But ah! the Monarch of the Tomb had touched
The purple fountain of her loving heart,
And stamped his pallid ensign on her brow.

The sympathizing healer's art, and tears,
And prayers of weeping friends could not avail.
Still higher rose the tide of death's dark flood,
And o'er the "golden bowl" so soon to break,
Its fearful, cold, and surging billows rolled.
But deep within life's wonderful domain
The vital spark imbedded lay, and strove
To keep at bay the unrelenting foe.
Still grew the eye more dim, the voice more faint,
More chill the breath, when, like a breeze that o'er
The dying taper wings its way, her soul
Was by the beam divine exhaled, her pulse
Of life stood still, and, sweetly as the dawn
Into the light and rosy morning fades,
So, in the hands of waiting Angels, which
Around her dying couch their vigils kept,
She breathed herself away without a sigh.
More closely round the bed the weepers drew,
With grief that might an Angel move to tears,
While on a form of soulless clay they gazed.

O Death! what havoc hast thou made, and with
Thy blighting shadow cast around our home
A pall of gloom, and with thy fatal wand

To wormwood turned our cup of fireside joy.
 Couldst thou not summon to thy cold embrace
 The weary, worn, and homesick saint, whose sun
 Of life was verging on the night of age,
 And leave our household flower to bloom awhile
 In all her loveliness beside our hearth?
 Be still, my aching heart, and kiss the rod
 That Mercy's hand upon thee lays for good.
 Our darling, although dead, lives but the more.
 The radiant king of light and warmth can draw
 The water-lily from its slimy bed,
 And its beauties to the eye of day unfold:
 The vernal flowers start from their lowly beds,
 To kiss the beams that paint their virgin lips;
 So, from the darkness of the lonely tomb,
 Shall spring to deathless beauty, life and bloom,
 Our loved and lost, now crumbling into dust,
 And bathe in glory's uncreated Fount.

The burial clay lies thick upon the lips
 We kissed so oft, when yet transfused with life;
 No more our hearts with joy shall swell to see
 Her angel-smile, and hear her lute-like voice.
 But holy memories remain which thrill
 The soul with bliss akin to that above.
 A little while, and all that stood around
 That couch where Life the laurel won, shall pass
 The mystic veil that hangs o'er Jordan's waves,
 And hides the scenes of bliss from mortal sight.

A few more weary days of sighs and tears,
 And then, with raptures such as Angels feel,
 We hope to meet our loved one in the skies,
 And range through glory's fadeless bowers, and from
 The Crystal Spring of Life forever drink.

UNION DEPOSIT, Dauphin county, Pa.

A T T H E C R O S S .

DR. HOGG has beautifully said: Calvary is a little hill to the eye, but it is the only spot on earth that touches heaven. The Cross is foolishness to human reason, and a stumbling-block to human righteousness; but there only do Mercy and Truth meet together, and Righteousness and Peace kiss each other. Jesus Christ was a man of low condition, and died a death of shame on an accursed tree; but there is salvation with no other. There is no mercy-seat in the universe but at his feet. But lying there, we shall not only be excepted, but shall not lack some gracious word from his lips. There the broken heart shall hear its best music—a still small voice, it may be, but God will be in the voice, and the contrite spirit shall be revived.

GATHERING FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

THE tender and innocent Therse had spent the greater part of the spring season on a sick bed. When she at length grew better, and her strength returned, she began to speak of the flowers. She asked whether they bloomed so beautifully as the previous year; for she loved flowers very much, though she could not now go out to gather them.

Then Erich, the sick girl's brother, took a basket and said privately to his mother: "I will bring her the most beautiful flowers to be found in the meadows and fields."

Then for the first time he went forth to the fields, for as long as Therse was confined to her bed he would not leave her alone. Now he thought that the spring-time had never before been so lovely; *for he saw and enjoyed it with a pious and loving heart.*

Up hill, over hill, and down hill, wandered the happy youth. Around him sang the nightingales, buzzed the bees, fluttered the summer birds, and at his feet bloomed the loveliest flowers. He went on, and sang, and leaped from hill oak to hill oak, and from one flower to another. His spirit was as mild as the blue heaven above him, and his eyes sparkled like a fountain that gushes out between rocks.

At length his basket was filled with the most beautiful flowers; and on top of them lay a string of field berries, hung like pearls to a stem of long grass. With a smile of satisfaction the happy youth cast a glance at his well-filled basket, as he laid himself down upon the soft bed of moss in the shade of a spreading oak. Here he viewed with delightful composure the beautiful country as it spread out before him in the glory of spring, and listened to the pleasant responsive songs of the nightingales.

But he had wearied himself with delights. Even the jubulations of the fields, and the song of the birds, made him drowsy, and he slept.

Thus he lay beside his flower-filled basket—*himself a living symbol of sensible pleasure, the indulgence of which had exhausted him, and had already faded away.*

Peacefully slumbered the pleasant youth. Behold! there arose in the heavens a fearful storm. The lightning blazed, and the voice of thunder sounded even nearer and louder. Suddenly the wind began to roar in the limb of the oak over him. Then the youth, struck with alarm, awoke. All around he saw the sky covered with threatening clouds. Not a ray of the sun illumined the fields. A severe stroke of thunder immediately succeeded his awaking. The poor youth stood like one stunned before this sudden change!

Son of joy, are you more secure on your path of pleasure?

Now heavy drops of rain began to rustle through the leaves of the

oak. Then the frightened youth snatched up his basket hastily, and fled. The thunder storm was already over his head. Rain and storm had the mastery, and the thunder rolled fearfully. The water dripped from his locks, and ran down over his shoulders. He was scarcely able to proceed on his way. Suddenly a fierce gust of wind caught the basket in his hand, and scattered the flowers which he had gathered with so much care, far and wide over the field.

Then his countenance changed, and with angry violence he flung the empty basket upon the earth at his feet. Weeping aloud, and thoroughly wet he reached at length the house of his parents.

Wise son of earth, is your discouragement and the character of your anger lovelier, when a wish is denied you, or one of your plans frustrated?

Presently the storm subsided, and the sky became clear once more. The birds began anew their songs, and the farmer went forth again to his labor. The air had become purer and cooler, and sweet peace rested in the valleys and on the hills. Life and fragrance gladdened the newly watered fields. All things seemed renewed and rejuvenated, as if nature had just come forth from the hands of its creator; and the owners of the fields looked up to the receding clouds which had brought blessing and fruitfulness upon them.

Storms purify the air; and from dark clouds descend the blessing of heaven. Suffering and conflict cultivate the spirit of the son of earth, that he may bring forth in himself the fruit of glorification.

Anon the serene heaven invited the affrighted youth anew to the fields. Ashamed of his angry demonstrations, he went out in silence to seek his basket and to fill it again with flowers. He, too, felt himself refreshed. The breath of the cooling air, the fragrance of the fields, the leaves of the trees, the music of the woods, all seemed doubly beautiful to him after the refreshing rain. And the reproving consciousness of his foolish and unrighteous anger served to make his joy more calm and modest.

The joys of earth need the spice of severe changes to preserve and ennoble them. A proof of their earthly nature!

Still had the basket lain at the side of the hill. A blackberry bush had caught it, and held it against the force of the wind. The fields glittered like a starry heaven. The rain had called out a thousand fresh blossoms, opened a thousand new buds, and pearly drops hung upon the leaves. Erich flew hither and thither like a busy bee, and gathered flowers.

Then the sun began to draw towards its setting, and the joyful youth hastened home with his basket full of flowers. How his treasure of flowers, and the pearly garland of newly gathered berries, rejoiced his heart! The setting sun poured its mellow light upon his happy countenance, as he strolled toward his home. But his eyes glistened with still greater joy, as he received the thanks and saw the happiness which he had brought to his tender sister.

"Not so," said his mother, "*the happiness which we bring to others is the sweetest of all.*"

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

ARE YOU INSURED?

The old office, which has continued to insure both property and life ever since the days of David, King of Israel, is still issuing "policies" of Insurance to all who will be insured by complying with the conditions. It has never yet suspended, nor become unable to meet its liabilities. It insures on the following terms:

"TRUST IN THE LORD, AND DO GOOD; SO SHALT THOU DWELL IN THE LAND, AND VERILY THOU SHALT BE FED."—Ps. 37: 3.

If any one is anxious also to provide for his children when he is dead, this office is just as safe. We are happy to announce that its "policies" meet this laudable desire, as may be seen from the following testimony of one who was insured in this office. Read! Read!

"I HAVE BEEN YOUNG, AND NOW AM OLD; YET HAVE I NOT SEEN THE RIGHT-EOUS FORSAKEN, NOR HIS SEED BEGGING BREAD."—David, King of Israel.

We feel the more free to recommend this ancient Insurance office, since modern ones seem to prove so very unreliable. Take the following morsel of news on this point just furnished by the papers, together with its classic caption.

"GONE TO GRASS."—Several "saving funds" institutions and insurance companies have recently collapsed in Philadelphia—among the number, "The Pennsylvania Safety," "The State Saving Fund," "The Quaker City Insurance Company," "The Spring Garden Saving Fund," "The Seamen's Saving Fund," and "The Eastern Insurance Company."

Only these few in one city. Is that all! It is said that riches take to themselves wings and fly away; and it seems they do this even when they are "insured." The above beautiful string would make an excellent tail to this wind kite! Just think of the thousands of thousands of hard earned money, which month after month is paid into this bag of holes! We have heretofore frequently spoken out on Insurance,

especially "Life Insurance." Does the above confirm our views? Let every one enjoy his own opinion; as for us, we are insured in the office first above mentioned, and we recommend it as safe to all our friends.

"MEANNESS."

Under this somewhat pointed heading the Editor of "The Israelite" delivers a brief homily unto his readers on a point in morality. In quoting his observation "we do not of course suppose," as the modest preacher said, "that the characters described are to be found in our audience." Hear how he lays the rod on their guilty consciences—"It is certainly mean enough for men stopping a paper not even to inform the publisher that the paper is wanted no longer, but to let it lie in the Post Office, until notice in this way, sometimes six months afterwards, reaches the publisher; but the EMINENCE OF MEANNESS is certainly to stop a paper, or to move away without due notice—WITHOUT PAYING FOR THE PAPER! This is theft, in the very same sense as if stolen in any other way from the pocket of the proprietor." In our view the moral ideas of this "Israelite" will also answer for christians. We believe there was a subscriber of the Guardian long, long ago, living far, far away, who was guilty of this immorality; but we suppose he has found his way to the penitentiary long ago! All the rest of our subscribers were so thoroughly disgusted with his meanness, that they have all resolved not to be influenced by his bad example.

THREE DANGERS.

"There are three things," said the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, "to be avoided through life. When a man is young, let him beware of his appetite; when middle aged, of his passions, and when old, of covetousness especially."

TIME.

What is it? Philosophers cannot tell. It eludes all endeavors of mind to comprehend it; and it is intangible to all the senses. Yet how much depends on it! How its proper use may bless us; and how its abuse may curse us. Childhood does not appreciate it. Youth is impatient of its slow movements. Middle life has but half of it left; and old age often learns to know its value only amid the sad regrets that it is gone forever. It waits for no one, turns back for no one, pities no one's mistakes. No tears of regret can wash out the footprints it has once made; and no sacrifice of sorrow can atone for the folly of spending it in vain.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

Some one has beautifully said: Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought or feeling at a time, adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

DER VELORENE SOHN. The Lost Son. In four discourses founded on Luke xv: 11—32; by D. F. Brendel, M. A., Minister at Farmersville, &c., Philadelphia. Printed by King and Baird, 607 Sansom-st., pp. 148.

This gives an exposition in the German language of the beautiful Parable of the Prodigal Son. The work is designed by the Author to be popular and practical rather than theological and critical. The doctrinal points involved in the Parable are, however, not overlooked; and are generally well brought out, and earnestly applied. The style is plain and popular, and often beautiful in its simplicity—a feature which adapts the work admirably to the case of American German readers, of which there is still a large number in Eastern Pennsylvania. We hope this little work of Mr. Brendel may go into every family where German is still in use, and be the means, not only of restoring prodigal sons who have wandered,

but also to prevent such as are still standing in their christian integrity from leaving the family and household of faith for the starvation and rags which the world always gives those who seek their happiness in its service. The mechanical execution of the work is decidedly the finest we have yet seen in an American German Book.

THE ISRAELITE INDEED:

This is a Monthly Magazine, edited by G. R. Lederer, and "published by an Association of Hebrew Christians in the U. S. of America." Its object is to present and defend christianity from the historic Hebrew point of view, maintaining that Christianity is the only TRUE Judaism of Moses and the Prophets; and its aim is to labor for the conversion of the Jews to the true Messiah, Jesus Christ. It is ably conducted, and well worthy of patronage. \$1 per year. Address Editors of the "Israelite Indeed," No. 234 East 10th st., New York.

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1861

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THE GUARDIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

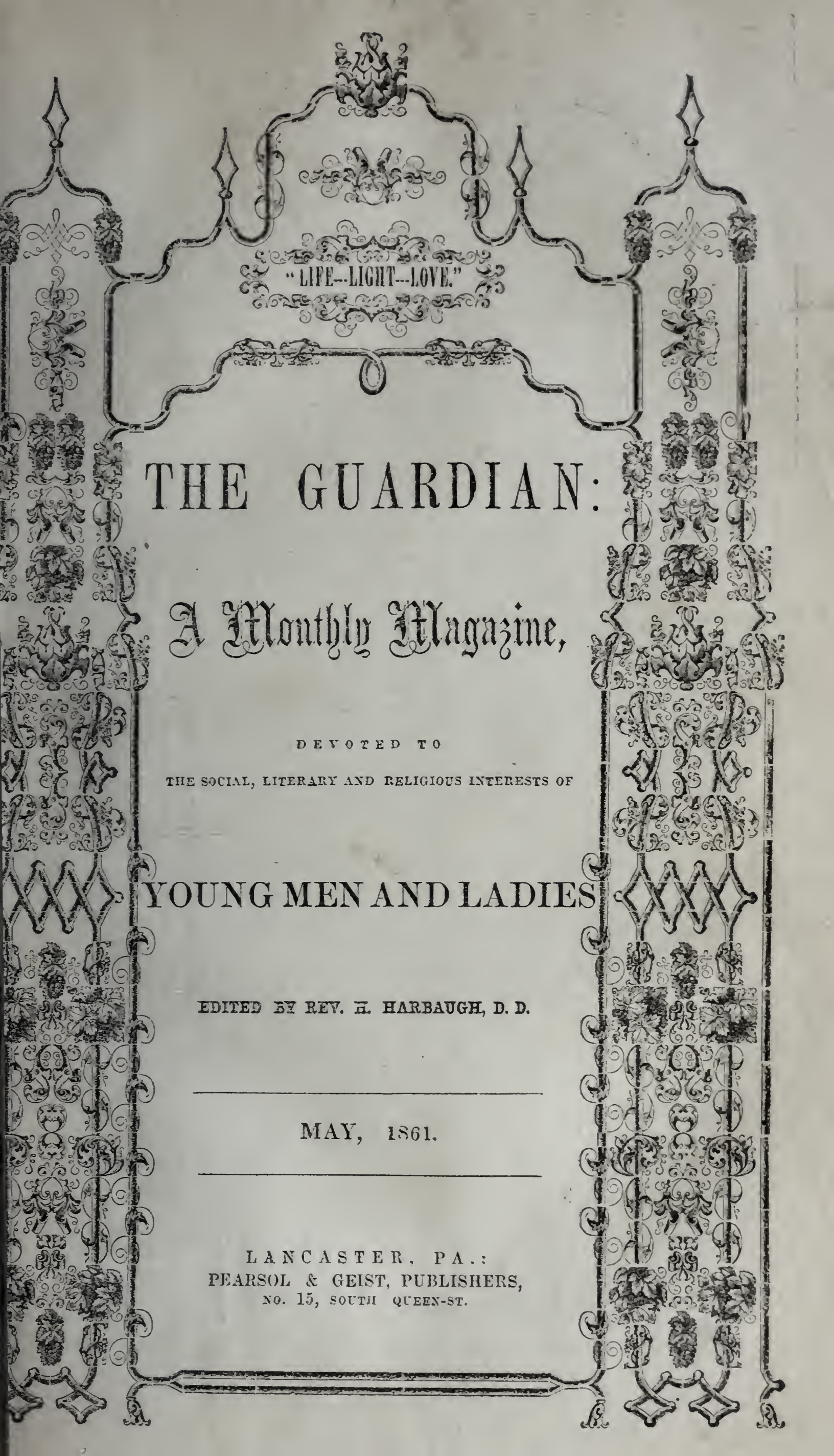
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"LIFE--LIGHT--LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE MAY NUMBER.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. THE GRACES. BY THE EDITOR..... | 129 |
| 2. 'TIS THE HEART THAT MAKES THE HOME. (Poetry.).. | 137 |
| 3. THE OLD TURNPIKE ROAD. BY THE EDITOR..... | 138 |
| 4. A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG..... | 141 |
| 5. "AND THEN." | 142 |
| 6. INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS..... | 142 |
| 7. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 143 |
| 8. THE SLEEP OF GOD'S BELOVED. BY THE EDITOR..... | 146 |
| 9. A DREAM. (Poetry.)..... | 153 |
| 10. THE BOY OF SOLENHOF..... | 154 |
| 11. THE TWO SUNS—AN ANALOGUE..... | 158 |
| 12. IT IS FINISHED. (Poetry.)..... | 158 |
| 13. WOMEN OF THE BIBLE..... | 159 |
| 14. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 159 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|------------------------------|------|
| VOL. VI. | | Eliz. J. Rhinesmith..... | 1 |
| Welden E. Smith..... | \$1 | Wm. Buckley..... | 1 |
| VOL. VII. | | Jacob Bernheisel..... | 1 |
| Henry Martz..... | \$1 | VOL. XII. | |
| Welden E. Smith..... | 1 | Lydia G. Frantz..... | \$1 |
| VOL. VIII. | | Mary Wissler..... | 1 |
| Lydia G. Frantz..... | \$1 | Susan Cort..... | 1 |
| Miss Hennie Killough..... | 1 | Mrs. B. Myer..... | 1 |
| Henry Martz..... | 1 | Rev. T. Calvin Leinbach..... | 1 |
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| VOL. IX. | | Edw. J. Zahm..... | 1 |
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| Miss Hennie Killough..... | 1 | Jacob S. Fogle..... | 1 |
| Henry Martz..... | 1 | Henry Bowman..... | 1 |
| Welden E. Smith..... | 1 | Philip Meyer..... | 1 |
| Wilson J. Linn..... | 1 | Rev. W. Groh..... | 1 |
| VOL. X. | | Margaret Neidig..... | 1 |
| Lydia G. Frantz..... | \$1 | N. H. Loose..... | 1 |
| Miss Hennie Killough..... | 1 | Welden E. Smith..... | 1.33 |
| Henry Martz..... | 1 | Wm. Buckley..... | 1 |
| Welden E. Smith..... | 1 | E. S. Sheip..... | 1 |
| Wm. Buckley..... | 1 | L. C. Sheip..... | 1 |
| VOL. XI. | | Jemima Ritter..... | |
| Lydia G. Frantz..... | \$1 | Sarah Ann Leibes..... | |
| Miss Hennie Killough..... | 1 | Jno. B. Linn, jr..... | |
| Edw. J. Zahm..... | 1 | J. Merrill Linn..... | |
| Henry Martz..... | 1 | VOL. XII. | |
| Philip Meyer..... | 1 | Francis Wilson..... | |

The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—MAY, 1861.—NO. 5.

THE GRACES; OR, THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE USEFUL.*

BY THE EDITOR.

IF it be so that we really have a subject on which to address you this evening, it will perhaps appear that we are pleading for the Beautiful as an element in education—its supremacy over the merely useful—and the true relation of the one to the other. To do this we may also have to show how the Graces of the Cross have exorcised the Graces of the Greeks: and how this same work must still be carried forward in all truly christian seminaries.

There is, in truth, no conflict between the Useful and Beautiful. In their deepest ground they are one. If the useful be as the earnest face, the beautiful is as the cheerful smile upon it. If the useful be as the warm power of the sun which calls forth the herb, and the fruit, and the grain on which we feed, the beautiful is as the pencils of lovely light in the same sun, by which the herb is painted in smiling green, the fruit preceded and ushered in by the lovely blossom, and the ripe grain heralded by the rich glory of the golden harvest.

Every where, and in all things, God has connected the beautiful with the useful. Has He set lights in the firmament to divide the day from the night, and that they might be for signs and for seasons, and for days, and years, He has at the same time given them a glory and a beauty which have in all ages delighted and charmed the eyes and hearts of men. Has he made birds and fishes good for food. He has also given to the first, shining wings and heavenly songs, and to the last golden fins that glitter in the sparkling sea. Did He place into Paradise every

*An Address delivered at the close of the Allentown Seminary, on Wednesday Evening, April 3rd, 1861.

tree "good for food," He also caused to grow there "every tree that is pleasant to the sight."

We take it as a significant fact that, in the history of Paradise, the trees pleasant to the sight are first mentioned, and then those last that are good for food. In the holy state of man, the beautiful was of the first importance, the useful a secondary interest. This is their true normal relation. The beautiful is related to the positive, the useful to the negative—the beautiful ministers to a measure of existing perfection, the useful implies existing want—the beautiful is for the higher, the useful for the lower side of our nature.

Our Saviour has acknowledged the supremacy of the beautiful over the useful, in that touching æsthetical scene at Bethany, where Mary anointed His sacred feet. It was claimed that the precious ointment might have been turned to useful account in behalf of the poor. So it might. The poor have claims. Christ does not deny their claims. Ye have them always with you, and many opportunities will you have to make your charities useful to them. But me ye have not always. Besides, it is this lesson of love, that will teach you love to me, and then love to the poor. Behold the holy haste of love! See how, impatient of delay, it breaks the beautiful alabaster box. See how the ointment "very costly" flows in profusion over those sacred feet! See how nothing is precious or valuable in the presence of Christ! See how love offers. See how nothing is costly to love. See how it breaks what it cannot quickly open. See how beautiful is love. Learn in this beautiful scene its beauty, and the poor shall not want. There are many who, like Judas, that thievish pleader for the useful, care not for the poor, but for the bag. This shall teach such in all ages, how to love, and how to offer the sacrifice of love. The temporary relief which the poor of that day would have received—would they have received it if it had gone into the bag?—would have been as nothing compared with what they shall receive in all ages future as the fruit of this example of beautiful love. How will hearts open and the poor profit when "wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, this that this woman hath done shall be told for a memorial of her."

God has joined the Beautiful and the Useful—putting the beautiful first in order, and highest in importance. In so far as they have been sundered, or their order reversed, Sin is responsible for the evil. Scarcely has the fall taken place when this evil begins. In Paradise, beside the growths of the soil which furnish food are the growths pleasant to the sight. After the fall, wherever man cultivates growths of the soil for bread, hateful "thorns and thistles" grow up beside; now no more ornaments but enemies. The ground cursed, man doomed to toil, temporal wants pressing, and the beautiful deformed by sin, the hard lot of man, under the penalty of sin, is a slavish bondage to the useful. The sweat of his face dims the glorious vision of the eye. The glory has passed away from the earth. Instead of eating at leisure what grows of itself, he eats in sorrow what he has nursed in pain. Instead of merely keeping and dressing a paradise, he weeds and wearies on a soil accursed. Instead of a prince of the beautiful, he is now a slave to the useful.

This story of the fall is a prophecy for the world. This first chap-

ter in man's history is repeated in every subsequent one. As sin has made man a slave to the useful, he has learned to love his master. While the penalty of sin has made him toil for the useful, the power of sin has at the same time wrought to make him sensual, selfish, earthly; so that if in any case he reaches wealth beyond his wants, he adds miserliness to his misery. Instead of pursuing the useful as a means, he pursues it as an end. Making an end of what is only designed as means, he becomes mean in the pursuit of means, and sees nothing beautiful beyond what ministers to his degraded lust of means and money.

What then is his idea of education and cultivation? The useful. The mind is a means to get money; money is not a means to be used in the cultivation of mind. Whatever brings money is useful; whatever costs money is evil. A little writing, a little reading, a little cyphering is necessary—and cheap. But the higher branches—painting, music, all the finer arts, all the beautiful sciences, which a man can neither eat nor drink, nor sell—what are they good for? It is all money thrown away!

Such men would much rather have a big strong horse than an educated child—would rather have stock in bank than stock in the heads of their children—would rather see their children hoe another potatoe patch than study another book. They say, mules are more useful than music; pigs are better than pictures. They say give us little books and big bake-ovens—little learning and large ledgers—big barns and little seminaries.

To such results are we necessarily and consistently brought, by carrying out the principle, that the useful is the first and most important interest of life—a principle false in its position, and debasing in its tendency.

From such selfish and sordid views and practices men must be redeemed. And since sin has wrought the disorder which subordinates the beautiful to the useful, it is easy to come to the conclusion that christianity, and a truly christian education and culture alone can restore them to their normal relation.

This, then, is the true idea of christian education. It looks to the beautiful—it seeks to cultivate taste and love for the beautiful. It seeks to form the entire life after the model of the beautiful. It seeks to adorn the spirit with the beauty of holiness, the entire mind with the beautiful light of intelligence, and the entire conduct of the body with the beauty of gracefulness.

A culture that would realize this idea must be distinctively christian; because only in christianity is the truly beautiful realized. It has been attempted outside of christianity, both in ancient and in modern times to realize the true conception of the beautiful. Let us see with what success.

The ancient Greeks, after their own sense of it, held the beautiful as the highest end. They cultivated—they worshipped the beautiful. That which they regarded as the highset embodiment of the beautiful, was the *human*, more especially the human *form*. This ideal of the beautiful they embodied and deified in the triune divinity of the Graces, the æsthetical symbol of the beautiful.

Among all their divinities, none were more highly honored or more sincerely worshipped than the Graces. Their empire was over all.

These mythological beings are represented as three in number, beautiful virgins, sisters in the bloom of life. With arms intertwined, and dancing, they embrace each other, while in one hand they bear—according as they are attending one or another of the Gods—musical instruments for Apollo, and for Venus, myrtle, roses, or dice.

These Graces were an authentic embodiment of all that is beautiful in the physical creation and in social life, in nature and in art.

Liberality, eloquence, wisdom, were their gifts. They were the patronesses of poets, musicians, painters and sculptors. They were summoned to bestow simplicity of manners, graceful deportment, gaiety of disposition, and were regarded as cultivating all the amenities which render human intercourse pleasant, such as gratitude and kindness. They presided over the banquet and the dance, inspiring festive joy, happiness and mirth. Spenser sums up all kindly offices of the Graces, thus :

“ These three on men all gracious gifts bestow
Which deck the body or adorn the mind,
They make them lovely or well-favored show ;
As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet semblance, friendly offices that bind,
And all the complements of courtesy ;
They teach us how to each degree and kind
We should ourselves demean, to low, to high,
To friends, to foes ; which still men call civility.”

The names of these Graces were Euphrosyne, Aglia, and Thalia. From their character we must learn what were the ideas of the Beautiful which possessed the minds of their votaries. In this the names they bear will greatly aid us. It has been truly said, that “ every discussion about a thing will best proceed from an investigation of the name or names which it bears : for the name ever seizes and presents the most distinctive features of the thing, embodying them for us in a word. In the name we have the true declaration of the innermost nature of the thing.” What then are the conceptions of the beautiful as it lies in its roots under these names of the Graces ?

Euphrosyne, means joy, cheerfulness, gaiety ; and these particularly as associated with, and cultivated by, the feast and banquet. Here we have then the joy of the senses, the cheerfulness and hilarity of festive occasions. Aglaia, means splendor, magnificence, pomp, state, ornament, show : outward beauty, the decorations of dress which give outward advantageous appearance ; external display of dress, pride, especially in connection with festivities : it means even that air of triumph in festive display which expresses itself in arrogance and insolent self-satisfaction, as if glorying in its own good fortune.

Thalia, means pleasures in the sense of flourishing, blooming prosperity—the full, flushed delight of the feast and banquet.

Summing up the sense of these Graces they represent splendor, joy, pleasure, that are : First, merely *outward* ; secondly, merely *occasional* ; thirdly, merely *sensuous*. All is in the sphere of nature, the cosmos, the sensual—even though this be in its highest earthly sense. The joy of these Graces is, after all, the intoxicated ecstasy of high wrought

occasions; their splendor is the gilding and glitter of variety; their pleasure is merely as the flowers and wreaths of the festival which fade and pass away with the occasion that called them forth. Lying on the broad bosom of nature, and listening to all its musical echoes, feeling all its pulses of sensuous bliss, lifting up his revelling heart in worship to his highest and most refined æsthetics, and opening his sensitive heart to the most impressive ministrations of its etherialized and deified powers, the sensitive Greek made himself the mere echo surface of nature, and regarded that as the highest cultivation which gave him the fullest power of receiving and giving forth its harmonies, and the sensuous bliss of its sensuous life.

How greatly should we err, therefore, by seeing in the three virgin Graces of the Greeks the symbol and representative of a high order of female culture. Of this even the Greek scarcely dreamed. These Graces, instead of holding up the ideal of female perfection, and being the patron goddesses of female culture, stood only as a miserable mockery of female culture and refinement. Not over elevated female life, but over its general neglect, if not systematic degradation, was the sceptre of the Graces extended. All around them, in hut and villa, wide as the Greek social empire extended, lay oppressed, neglected, ignorant, degraded and suffering woman.

Their annals are sure and swift witnesses against them in this regard. Homer is rich in his mention of the greatness and virtue of men; but how little of compliment has he to women. The love of his heroes toward woman is purely sensual nature; and theirs in return is slavish. With him the wife is a servant or appendage of man.

When the Greeks praise woman it is on account of physical beauty—and its longest preservation is her greatest commendation in his eyes. She was regarded as a kind of necessary evil. Up-stairs was her dominion; scolding mistress over slaves and children, her office—with these she found her duties, and in them her associates. She was without any culture, except her instruction to keep the house in order and to obey the man. She was a mere means to an end. In Athens she was declared for life a minor. She was subject to her own son as soon as he was of age. The whole story of her degradation is told in the single fact, that the Greek never speaks of his “wife and children,” but always of his “children and wife.”

So far from elevating and educating virtuous daughters to fit them for future wives and mothers, these were wholly neglected as to their education. But those destined as courtezans were systematically educated. They attended the lectures of philosophers; they had all the facilities and advantages of education furnished them; they were prepared to be the intellectually refined and intelligently interesting associates of the æsthetico-sensual Greek!

Under such a degrading system of artificial society, under the keen injuries which it inflicted, lived the injured and degraded daughters and wives of the white-washed votaries of the graces. No wonder that Homer represents the Greek woman of his time as cunning, crafty, morose, despairing, and under the dominion of degrading passion. No wonder that in general, they are described by their writers, as envious, dissatisfied, maliciously given to underhanded slanders and impudent boldness.

The virtuous instincts, the native modesty, the intuitive sense of nobility which dwells in woman, as long as any gleams of the divine image are in her soul, will not allow her the mere passive submission of a beastly slavery. Injured and neglected, she first feared and then hated her oppressor. Having no reliance on his respectful consideration, and no access to him by the way of affection, she sought to make good her own independence, and to maintain her imperiled rights by strategem and craft. Such was—we cannot say the culture—but such was the absence of all proper culture, and the consequent degradation of woman among the Greeks, under the imaginary reign of the Graces.

We have just seen that the votaries of the Graces, with these semi-divine ideals of the beautiful before them, were under the power of a civilization that did not, could not elevate woman. It is not necessary for me to show historically, what is well known and granted, that this has been the case generally, outside of christianity, in all ages and in all lands.

Before the victories of christianity the pagan Graces vanished, with revelling Bacchus and the sensual Venus, of whom they were said to have been the offspring. Their temples of Elis, Delphos, Perga, Perinthus, and Byzantium, became desolate; and a new power for the elevation of female life, began its glorious reign. Other graces were enthroned; not a continuation, not an improvement of the three sister divinities of Hellas, not children of a Bacchus and a Venus, but Graces divinely born of Jesus Christ; not Euphrosyne, Aglia, and Thalia, but Faith, Hope, and Charity, beautifully symbolized in christian æsthetics by the Cross, the Anchor, and the wounded Heart!

The childish things of paganism have been tried, found wanting, and have passed away; “and now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three.

Not those of the Greeks, but these christian graces must undefile, animate and reign over all true education. The cross is the true symbol of all illumination. Calvary is no cloud-covered Olympus. Its crowning symbol is no crescent that shines in a borrowed light; it bears, with open face and extended arms, the light of the world. Through all ages since, the cross, arched with its rainbow ariole, has been the standard of ever advancing intellectual as well as moral and spiritual elevation, and of all social culture and refinement.

Unlike the Graces of the Greeks, the cross represents that, not in nature, not in the flow, and use, and enjoyment of earthly sensuous bliss is the highest end of æsthetic culture to be attained; but by a crucifixion to the world, by a breaking through it, by a victory of faith over it, and by a life above it. It teaches that by a higher life than nature is this life truly glorified; that by a higher light must it be shone upon to be truly beautified; and that all the harmonies and accords which make social relations pleasant, have sounded down into it from higher spheres.

What would the natural world be without the bright, glorious heavens bending over—without the constant, silent baptism and blessing which descend upon this low earth from its sun, moon, and stars, clouds, and dewy air? Green grass, blooming flowers, glorious trees, singing birds—all—all would be wanting; and colorless, soundless, joyless desolation would soon and surely ensue. In like manner is the world of mind de-

pendent upon the higher world of grace. All education from beneath up, without being met by powers from heaven down, is a wild growth that can but exhaust itself and nothing more. It can neither come to its proper bloom or fruit, and like all nature, must sink back again upon the bosom of that nature which gave it birth, only to repeat again, in some other form, its ceaseless cycles of vanity and failure.

The first activities, deepest needs of the human spirit, are those by which it rests back and adheres to God its source of life, joy, love, and peace. This resting back, this offering of the spirit to God must be after the manner of the cross—not by a leaning away from God toward the bosom of nature and the world, but by a crucifixion to the world, and a sacrifice of self to Him, which, with lips wet with the vinegar and the gall, says: “Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Does education look to the beautiful as its highest end? Faith is the mother of the beautiful, because it is the mother of purity. Sin is the ugly. Holiness is the beautiful. If we may conceive of cherubs together in “heavenly pastures on the hills of God,” can they, do they, seem to us as beautiful there as when we think of them with veiled face bending before the throne and the Lamb, humbly acknowledging life in its true source, and seeking their bliss in the smiles of God! Does the history of the world present a group of beauty like that of John, and the Mary’s around the cross! In vain have sculptors, painters and poets endeavored to exhaust its æsthetical richness. That group is the cluster of faith: and that which they look up to is the symbol of faith—the cross! The cross, once the symbol of deepest shame, now the symbol of the truest glory. Politest Greece has not been able even to conceive, much less to produce, such a group. Look at the gilded, gaudy, flaunting votaries of the Graces, at their richest banquet, and compare them with these principles of the beautiful which the cross has gathered around itself. Beautiful is christian Faith!

The anchor, as the symbol of Hope, points us in the same direction. Hope, like Faith, looks up. The anchor is fastened in the higher life, inside the veil. The anchor is not designed to help the Spirit to float on with the natural roll and current of earthly life, but to break and arrest its power. It is to contradict the natural tendency. It is a principle of stability amid change; firm conservation amid the power of vanity. It is the cheering, animating, joy-giving element in the life of the soul; but its allurements are not like those of the Greek Graces toward an earthly, sensuous festival. Hope is no daughter of Bacchus and Venus. Hope feeds not on earthly dainties—does not chase the butterflies of a bright summer day; does not seek to reach the foot of the rainbow to find the earth covered with jewels. Hope is the joy wakened in the heart by the smiles of a heavenly greeting. It allures to higher, not to lower joys. It is not the froth of sensual life, but the bloom of spiritual life. Like a sun from above, it sheds down its illuminations on all the darkness of earthly life, and adorns every cloud that floats between the spirit and its true home, with its silvery lining. It touches and gilds every wave, over which the anchored spirit rolls in the sea of life, with the soft white glory of those serene heavens, in which its bark is anchored, against which the last wave will beat in vain, and unto which it will, in due time, be safely lifted.

The Greek Graces may promise indulgence and transitory, unsatisfactory, sensuous extasy; but Hope promises redemption from the empty fascinations of the natural and ultimate glorification in the world of the beautiful and the permanent. This grace must be the animating principle of all true culture. Beautiful is christian Hope!

Greater than both these Graces, Faith and Hope, as the flower and fruit of both, is Charity. Wonder not that its symbol is the pierced Heart! Like the others—like all that is great and good—it goes the way of crucifixion. There is a degrading love which seeks what is beneath it; there is a merely human natural love which embraces what is on a common level with it; but there is also a divine love, which setting aside both these, counting them if need be but loss, lifts its face to Heaven to be illuminated from above. This is the divine and excellent gift of charity—the love which is not of nature but of grace—the love which heavenly love begets. As Christ Himself attained to the highest glory of love by the wounds of the cross, so does this highest love reach its true consummation by the crucifixion of earth, and self, and sense. Only the transfixed heart can send forth the true life of love. Hence its true symbol is the pierced heart! Beautiful is Christian love!

Behold, thus, how the christian Graces, in their principle, in their development, and in their end, stand in flat contradiction to the Graces of the Greeks. The first are heavenly and lead upward; the last are earthly and drag their votaries downward.

These are the Graces which produce and reign over all the amenities of life. These are the true embodiment of the beautiful. These give grace of spirit and manner, and render social intercourse pleasant. They teach true civility. They make the true lady, and teach her how to study, speak and act. Faith will give instruction in dignity, self-possession, humility, quietness, modesty. Hope will teach patience, cheerfulness, and aspirations for the high and the good. Love will teach meekness, kindness, gentleness, grace, and every attractive quality.

Above all, these graces will cloth the female character with all these ornaments, not as outwardly put on, but as inwrought in the inner life of a beautiful spirit, glorifying all their outward activities as by a light shining from the soul itself.

Here then is the conclusion of the whole matter: Christianity must lie as the basis and beginning of all education. To this, as the highest and only true representative of the Beautiful, it must look as its only ultimate end, and not to the world, as the sordid end of the useful. It must cultivate the divine graces of the cross, not those myths of Hellas. If education look not thus high, its best ornaments will be but as the gilded coverings of a bubble. It may have the gift of plausible prophecy; it may seem to understand all mysteries of science; it may speak with tongues of men and angels, yet it is nothing better than the vain noise of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Watchfulness is wakefulness, in opposition to sleep; attentiveness, in opposition to neglect; and perceptiveness, in opposition to stupidity.

'TIS THE HEART THAT MAKES THE HOME.

You praise the Homes of England, and your earnest glance is bent
On a cottage that you deem to be the cottage of content ;
Around the porch how lovingly the rich red roses cling,
How sweetly 'mid the orchard-trees the birds in concert sing !
You picture the fond husband, and the fair and gentle wife,
But do you boast a magic glass to view their inner life ?
If storms of angry strife assail that scene of light and bloom,
Vain is its sylvan beauty—'tis the heart that makes the home.

Anon we journey on our way—the air blows fresh and free,
Yon goodly dwelling looks upon the deep and boundless sea ;
Well must its owners love, you say, the votive waves to greet,
That cast bright sea-weed and gay shells as tributes at their feet.
But have they gifts of purer kind—of nobler, better worth ?
Does true affection bring its stores to cheer the social hearth ?
If not, their eyes in languor o'er the wonderous sea may roam,
Unheedful of its glories—'tis the heart that makes the home.

The owners of the stately hall that now attracts your sight,
Are welcoming a courtly throng within their walls to-night,
'Tis but a fair "dissolving view" that morn will soon dispel—
Yes, soon the music will be hushed, the guests will say farewell ;
Then, when the household group remain 'mid dying lamps and flowers,
Will they with fevered restlessness recall those festal hours,
Each reading in the others' eyes a tale of weary gloom ?
If so, their gold is worthless—'tis the heart that makes the home.

Come, I will show you happy homes amid the city's din ;
Discord and strife may reign without, but love abides within.
They are not graced with works of art, rare flowers, or warbling birds,
Yet are they rich in pleasant thoughts, kind smiles, and gentle words.
Perchance their inmates may depart another home to find,
Yet will they cast no longing glance on that they leave behind ;
The tranquil spirit of content they feel will surely come
To cheer their future dwelling—'tis the heart that makes the home.

Our home below should typify the home we seek above :
How shall we gain the blessing ? We are told that "God is love :"
Each to the humblest dwelling-place the graces may impart
Of a meek and lowly spirit—of a true and tender heart.
Forbearance, kindness, patience, trust—these, these shall prove our stay
When youth declines, when pleasure palls, when riches pass away ;
And though, beyond our calm abode, we gaze on mists and gloom,
Sweet peace shall shine within it—'tis the heart that makes the home.

"My Father, if by pain
I have been drawn more closely unto Thee,
I bless Thee for the trial, and the loss,
I bless Thee for the suffering and the cross ;
All, all is naught to this eternal gain."

THE OLD TURNPIKE ROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

At the Bridge,
The horses' sudden tramp, the standing planks,
Where passes oft the Conestoga team,
Ringing its own announcement of approach,
With shoulder-shaken bells—a monster wain,
Slow, rumbling, and which oft in winter sends
The shrilly creak from frosty wheels afar.

T. BUCHANAN REED.

Passing along the Old Philadelphia and Pittsburg turnpike a few years ago in a buggy, we stopped at an Inn in the mountains to water our animal. There was the running pump, emptying into a horse trough before the door; there was the sign in its ancient place, but sadly worn by the weather; there was the broad face of Franklin still visible as its ornament, but his cheeks paintlessly pale, and his eyes sadly disfigured by the picking and pelting of many a winter storm; and we have no doubt it mourns more dolefully in the night wind as years steal over it. There was the same old stable, with its large door, parting and opening in the middle; there also were the sheds which furnished additional room to feed horses in busy seasons. In short, all the general features of the place were the same as twenty-five years ago, when neighing horses, loaded wagons, jingling bells, and rattling stages crowded on the busy spot—when the sale of hay, oats, corn, liquor, meals, and a night's rest, poured their comfortable profits into the landlord's coffers.

But while these features of the old Turnpike stand were the same as of old, how sorely changed was the place in other respects. Barn, bar-room, beds and bake-oven, all looked lonely and forsaken. Not only the old wagon-yard, and the once well-trodden spaces round the house, but even the turnpike itself was partly over-grown with grass.

Whilst we were watering our animal the old landlord came to the door.

“A fine running pump, this you have here,” said we.

“Yes; and a fine stand this used to be—as good as any on the road.
—”

At that moment was heard the shrill blast of the car-whistle, and the heavy roll of the train round the edge of the mountain some miles off.

“Do you hear that?” said the landlord with a peculiar shrug of his shoulder. “That is what has worked the mischief with this excellent old stand. All's gone! I can hardly make my bread any more. These railroads are bad th—”

Here he checked himself, and added: “Well, I suppose it must be

so. They are certainly good in many ways; but it has worked badly for me, and for all of us on this road."

We could not but sympathize with the old landlord; and yet, as we heard the train sweep around another mountain in the distance, westward bound, we could scarcely refrain from waving our hat after it and shouting "long live the iron horse!" Many thoughts crowded in on us as we left him and jogged on at the old rate of five mile an hour. Every mile revealed repeated objects of interest along the old grass-grown and forsaken turnpike. We doubt whether the old landlord could have joined us with any pleasure in singing the memorial of T. Buchanan Reed:

Ancient road, that wind'st deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market
Like a stream without a sail.

Standing by thee, I look backward,
And as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish
Like thy whitely tented teams.

Here I stroll away the village,
As in youth's departed morn;
But I miss the crowded coaches,
And the driver's bugle-horn.

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With the wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy wayside tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more,
And the faded sign complaining,
Swings, unnoticed, at the door.

While the old decrepid tollman,
Waiting for the few who pass,
Reads the melancholy story
In the thickly springing grass.

Did we not say, in a previous number of the *Guardian*, that the old turnpike road was fast preparing material for the poets? Are not these stanzas evidence of the truth of our suggestion? They have the ring of the true metal, and they touch that something in us which answers to the voice of years and things gone by. The "whitely tented teams," the driver's "bugle horn," the "orchestra of bells," the "faded sign" the "decrepid tollman," these have all become matters for the muse, and as really suggest poetical sentiment as any relics of the olden time that can be gathered in foreign lands.

Scenes for painters can also be found along the Old Turnpike Road. Would you please us, ye painters! make us a picture of one of those large uncovered stone bridges, with from five to ten arches, entered between sentinel rows of poplars, tall, slim, silent and saint-like. Fill out the other side with two centenary elms, whose branches embrace each other across the road, and on the outside hang pendant into the stream below. Do not forget to put in the picture the thousand names whit-

tled on the boards that roof the sides, by those who have thus borne unconscious witness to the immortality that is in them. Let there be a Conestoga team just leaving the bridge and one just entering, with rows of wagons in the distant back-ground. These may be represented as passing one another going both ways and strangely mixed up with a drove of cattle. Do not fail to put a tavern, with all its appurtenances at either end of the bridge, with a Falstaff looking landlord on the porch, arms akimbo, looking with great satisfaction on the busy scene. If you succeed in getting all this in, you will come very near the ancient reality.

Would you make the picture true to its present reality, leave the wagons and the drove away; let the poplars be full of dead limbs, stunted and shortened and desolated by time; let mulleins grow on the top of the bridge and out from its sides. Preserve the sign posts of the taverns, but by all means leave the signs off. Let the taverns themselves look as if "the last man" lived there, and had no other ambition than to spend his declining years in the midst of congenial decay. You may put in the back-ground a depot and team of cars, and a solitary man running with all his might over the bridge to make time. Just faintly seen in a remote part of the picture you may stretch a sign-board across the turnpike, with the words: "Look out for the Locomotive!" and an old man in a truck wagon driving cautiously toward it.

There are other scenes for the painter to be found along the road; but we must leave some things for the discerning imagination of the reader. We must not however omit a piece of generous and merciful advice. If perchance you should travel along this ancient road, do not as some unamiable persons are prone to do, scold the venerable keeper of the toll-gate, or it may be his widow, reproaching the faithful official for exacting the toll on so rough and neglected a road. The gate-man does the bidding of his superiors, the owners of the road. It is not his duty to mend the road, but only to tax the traveller. That the pleasure of a trip over the rough road does not make amends for the amount of toll paid, is not his fault.

Neither can we allow you to be too severe on the owners of the road. The fact is, it is bad stock! Perhaps they do even spend on it all they gather at the gates, and can'st thou ask more? Thou thyself art not willing to pay in more than thou canst take out in the comfort of travelling; hence, according to the golden rule, ask nothing more of them. In short give profit and loss to the winds. Cultivate good nature; and seek to please thyself with the poetical associations of the Old Turnpike, so shall the pleasant memories of the past, reward thee for all experience of rough realities in the present.

"LET the flowers look upwards in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours;
For dear as the smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

ERNEST had accompanied his father into the vineyards, which were rich with promise for the coming autumn. There he found a honey bee struggling in the web of a large garden spider, which had already opened its fangs to seize upon its prey ; but Ernest set the bee at liberty, and destroyed the glistening snare.

The father, observing what had passed, inquired of his son how he could so lightly esteem the skill and ingenuity of the little artist, as to annihilate its work in a moment. " Did'st thou not see with what beauty and order those slender threads were interwoven ? How could'st thou then be at the same moment so pitiful and yet so hard-hearted ? "

But the boy excused himself, saying ;

" Is there not evil in the spider's art ? for it only tends to destruction, whereas the bee gathered honey and wax within its cell ; so I gave freedom to the bee, and destroyed the spider's web. "

The father was pleased at this decision of a simple child, who saw no beauty in the ingenuity, when its aim was destruction.

" But, " continued the father, " perhaps you have been unjust towards the spider. See how it protects our ripening grapes from the flies and wasps, by means of the net which it weaves around the branches ! "

" Does it do so, " asked the boy, " with the intention of protecting our grapes, or merely that it may satisfy its own thirst for blood ? "

" Truly, " replied the father, " it troubles itself very little about our grapes. "

" Oh ! " said Ernest, " then the good it does can not be worth much : for I heard you say that it is a good will alone which can impart beauty or goodness even to the most useful actions. "

" Very true my boy ; we may be thankful, however, that in the course of nature that which is evil often fosters what is good and useful without intending to do so. "

" Wherefore, " inquired Ernest, " does the spider sit so solitary in its web, whilst the bees live sociably together, and work in union ? Why might not the spiders also make one huge web, and use it in common ? "

" Dear child, " answered his father, " a good object alone can ensure friendly co-operation. The bond of wickedness or selfishness contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. Therefore wise nature never attempts that which men too often learn by their own experience to be vain and impracticable. "

On their way homewards the father observed : " Hast thou not learnt somewhat from the spider to-day, my boy ? Remember that in this world we shall often find good and evil mixed together—our friends and foes side by side, so that what is good may, from the contrast, appear all the more beautiful. Thus we may learn a lesson even from what is evil in itself. "

"AND THEN."

MANY years ago there was a good man who lived at one of the Italian Universities. One day a young man ran up to him with a face beaming with joy, and said that his greatest wish was now fulfilled, his parents having given him permission to study the law. "So now I am come," he added, "to the law-school of this University on account of its great fame; and I mean to spare no pains to get through my studies as well and as quickly as possible." In this way he went on talking for a long time; when at last he came to a stop, the good man, after listening with great patience, said, "Well, and when you have got through your course of studies what do you mean to do then."

"Then I shall take my Doctor's degree," said the young man.

"And then?" asked St. Filippo Neri again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult cases to manage; and I shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then," replied the youth, "why then there cannot be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides, I shall make money and grow rich."

"And then?" repeated St. Filippo.

"And then," added the youth,—"then I shall live comfortably and honorably in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward to a happy old age."

Oh! was not all this to "look at things seen?"

But the holy man had not done. Again he asked, "And then?"

"And then," said the young man with a faltering voice,—"and then,—and then—then I shall die."

Here St. Filippo again lifted up his voice and solemnly said, "And then?"

This last "and then?" was brought home by God's Spirit to the youth's heart. From that time he ceased to look at things seen. He began to feel the power of things unseen.

INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS.

KINDNESS makes sunshine wherever it goes; it finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart, and brings forth golden treasures; harshness, on the contrary, seals them up forever. Kindness makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father, and the man of business, less severe in their expression. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches, it turns to virgin gold—the true gold wherewith we purchase contentment, peace and love.

 HEBREW LEGENDS.

 TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XXXIII.

THE POOR ARE OUR BRETHREN.

A HEATHEN once asked Rabbi Akiba "If it be true, as I so often hear you say, that your God is a friend to the poor, why does He not provide for them? Or in other words, why does he permit them to suffer in poverty?"

"The reason is," answered Akiba, "that we may have the merit of comforting them, and thus be saved from the pains of Gehenna."

"This you call a merit," said the Roman. "I would rather have believed that it is an evil work, for which you would deserve to be punished in Gehenna. For while you give alms to the poor you at the same time frustrate the judgments of God. Does not a King who wishes to punish his slave put him into prison, where he may lie without food or drink; and would not that king have just cause for anger against him who would give the prisoner food?"

"But suppose," said the Rabbi, "that the king had found it necessary to punish his son. In the first moment of his anger he gives command that he be cast into prison without food. Believest thou now, that the king would be displeased with one of his subjects who would seek to relieve his son's miseries, and thus show himself true to the father. Would he not rather reward him for his mercy? Furthermore our God has commanded us to refresh the poor: for thus he speaks by his Prophet Isaiah: 'Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the poor that are cast out into thy house.'"

 XXXIV.

ALMS REDEEM FROM DEATH.

The Lord killeth and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up.—1 SAM. ii: 6.

A pious man who always richly distributed alms, once went on a sea voyage, and had the misfortune to see the ship in which he was sailing go to wreck. Rabbi Akiba, who was on another ship, saw this. Some time after this, the wife of this pious man was about to marry again; and Rabbi Akiba was called in to testify in regard to the loss of the man by shipwreck. Whilst he was giving in his testimony, behold! the

man who it was thought had been swallowed up by the waves, came in and stood before them.

Overwhelmed by this sudden turn of affairs, Rabbi Akiba exclaimed : "What ! you are here ? Did not you sink with the wrecked vessel ?

"Yes," replied the man.

"Well, who rescued you from the depths ?,"

"If I may trust my senses, it was nothing else than the alms which I always willingly gave according to my ability."

"Wonderful ! Yet, how knowest thou this ?

"Well," continued the man, "as I descended into the depths of the sea, I heard the roll of the sounding waters above me, and it seemed to me as if I heard from the breaking waves a discernible voice : 'Up, and deliver this man, who has been accustomed always to give alms !' Soon afterward I was cast on shore by the waves, and behold ! I was delivered."

XXXV.

THE FOX AND THE FISH.

It was the lot of Rabbi Akiba to live in very evil times. Jerusalem lay in ruins. During the war the flower of the people had been cut off or carried away into captivity to grace the triumphal procession of the victors. The sad remnant, who were permitted to remain in the land once so prosperous and now so sadly desolated, sighed under the iron yoke of the Romans, who ascribed the brave resistance which the people had made to their arms, and the firmness by which they sought to defend their country, to the spirit of their religion, and therefore took measures to extirpate this also from the earth. Hence they forbid the free practice of this religion, and did not allow the law to be read. Akiba saw the mournful condition of his brethren ; and from fear that the knowledge of the law might be wholly lost, he ventured, in spite of the edict of the Romans, to instruct the people in the commandments of their religion, and openly to teach the law.

One day, while he was engaged in this praiseworthy manner, Papus, son of Jehudas, a man who was noted for his learning, represented to him how unwise it was, in this way, to act contrary to the edict of the Romans.

"Akiba" said he, "do you not fear this nation ?" He meant the Romans ; and thought by this question to induce him to desist from his dangerous practice. He also added, that there are times when wisdom directs that circumstances should be regarded as determining our conduct.

Akiba was of opinion that no circumstances could justify the Israelite in forsaking his religion ; for "thou that love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, when even thy life is threatened." He was also convinced that the evils which the people were suffering, were owing to the lack of pity, and that deliverance was only to be hoped for by a firm adherence to their law.

Therefore answered Akiba : "Are you the man, Papus, of whom it

is said, that he is wise? Your words show rather that you are a fool?"

In order to show his people the folly of that pretended wisdom which commonly says, "suit yourselves to circumstances," and according to which enduring good is often offered up for a momentary advantage, he related the following fable:

"The fox," he said, "once rambled along the banks of a stream, where he saw that the fish were in the greatest fear and alarm, shooting about and darting above the water. Full of curiosity to know why they were in such confusion, he addressed to them these words: 'May I be so bold, my dear friends, as to enquire why you manifest so much alarm—'

"We are endeavoring," said the fish, "to flee from our enemies, and to avoid the nets which they have prepared for us!"

"O! O!" exclaimed the cunning fox, "if the difficulty is nothing more than that, I can suggest to you an easy remedy, by which your safety shall be secured. Come out to me upon the shore, so that we may together dwell in peace as our ancestors did."

The fish, however, saw the scheme of their adviser, and said: "Fox! Fox! are you the animal that is regarded of all animals the wisest? Truly, your advice gives evidence that you are a great fool! If in our own element even we are threatened by so many dangers, what security can we hope to find in another element, so contrary to our nature and so uncongenial to all our needs?"

"With us it is just so," continued the rabbi. "If we suffer so much evil and sorrow when we only in part fail to fulfil the law of which it is written, 'It is your life and the hope of your days,' what shall then be our lot when we forsake it wholly?"

Still, Rabbi Akiba could not much longer continue his virtuous endeavors. He was soon betrayed, taken into custody, and cast into prison. But Papus, the son of Jehudas, was also defamed, apprehended, and put into the same prison.

"What brought you hither, Papus?" asked Rabbi Akiba.

"O! a blessing on you, Rabbi Akiba," answered Papus; "you suffer because you have defended the doctrine of God; but woe unto Papus, who is compelled to suffer for vanities!"

Rabbi Akiba was led forth to death. Amid the terrible sufferings which they inflicted upon him, the hour came when the "Hear, O Israel!" was to be read. "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is our Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy strength." In the preparatory solemnities, Rabbi Akiba commended himself to the divine disposal with joy and childlike submission. His pupils wondered at his composure amid such sufferings.

"O, my dear pupils," exclaimed their teacher, "all my life have I longed for an opportunity to keep this divine command to love the Lord my God with all my heart and with all my soul. Now, when this privilege is allowed me, I must not neglect to embrace it. He lingered on the words, "Is one God," till his spirit departed.

THE SLEEP OF GOD'S BELOVED.

BY THE EDITOR.

A beautiful and touching passage has that always seemed to us in the one hundred and twenty-seventh Psalm: "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The Psalm was written by David, and by him dedicated to his son Solomon. It seems to have been composed in reference to the building of the Temple, in which Solomon was to engage after his father's death. In it he is reminded that the help of God is indispensable in such an undertaking. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

It is not only in this one particular enterprise that the help of God is necessary to success, but it is so in all things. To be early and late in labor; to be painfully careful and diligent, will not of itself ensure success. Hence the devout poet adds, in general, "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows." He does not mean to disparage industry and diligence; he merely intends to say that these are not the great reasons of success; that it is the blessing of God which gives prosperity.

That success depends more upon God's favor than upon rising early, sitting up late, and eating bread of sorrows, the Psalmist proves by reference to a *fact*. The full force of the beautiful words is not apparent as they stand; the translation is obscure. He does not mean only to say that God gives His beloved sleep, but that He gives them blessings while they are sleeping. We do not wish to weaken any one's confidence in the common translation of the Scriptures, for it is generally correct. It is however made by human instruments, and cannot be expected to be entirely free from human imperfection. "He giveth his beloved sleeping."

That this is the true sense of the passage is evident from several considerations. The context requires it. Some, he would say, sit up early and late, and make themselves many cares and sorrows, as though all good came alone through the diligence of their own toil. This is in vain, for not in waking and working does He give good to men, but if we trust Him and become His beloved children, He gives us these mercies sleeping. It is so translated in the German Bible; and this agreeable with the original. Sleeping, or while they sleep, He gives them good and perfect gifts.

We are prone, not only to be overly concerned as to what we shall eat and drink, but prone also to ascribe our success in obtaining needed favors to our own diligence. We are prone to think that all we have, we have by painful watchings and wakings. We are prone always to overlook many gifts, because they come to us in a silent way. Especially do we not think as we ought of the many, many gifts which God

gives to his beloved sleeping. It may therefore be interesting and profitable to consider how many of our blessings come to us during our slumbers, and how little *we* have to do with the procuring of them.

Let us admire the lovely picture. "He giveth his beloved sleeping." In the dead of night, we will imagine ourselves hovering over the habitations of men, who are lying in the quieting arms of sweet slumber. All is silent as death. There, upon their couches, unprotected by human power or watchfulness, repose God's dear children. They heed not and hear not; they ask not, and seek not; yet God's eye is upon them and His blessing love is around them! Silent as the dew of night, God is causing his favors to drop down around them. The ever diligent hand of God's goodness is gathering for them mercies and gifts, and placing them around their dwellings, which they need only awake to see. This picture gives us a true and correct idea of man's entire dependence upon God, and of His goodness in supplying, with unmerited favor, all his wants. That this picture gives us a true representation of the blessed reality, will become abundantly evident if we consider the fact before us, that God gives his beloved gifts while sleeping.

God works by means; and hence, not directly, but through the processes of nature, He provides gifts and blessings for us while we are sleeping.

Nature around us is never at rest. Night and day the process of growth is going forward. While we sleep plants are growing, and food is perfecting for our use. While we sleep the refreshing rain descends, and the fruitful field is made soft with showers. While we sleep the silent dew falls to revive the languid blade and the drooping flower. While we sleep the germ and the bud swell, the plant shoots upwards, the leaves and blossoms appear, the fruit is formed and ripens.

In the morning the grain is nearer the harvest than it was in the evening. In the morning there is fruit ripe in the orchard which was not ripe in the evening. Not only has the night ripened it, but it has also shaken it down upon the earth; the whole surface of the ground beneath the trees is strewn with yellow fruit, and we can go forth with our baskets to gather it. The garden always perfects a crop during the night, which may be gathered in the morning; hence it is in the morning that the frugal house-wife rummages among the vines and shrubbery of the garden to gather what mother earth has so graciously begotten during the night.

It is a fact, also, which all know to be a fact, that all the fruit that grows wild and spontaneous in fields and woods ripens mostly during the night. All kinds of berries are almost entirely stationary during the day, and no one thinks of going to gather in the evening. In the morning, however, bushes, thorns, and vines are laden with fruit, ripened during the night.

From considerations like these, how are we struck with the declaration of the devout poet, that God giveth his beloved gifts while they are sleeping. Each morning nature bends under its benevolent load; and as soon as man wakes from sleep he is invited to gather what God has so graciously strewn around his dwelling during the night.

When Elijah fled before the wrath of Jezebel, he "went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came, and sat down under a juniper-tree."

He was soon overtaken with sweet sleep: "And as he lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold there an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked and behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head: and he did eat and drink." It came to him while he was sleeping. This is only a specimen of what takes place constantly in the experience of God's children. An unseen hand is quietly placing gifts and mercies near them while they sleep, and a sweet, subdued voice, heard only by the ear of faith, says: "Arise and eat."

While the children of Israel slept in their tents at night, God scattered food around them, that they might have bread in the desert. "In the morning the dew lay about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small, round thing, as small as the hoar frost upon the ground: and when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, it is manna:—And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord had given you to eat." The same God still lives, and "So he giveth his beloved sleeping."

As the children on Christmas morning, having set their baskets the evening before, find them filled by hands unseen; so do the children of God, with the childlike simplicity of faith, expect these silent blessings, and they expect them not in vain. To them every night is a Christmas night; and the christ-child continues, the year round, His friendly visits to their homes.

God also giveth to His beloved sleeping, in causing the steady increase of means to go on during the night as in the day.

In innumerable cases and instances, the labors of our hands by day are going on to perfection during the night. Not only is this the case with the husbandman, whose stores are growing in the field, but it is the same in all departments of business. In the case of the merchant, the wear and tear of goods, by which a demand for his goods is created, is going on while he sleeps, and hastens his customer sooner to his counter. While on the other hand the ship, boat, or car, which brings him new supplies, is approaching nearer every moment, till it empties its load of treasures at his door. It is so with all mechanics; the articles which they make are wearing old while they sleep, and thus silently urge their customers to return to them for a new supply. Nor are those who are compelled to purchase injured by this wasting process; for while, for instance, the plough is decaying during the night in the furrow, so as to induce the farmer so much sooner to need a new one, the physical wants of the mechanic and his family are in a course of preparation to consume a new supply of the fruits of the farmer's soil. There is not an article of commerce, whether raised from the soil, or made by the hands of mechanics, in the case of which the market is not brought nearer by each revolving night.

There are few avocations in which the process of perfecting the articles which they manufacture does not go on while they sleep. The leather of the tanner is tanning while he sleeps. The lumberman's timber is drying while he sleeps. The brickmaker's brick and the potter's ware are drying while they sleep. The cloth of fullers and dyers is undergoing preparing or finishing processes while they sleep. So

we might go on to almost endless particulars, and show that where we least think of it, blessings are really drawing around us in our sleeping hours.

In the case of capitalists, rent and interest stop not while they sleep. Stocks increase in value, and tolls are received, in which they have an interest, while they sleep. Property is increasing in value, and what is called the wheel of fortune, but what is in reality the good hand of Providence, is urging the market and the purchaser mutually, and for mutual benefit near each other. It is only when we have a child-like faith, and are concerned to view God's hand in all things around us, that we see the full extent, the force and the beauty of the declaration: "He giveth his beloved sleeping." How great is God's part in all we do! He giveth his beloved blessings while sleeping, in renewing and refreshing the mental and physical energies of men during sleep.

With much correctness is "balmy sleep" called

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer."

We would not long pursue our various avocations were not our daily strength renewed by the slumbers of the night. Our languid and weary limbs, our flagging muscles, are infused with new life; and the faculties of our minds, benumbed and beclouded by a multitude of earnest thoughts during the day, are all animated by new energy during sleep. As the surface of the earth is in the morning fresh, healthy, and lively, cleared by the settling of the night, so are also all the faculties of our souls and bodies. We go forth with new strength, and with new life to our daily labors and duties; and all these inestimable gifts we have received sleeping. The same beneficent power which has refreshed by night-dews the languid grass and the drooping flower, has also refreshed our souls and bodies by causing deep sleep to fall upon us, thus laving our fatigued powers in sleep's sabbatic wave.

It requires an effort to feel as we ought how entirely we are dependent upon God for the strength and refreshment we receive in sleep. At all times, but most of all in sleep, do we hang upon God's arm as helpless infants; and then least of all are we able to procure for ourselves any blessing. Just as little as the flower can make the moisture, by which it grows, or the light by which its petals are colored; so little can we, when lying defencelessly and unconscious in the repose of sleep, do anything towards procuring the refreshment which sleep always brings us. This protection is one of the great gifts which God gives His beloved. He giveth his beloved a great blessing sleeping, in giving them sleep itself.

Sleep itself is the gift of God. He can withhold it from waiting eyelids if he be angered. Many a poor wretch has been punished by sleepless nights. Many an one has lain upon his restless couch crying bitterly to God "by thy wrath are we trampled." Many an one has cried with Job, "wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day."

Few experiences are more tiresome and afflictive than restless, sleepless nights. If *one* night is able to unfit us for duty during the succeeding day, how must a long succession of nights be. Yet this is often

experienced by the wicked under the lashes of a tormenting conscience. God, however, giveth His beloved sleep. He does this by giving to them a quiet conscience, a sense of pardoned sin, and the soul-calming light of His favor. With such inward and outward peace, sleep must be a blessing indeed! No frightful visions, no tormenting dreams, no gloomy forebodings, crowd up to the good man's nightly pillow. His bed is guarded by angels who watch around him with heavenly protection. The language of God to him is: "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for I will give my angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." David says of the good man: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust—thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night: nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

With such protection sleep must be calm and refreshing. This God giveth to His beloved, as He does not give it to any others. Resting in such a bosom of love, the language of the heart is that of grateful confidence: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

He giveth to His beloved sleeping in giving them surcease and cessation of care and pain, in sleep.

What a sweet oblivion is that which is often afforded us in sleep. God has so constituted us that deep sorrow itself induces sleep. This was the case with the disciples when their Lord was in His exceeding sorrow in Gethsemane. He had requested them, when he went into the deepest part of the garden to pray, to watch with him. But "when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow." Their sorrow was greater than the flesh could bear, hence Christ says: "The spirit is truly ready, but the flesh is weak." Gladly would they have waked and wept with Him, but weak nature sunk under its load of wo! When their anguish had reached its height, instead of driving them into madness and despair, it sunk them into a painless and peaceful sleep. Then, for the time, all their sorrows were gone, and nature was replenishing its stores of strength, that it might the better endure what was still to come. Thus does God disperse the dark cloud of human sorrow, when it is blackest and heaviest, by waving over the sinking spirit the gentle wand of slumber; and "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

What must have been the feelings of Jacob when fleeing from his home before the wrath of his brother, alone in a deep wilderness at nightfall? Surely his heart was heavy; and no doubt that had a good deal to do with inducing that profound sleep, which he enjoyed with his head upon a stone, when God gave him such pleasant dreams and such bright visions. The hardest pillow becomes soft, and the deepest troubles are forgotten, when troubles, like a heavy, drowsy air, rock us into sleep's painless oblivion.

The drowsiness which laid ^{on} Elijah in so sweet a sleep under the juniper shade was no doubt brought on by his troubles. The wicked reign of Ahab, the famine by which the land suffered, the impudent blasphemy of Baal's lying prophets, the threats of the murdering Jezebel—all these depressed his soul and made him sigh for a lodge in the wilderness, where he might see these things no more, and get a moment of quiet from

trouble. He found it in sleep under the shade of the Juniper tree. He did not only forget his troubles in sleep, but found, on waking, standing by him "a cake baken on coals, a cruse of water at his head," and an angel who seems to have guarded his slumbers and who said to him as soon as he opened his eyes: "Arise and eat." Thus God "gives his beloved sleeping!"

Does not the experience of each one of us furnish us with similar instances. Have we not often slept from pure sorrow, and found out troubles gone on waking? Though the cause of our sorrow may not have been removed, yet the burden of it rested more lightly upon our hearts, and our strength to bear it was vastly increased. The poet is mistaken when he says of sleep,

—The wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear."

It is true that grief and sorrow make sleepless nights, but it is only when they are not sufficiently heavy to bear down restless and excited thoughts and feelings. The deepest sorrow, like the deepest water, runs still, or with such soft and drowsy murmurs as to rock the soul to sleep. This is one of God's kind and gracious arrangements, by which trouble often becomes its own physician, and the stream of human woe loses its restlessness and becomes calm by becoming deep.

If life is bitter and long, the hours of sleep make it shorter. If we wish its leaden feet to move faster, to bring us sooner to the end, sleep *does* virtually shorten life, and while unconscious of pain, we are still floating on towards "seas of heavenly rest." Thus life's dreary way, to the wretched is growing shorter, and heaven is drawing nearer, while they sleep, as well as while they wake. Is it not a blessing for the children of sorrow, to whom earth has no charms, thus to be borne in the arms of nightly slumbers, so much farther on their way. So that in the morning their salvation is nearer than it was in the evening. So much of the journey, otherwise to be trodden with painful feet, is made in sweet unconsciousness. Thus on downy beds of ease, are God's children carried over life's thorny and rugged way towards their heavenly home.

Here in the body pent—
Absent from God we roam;
But nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home!

He giveth His beloved gifts in sleep when He causes them finally to sleep in the arms of Death. Oh, what a life were this life of tears, did it never end!

That is the kindest, the sweetest of all slumbers to the saints. No sleep so quiet as that. None end in such a blissful waking. None bring us such valuable, such undying gifts. Heaven with all its un-
old glories draws around the saint, in the sleep of death. This is in truth "a blessed sleep" to the saints,

"From which none ever wakes to weep!"

This sleep, with all the blessings to which it gives access, God gives His Beloved. After life's fitful fever, after life's toils and pains, after life's

cares and perils, how welcome and blessed are the slumbers of the sainted dead !

It is not, however, on account of what death removes us *from*, that it is to be considered a gift ; but chiefly on account of what it takes us *to*. We are not only unclothed of the mortal, but we are also clothed upon by the immortal. We do not only lose our sad inheritance of earthly woes, but we gain an inheritance in Heaven which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. We are not only removed from the dull atmosphere of earth, but we are introduced into those high and healthy climes where

“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.”

To the worldly minded and earthly there is indeed nothing attractive in the sleep of the saints, and the gifts which it brings receive no joyous welcome ; but this is natural and must be expected. Such see no blessing in natural sleep. To them it is pure loss of time, and an interference with their worldly business ; and instead of receiving it thankfully, as a gift, they complain of it as a necessary evil. So, also, in regard to the sleep of death ; they see it as an evil, without being able by faith to apprehend all its blessed advantages. They dread and fear it as the end of their hopes and gains, instead of viewing it as the portal to an eternal inheritance—the morning of an eternal day.

Not so God's beloved ! They are as strangers and pilgrims on earth, and death brings them home at last. They have been weary and heavy laden and Heaven brings them rest. They are tired of the oppressions of earth, and of the company of the wicked, and are glad to go where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest ! Looking death sternly in the face, they know that both his *victory* and his *sting* are lost. With joy in their hearts, and a song of triumph upon their lips they exclaim.

“’Tis but to die, and then to weep no more !”

Yes, the dead ! they are the truly blessed. They are the happy “dwellers on the shore of spring fulfilled.” “We praise the dead,” says Solomon, “which are already dead, more than the living, that are yet alive.” They weep not, sigh not, and die no more. “Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.” Blessed are they who live like the righteous, for they shall die as he dies. The shades of death will be to them as the soft twilight of evening, and the yielding up of their breath as when the slumbers of night steal gently over the spirit ; and the rest of the grave will be as the refreshing repose of a night. All this He giveth His beloved sleeping.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest :
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A D R E A M.

BY WILLIAM HEYSER, ESQ.

BRIGHT orb of day! thy lengthening shadows
With measured time o'er mountain gorges
Creep; spreading night's darker mantle
O'er every vale and mountain slope: Thy
Setting rays a glorious halo spread
Of golden hue, leaving thy blessing on
This careworn earth in night's repose, nature's
Appointed time for sleep. 'Tis Midnight!
Night's heavy mantle covers all: The earth
Is wrapped in calm repose, while spirits
In their nightly round a holy vigil
Keep; hovering o'er some pillowed one
Amid the perils of unconscious sleep:
While thus in sleep's embrace I lay, I felt
A holy calm pervade my inner life,
As if some unseen power were near; a
Softened light shone through my room, yet forms
Were indistinct; I heard soft whisperings
Around my head—they reached my laboring heart.
I strove to catch the form, that in me such
Heavenly feelings wrought; speechless I lay, while
Rapture filled my soul! when lo! my mental
Eye, the heavenly image caught of my
Departed one, long gone to worlds of purer
Bliss; her form, her look I still can see—
As o'er my couch she bent; her hand upon my
Head she gently laid, and through my hair her
Fingers drew; her smile! a heavenly radiance
Round me threw!—Long did I gaze upon her once
Lov'd form, and as I strove to speak, she raised
Her hand and pointing upward slowly said,
Not yet! Not yet! Thy Pilgrim staff must yet
Be borne; thy days of toil will have an end;
Look up! where loved ones are, there, higher
Glories shine; 'tis there the victor wears his
Crown! Press on! Press on! There is a rest for
Weary pilgrims there: I'll wait for thee in
Yonder distant home. Her hand she slowly
Waved, her form grew dim as from my sight
She drew. Spellbound I lay and sought to catch
Her parting look; excitement burst the
Magic chain which held me all entranced;
I woke and found my dear one gone; alas!
It was a dream.

CHURCH ACCOMMODATIONS.—While the population of London and Scotland are about the same, being nearly three million souls, Scotland has three thousand churches and chapels for the accommodation of the people, but London has scarcely three hundred.

THE BOY OF SOLENHOF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE GUARDIAN FROM KARL STOEBER, BY L. H. S.

ON the Altmuehl, about a quarter of an hour's walk from Solenhof, there is a glass-house by the road-side. Wood for its fires can easily be obtained from the steep hills around, and pure sand, as white as sugar, is found in spots a few feet under the turf. Before they began to use this sand in the manufacture of glass, the housewives of the neighborhood used it for cleansing and scouring their floors, tables, benches, wooden ware, &c., buying it from women who dug it up at Solenhof and carried it about for sale in little bags.

Many years ago there was only one woman engaged for a long time at this laborious occupation, and sometimes she carried home as much as fifty pounds of sand on her back, receiving for it but a few copper coins. She was a widow of middle age, and had a son twelve years old, who watched the goats in summer, and, during winter, assisted his mother in searching for sand beds among the clefts of the rocks, before the snow and ice came. In one extremely severe winter the good people were very unsuccessful in their business. The ground was so firmly frozen and so deeply covered with snow, that they could not carry on their subterranean business. The small stock of sand they had dug up in the autumn, had come to an end, and with it the food, which they were accustomed to purchase with the well-earned pennies that it brought them from the neighborhood. When the February sun had dissolved the thin layer of snow from the summer side of the mountain, they began to dig again, but without any success. Their tools were broken but no white sand was found. The fodder which had been laid up for their goats began to decline, and four living beings were in the hut with hunger staring out of their eyes. All the food they could give these was a tub of pressed turnips and white cabbage, and this, from want of salt, was in a state of decomposition. It was fed the goats raw, while the portion intended for the widow and the boy, was boiled, and often salted with the bitter tears of sorrow. It was under that roof, as under the roof of the widow of Zarephath, when she answered the prophet: "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die."

The boy loved his mother and showed his love by not complaining of his hunger, waiting patiently from one meal time to another, avoiding and concealing particularly every thing that might make her heart still more heavy. The other half of his heart was occupied by his goats, and it almost broke it when he saw how they, impelled by hunger, would spring into the empty tub and in vain stretch out their necks and tongues in order to lick up the last of its contents. Could they have

been satisfied with fair words and promises until the next spring, they would have had more than enough of these. But they became more and more emaciated, and the boy determined at last to do for them what he had not yet done for his mother.

There was a Benedictine Cloister at Solenhof. The boy knocked at its gate with the heavy iron knocker hanging on it, and told the brother, acting as porter, that he wished to speak with the Abbot. Being brought before this reverend servant of God, he begged that the Abbot would allow him to gather up the hay which the cloister-cows threw under the bars and among the straw, for his two goats were starving. The Abbot at first was surprised at the request, the granting of which might lead to abuse of privilege, or at least, to great temptation. But he soon satisfied himself as to the kind of upright, honest soul with which he was dealing. Among other things he inquired as to those things with which a christian should be acquainted, according to the requisition of the church in those days. The boy repeated his creed correctly, as well as the Lord's Prayer, together with other shorter prayers, and readily answered some questions out of the Gospels. Now said the Abbot: "My little son, you may come every day, when our cows are driven to water, and take what they leave under the rack; and when the brother cook has anything left, he will give it you for yourself and mother." Then he blessed the boy and sent him away happy and contented.

Need was now at an end in the widow's hut. Soon also came warm, friendly spring; the widow discovered a rich sand hole, and *Benedict* as a hired goat herd, drove out the village goats to the high, airy hills. His meals he obtained from the different owners of the goats in his herd. His Easter lamb he ate in the cloister, the landlady baked him his Whitsuntide cakes, his confirmation anniversary he kept at the new mill, and his baptismal day he celebrated again with the Benedictines.

He was not in need of amusement on these solitary heights. Calcareous slate, which, up to that time, had not been brought into practical use, lay there on the surface, so that it was an easy thing for him to separate slabs and to make from these regular, four-sided pieces, by means of the hammer which his father had made for him. What we call, so unjustly and sinfully, *chance*, had led the boy to an important discovery. Benedict once laid a slab of the slate, just as he had broken it from its bed, on his lap, marked a square on it with a piece of coal from the herd-fire, and thus soliloquised, "If I had fifty such squares I could with them lay the whole floor of the house, which the chickens scratch up so now when it rains out of doors." And while he was thinking in this way, he tapped with his hammer softly up and down, along the coal mark. The clear sound of the slab pleased him. But suddenly the clear tones become duller and duller, just like a cracked bell, and at length the piece burst apart just in the direction of the coal mark. "If that's the way," said Benedict, "it may happen so with the other three sides," and he hammered on the second mark, backwards and forwards, in the same way. His conclusion was a correct one. After he had thus worked for a few minutes, a perfectly square slab lay on his knees. He succeeded no worse with a second, and so on. Sometime before this he had learned that by rubbing two pieces of slate together he could

polish them, although this was quickest done when some of the sand, which his mother dealt in, was placed between them with some water. This former discovery he now applied to his paving-stones, and thus obtained some very beautiful specimens. All this he did as mere sport, saying nothing to any one, not even his mother, about it. His prettiest slabs he concealed here and there under the bushes, just as a herd boy on the Donau hides the pretty pebbles, which he finds in its bed, in the hollow willows.

One evening after he had driven the herd home and was seated opposite his mother at the supper table, she told him that she had taken some sand to Eichstadt, where she had been so near to the Bishop that she was able to understand some of his words. "What did he say?" asked Benedict. "He stood in the midst of the prebendaries of the new church, and consulted with them as to the kind of stone with which the pavement should be laid. One advised this and another that, until his reverence put an end to the discussion by saying: "Now, to-morrow at 11 o'clock, we have ordered the foreign stone masons to be here, and we will examine the different specimens of sandstone and marble, which they have with them. But we fear such a pavement may cost too much for our Episcopal purse. We shall be obliged to use brick, which are the cheapest." "So, so," added Benedict, as he cast his horn spoon in the table drawer, wished his mother a good night, and went to his sleeping place under the roof.

The sand-woman had understood the Archbishop correctly. Soon after ten o'clock in the morning, some masons, whom the Bishop had summoned at his own expense from Tyrol, the Fichtelgebirge and Rheingau, had assembled in the new church at Eichstadt, where the pavement was the only portion not yet finished. Their journeymen carried the specimens of the stones in small wooden chests behind the masons, and put them side by side on the long table. There also, collected by and by, some Counts and Lords of the neighborhood, who had already contributed largely towards the erection of the church and still intended to do something for the pavement. At last the Archbishop appeared with all the clergy and his secular officers behind him. When all these were together, it seemed as though a church council were being held, there were so many.

The Bishop now took up the beautifully polished specimens from the chests and examined them one after the other. There was not one which would not have satisfied both him and his followers. The small pieces of marble were laid side by side in the chests—white and black, yellow and gray, variegated and simple colored—and one could judge in miniature how superbly pretty a stone pavement made of them would be. But when the foreign stone masons in turn told how much it would cost to put down a square foot, and the master builder reckoned on his fingers how many square feet he must use, and the treasurer calculated the cost in gold gulden, the Bishop put his hand behind his ear, his treasurer shook his head, and the Counts and Lords opened wide their eyes. Indeed a young monk, who had never seen more than a few copper coins in the poor-box of his cloister, *crossed* himself in great terror. All stood and looked silently at one another.

At this moment a disturbance took place at the main entrance of the

church. Two attendants of the Archbishop presented their halberds against a barefooted country boy who asked to be admitted. But he stooped down and crept under the halberds, like a chicken under the garden gate, and forced himself without any formality into the midst of the crowd until he stood before the Bishop, the edge of whose gown he kissed. His cap, which couldn't well be injured in that way, was placed between his knees, while he took out of his apron, in which he had wrapped them, three square inch thick plates of calcareous state, one pale yellow, one bluish green, and the third mottled, and laid them on the table. They were still wet, for he had dipped them first in the church brook, and the polished sides shone so much the more, showing how beautiful the stones would be if a practised hand were employed in preparing them. To recommend his wares the boy thought was unnecessary, and he stared at the faces of the bystanders, wiping the sweat off his countenance with his apron. But when the bishop began to question him, he answered quickly, saying: "I belong to the sand-woman of Solenhof, and the stones I made on the mountain, back of the cloister. And if you want any more, let your stone-cutters go with me, and I will show them where to begin to work."

The boy was Benedict, our little goat-herd. He had not slept any after supper, when his mother told him of the new church in Eichstadt. But a thought which had occurred to him while eating drove him out through the back door to the mountain, where his stones were concealed, and thence with them in the moonlight night to Eichstadt, whither he knew the road, from the sand business. His mother was indeed frightened when she went to call him up in the morning and found the bed empty. She could not leave with the view of seeking or inquiring after him, for the goats had all been left out of their stalls, and they stood outside bleating in the streets or nipping the flower stocks in front of the parsonage windows. Good or bad she must act as if her Benedict was sick. So she took the whip and staff, and herself drove the herd out to the mountain, where she passed the long, long day in fruitless grief and anxiety.

But as she was driving the village herd home in the evening, she met some mules coming towards her. On the foremost sat her Benedict behind a servant of the Archbishop, looking so jolly that the widow saw at once *he* had not passed the day unpleasantly.

And so indeed it was. The Bishop had immediately decided in favor of the sandboy's paving stones, and had sent the foreign stone-masons to their homes—but took the boy with him to his house, feasted him, and told him that he would have a care both for him and his mother. Then he had permitted him to return with the master builder, who would examine the bed of stone, to Solenhof.

The Bishop stuck to his word. After Benedict had served as an apprentice under a master stone-mason at Eichstadt, he returned to Solenhof and had so many orders for stone that his mother and he no more were in want of bread.

MONEY and Time have both their value. He who makes a bad use of the one will never make good use of the other.

THE TWO SUNS—AN ANALOGUE.

BY R. P. T.

As the natural sun keeps in play the elements of animal and vegetable life, so does the Sun of Righteousness infuse into the soul imperishable principles of spiritual life. As the one revives vitality on the return of spring, and seeks to counteract decay and all opposition to full development, so does the other rise "with healing in His beams," after the "winter of our discontent."

As the bright luminary of day dispels the gloomy mists of night and purifies the air, filling it with the rich perfume of bursting flowers, and making it sweet and pleasant for the use of man, so does the glorious orb of spiritual day dispel the clouds of darkness from our minds, purify our thoughts, fill our souls with the sweet perfume of divine grace, and make us heirs of the heavenly kingdom.

Just as the sun in his daily course over our heads absorbs or decomposes foul gases from the earth, and thus prevents the atmosphere from becoming one dense, chilling miasma of death—just as it wakes the world from its nights of slumber, and calls forth praises from myriads of voices, so does that Heavenly light which shines into our hearts, absorb or dissipate the foul mists of sin that hang upon us like some mighty incubus—awaken us from the death-like slumbers of error and carnal security, and cause our hearts to swell with anthems of everlasting thanksgiving.

And just as the sun is the most glorious object in the physical universe, so are christians metaphorically represented to be the most glorious characters in the moral universe; for, says Jesus, "*Ye are the light of the world.*" (Matth. v: 14.)

IT IS FINISHED.

It is finish'd:—thy dwellings, O Salem, are strown,
Thy daughters are weeping in exile alone,
The lances of Judah lie wasted with rust,
And the ramparts of Zion are laid in the dust.

The Kedron is dyed with thy gore as it runs,
The torch in thy temple, the chain on thy sons;
The blood of THE GUILTLESS is red on thy brow,
And the arm which upheld thee abandons thee now.

It is finish'd—the work of Redemption is done,
The combat is ended, the victory won;
The spoiler of Eden has fled from the field,
The portals of glory stand brightly reveal'd.

The toil of a sinless Redeemer is past,
And the shout of the Gentile is loud on the blast;—
And luminous day-spring has dawn'd on his night,
And "the isles of the heathen" are waking in light.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

THE delineation of the female character in the Hebrew writings is especially pure and lovely. To appreciate this we must remember what woman was then in other nations. The earlier books of the Old Testament are full of pictures to the imagination. Rebecca, who was beautiful and fair to look upon, drawing water for her father's camels in Mesopotamia; Miriam, leading the choir of Jewish maidens to her triumphal song, with the religious dance, after the passage of the Red Sea; the beautiful daughter of Jephthah coming forth with timbrels and with dances to meet her father returning from the victory; the queenly Esther tremblingly approaching the king to ask the life of her people. And here let us advert to one prominent source of their nobleness and purity, as well as of the manly character of the heroes of Israel. They were a free people. Their political institutions in their brighter days were strikingly like ours. For Israel was then a confederate republic, woman was the companion and friend of man, partaker like him of the spirit of freedom, and of a high and pure faith. And their imagination was nurtured continually under the idea that from one of them should spring the glorious Messiah.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

“GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST.”

JUDGE M'LEAN

In this great and good man we have another example of the attainment of high and honorable position as the fruit of self education. When about nineteen years of age he began to devote part of his time to the study of law, while he was a writer in the office of the county clerk. He had but little advantages of education, except such as he assiduously improved, as an earnest young man. He was a member of the first debating society, formed in Cincinnati. Here no doubt he put his opening talents to practice. Let not young men despise the day of small things. There must be a beginning.

The Missionary has compiled from the American Cyclopædia a brief sketch of his life, from which we give the following facts:

John M'Lean, LL. D., was born in Morris Co., New York, March 11th, 1785. Four years afterwards, his father, a

poor man with a large family, removed to the West, settling first at Morganstown Va., afterwards near Nicholasville, Ky., and finally, in 1799, in what is now Warren Co, Ohio. Here he cleared a farm, upon which he resided till his death, forty years later. His son at the age of eighteen, desiring to study law, went to Cincinnati, where he sustained himself by writing in the office of the clerk of the county, while he pursued his studies under the direction of Arthor St. Clair, an eminent counsellor, the son of the revolutionary General of that name. He was admitted to the bar in 1807, and commenced practice at Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio. In 1812, he was elected to represent in Congress his district, which then included Cincinnati, receiving a large majority as a democrat in favor of the war with England, and a supporter of Madison's administration. In 1814 he was unanimously re-elected, receiving the vote of every voter who went

to the polls. In 1815 he declined to be a candidate for the U. S. Senate, though his election was certain. The following year, having been unanimously elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State by the Legislature of Ohio, he resigned his seat in Congress at the close of the session. He remained on the Supreme Bench of Ohio till 1822, when he was appointed by President Monroe Commissioner of the General Land Office. In July, 1823, he was appointed Post Master General, the Post Office being then in a very disordered and inefficient condition. Under his administration it was restored to order, and managed with a vigor, method, and economy, that soon secured an almost unexampled degree of applause and public confidence. By a nearly unanimous vote of the Senate and House the Postmaster General's salary was raised from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year. John Randolph, who voted against the increase said he would vote for it if the salary could be reduced to its original amount whenever Judge M'Lean went out of office. In 1829, having declined the War and Navy Departments, which were offered him by President Jackson, Judge M'Lean resigned the office of Postmaster General, and accepted a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, entering on his duties at the January term of 1830. In this capacity his charges to juries were distinguished for ability and eloquence. One of the most noted of these was delivered in 1838, in regard to aiding or favoring unlawful military combinations by our citizens against any foreign government or people with whom we are at peace, with special reference to the Canadian insurrection and its American abettors. In the Dred Scott case he dissented from the decision of the Court as given by Chief Justice Taney, and expressed the opinion that slavery has its origin merely in power, and is against right, and in this country is sustained only by local law. Consistently with the principles of natural right and constitutional law which he laid down in that famous case, he identified himself politically with those opposed to the extension of slavery, and his name was before the free soil Convention at Buffalo, in 1848, as a candidate for nomination as President. At the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, in 1856, he received 196 votes for the same

office, to 359 for Col. Fremont. At the Republican Convention at Chicago, last year he also received a number of votes.

During the past winter Judge M'Lean's health was evidently fast giving way; and recently, when he had somewhat recovered and was able to return to his residence at Cincinnati, few of his many friends in the capital could have been so sanguine as to hope ever again to see him on that bench which in losing him loses its noblest occupant.

He took a deep and abiding interest in everything connected with social and moral advancement; was a model man in all the relations of life; was an humble and devout Christian, and gave the influence of his name to all educational and religious enterprises, and set a practical example in their behalf. None of our statesmen had a more enviable reputation for pure and unsullied character, for living an honest and blameless life, and to it he owed in part his great popularity for so many years with the intelligent and christian part of our population.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

We do not know when we have felt the truth contained in the sentiment of the above proverb more distinctly says the Christian Reflector and Watchman, than in listening to the conversation of a gentleman a few evenings since, who related several anecdotes of the great men of our country. Among others he mentioned that the late John Quincy Adams stated of his minister a few months before his decease, that he had never failed, before going to sleep, of repeating the little prayer taught him by his mother in infancy:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take

THE INDEPENDENT.

The serial story, "Pearl of Orr's Island," by Mrs. Stowe, published in this paper has come to a close for the present, but is to be resumed in Autumn and completed. Meanwhile this truly able and interesting paper is increasing in popularity, and is marred by a high order of talent. Without approving all this paper contains—what paper could claim this in regard to any one?—we regard it one of the ablest religious weeklies in the land. Address, "The Independent" New York City.

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1861

1861

THE GUARDIAN
A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It, will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—JUNE 1861.—NO. 6.

ST. MARK THE EVANGELIST.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF CHRIST'S PASSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN another article of this number we have furnished an exposition of the singular episode in the history of our Saviour's Passion, as recorded by St. Mark, xiv: 51, 52. There it is suggested that the youth who appeared in his night-clothes, and was chased by a company of his own age, was perhaps St. Mark himself; and some reasons for this opinion are presented. Prof. Lange, in his *Life of Christ*, vol. i, pp. 243-246, furnishes a very interesting and suggestive sketch of the peculiarities and characteristics of St. Mark, by which the same view is further confirmed. For this reason, and also on account of the hints, for the proper understanding of this Evangelist's Gospel, which it furnishes, we translate it for the readers of the *Guardian*.

After stating that St. Matthew presents an account of the Redeemer in His historical relations, while St. Mark exhibits Him in the pure power of His actuality as the Son of God—showing how, in the self-reliance of His divine fullness, He reveals His life in great, fiery, energetic activity, spreading His salvation with power, as the Lion of Judah—he says: John Mark, by his individuality, was called to present this element in the glorious activity and work of Christ with freshness out of the fulness of the Gospel history.

According to Acts xii: 12, he was the son of a Christian woman, named Mary, in whose house the believers in Jerusalem were assembled for prayer. He was already known in the christian congregations when St. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles; and he stood out prominently, as we may know from the fact that St. Luke makes the mother known through mention of her Son. He was a Christian, and early devoted

himself to the apostolic missionary work, on which account Barnabas and Paul took him with them from Jerusalem to Antioch. Acts xii: 25. From this place they took him with them on their missionary tour as help and "minister." Acts xiii. He traveled with them to Selucia and Cyprus, and thence to Asia Minor. When they came toward Perga in Pamphilia, he parted from them and returned to Jerusalem—Acts xiii: 13; whilst the other two continued their journey farther to Pisidia. When afterwards they desired from Antioch to repeat the same journey in order to strengthen the established churches, John Mark was again at hand. Barnabas also made the proposal to take him along again. "But Paul thought it not good to take him with them, who departed from them from Pamphilia, and went not with them to the work." A sharp contention now arose between them, so that they departed asunder one from the other; and Barnabas, taking Mark with him, sailed unto Cyprus. Paul chose Silas as his companion, and passed through Syria and Cilicia. Acts xv: 37-41.

This John Mark is, without doubt, the same one whom we find afterwards with the Apostle Paul during his captivity in Rome; which we may conclude from the fact that he is mentioned as one familiarly known among christians of that time, and as son of Barnabas' sister. Paul in the epistle to the Colossians writes of him thus: "Aristarchus, my fellow prisoner, saluteth you; and Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas, touching whom ye received commandments: if he come unto you, receive him." Col. iv: 10, 11. In the second epistle of Timothy (iv: 11) it is said: "Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry. In the epistle to Philemon, Paul mentions him among his fellow-laborers, and transmits greetings from him. (Phil. 24.) The same Mark, at another time, sends greetings through Peter to the christian congregation of Babylon: "The church that is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you; and so doth Marcus, my son." (1 Pet. v: 13.) A Mark, who stood in such intimate relations as friend and acquaintance with the christians of Asia Minor and Palestine, and who also stood in so important and confidential relation to Peter that he could call him his son, can have been none other than this repeatedly mentioned, John Mark. Thus we know him sufficiently, leaving away the tradition according to which he suffered martyrdom as Bishop of Alexandria in Egypt.

That incident in the history of Christ's Passion which Mark himself describes of a youth who followed Christ at his arrest, and who fled before the catchpolls, has by many been regarded as an account which the Evangelist gives of himself. True, it has been said that this is only a groundless supposition. But apart from the fact that St. John in his Gospel has also spoken of himself in this manner without mentioning his own name, just as Mark here mentions the youth, we find in this little episode in the Passion history throughout, the features of the same John Mark whom we meet in Acts of the Apostles and in the apostolic Epistles.

Thus we read that when the company who took Jesus entered the city with the captive Jesus, when all His disciples had already fled from Him, "there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body." (St. Mark, xiv: 51.) This is without

doubt a youth whom Mark had reason to leave unnamed—a youth who had been aroused and called forth from his bed by the nightly commotion which had been produced by the report that Jesus had been seized, and who previous to that time had stood in friendly relations to Christ; a youth who is soon ready, who acts quickly, who can hastily cast his clothes around him and hurry out—one who can be over hasty and precipitate. The same youth, moreover, who is so quick in venturing and hazarding, is just as ready for flight, and thus again precipitate, disposed to fright and fear: “And the young men laid hold on him; and he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked.”

We have here a psychological foreshadowing and prelude of the first missionary tour of the young John Mark. He is quickly at hand, and at once ready for the journey. His beautiful and enthusiastic missionary zeal brings him early into the company of Paul. Everything also goes on well as long as they are sailing over the blue Mediterranean, as long as they tarry securely among the cultivated dwellers on the Isle of Cyprus, and afterwards linger along the pleasant shores of Asia Minor. At length, however, when the journey and the work leads out into the mountainous regions of Asia Minor, he separates himself from them, and this he does without any such cause as could satisfy Paul, returning home, not to Antioch, but to Jerusalem. Later, however, he is again in Antioch. His fiery spirit drives him back again to the abandoned track. Barnabas also is desirous of again taking him along on a new missionary tour, for he knew the beautiful enthusiastic inclinations of his beloved relative, as Olshausen has well remarked, and takes him into his care; but Paul would send him back on account of his unripe mind and his still unreliable and wavering enthusiasm; and thus he goes with Barnabas into the older and easier missionary path.

But he too is led by the spirit of God; and he is ever more and more decidedly led over from the ways of a beautiful enthusiasm into the ways of christian self-denial and endurance, in which also he at length brings his life as an offering in the cause of the Lord. The fact that he was later again so intimately associated with Paul, and stood by him in his imprisonment at Rome, is a precious testimony to his growing firmness, humility, and steady faith, as well as to the apostolic mildness of Paul himself. But though he was ever more purified and sanctified in his individuality, he would still remain himself in the basis of his individuality, and thus we find in him still later again the old fiery spirit, though more latent than glowing. Now he is far in the West with Paul at Rome, now far in the East with Peter in the region of Babylon. If we call in the aid of history we find that he is at length in Alexandria; and thus he operated back and forth, here and there, and wrought as Evangelist in the largest cities of the three quarters of the world.

In him we became acquainted with an apostolic man who preserved a true earnestness of faith in an easily moved and impulsive spirit, one who was no doubt endowed with a prevailing phantasy and great bias to enthusiasm, but who in consequence of a lack of spiritual depth, and a solid persevering strength of character, was disposed to a strong outwardness of zeal; in addition to which the firm rigor of Paul perhaps became too severe for him, so that he turned toward Peter. At least the characteristics mentioned of his unsteady movements hither and

thither between the two great missionary stations, and between the two leading Apostles, are clearly to be seen, and have a significance easily discerned.

All the living and fresh characteristics of this Evangelist appear in his writings. As to the negative side of the Evangelist's living activity, we see the hurrying man, the man lacking in perseverance and endurance, the man not disposed to deep conceptions. His Gospel is brief; toward the end it breaks off; it shows no capacity of order and division; it gives but few of the discourses of Christ, and these in a brief compass, and mostly only the most spirited and stirring ones: such as controversies, reproofs, and words of Christ relating to the last Judgment. He delights in a hasty brevity of expression, as for instance, when the disciples are prohibited from having two coats, (vi: 9,) or when the Roman centurion concludes from the cry with which Christ expires, that this is the Son of God. (xv: 39.)

But the same freshness of life in the Evangelist also appears in a richness of positive powers, which dawn out in his Gospel, with which we have chiefly to do. The constant liveliness and enthusiasm of his conceptions shows itself in the strength and force of his expressions. For instance in the multiplication of his negations, as also in his selection and use of rare words, modes of expression, and constructions of language. It appears also in the rash haste with which he hurries on to effects and conclusions; "immediately," "forthwith," these are his watchwords. This liveliness associates itself commonly with the gift of a fresh, picturesque phantasy, a strong partiality for the concrete, and answering to this is a happy memory for the sensible single or ruling features of the facts, to which is added also an easily excited emotional capacity, with its hearty and impressive modes of expression. Thus Mark with his picturesque phantasy writes: Jesus was in the wilderness *with the wild beasts*; the fig tree that was cursed dried up *from the roots*. Such descriptions are strictly agreeable with truth—free, developed descriptions.

The Evangelist reveals his taste for objective detail, when he relates very specifically, how Jesus during the sea-voyage was *in the hinder part* of the ship, *asleep on a pillow*; also when he remembers that the name of the blind beggar of Jericho was *Bartimeus*, the son of *Timæus*; and when he portrays the striking outlines of the beautiful parable (iv: 26,) or relates the gradual healing of the blind. (viii: 22.) Of the playful, cheerful, and affectionate character of his expression we have examples of his frequent use of diminutives: *as, little daughter, little child, little maid, little fishes*, et. ut. See Greek v. 23: v. 39: v. 41: vii. 27: viii. 7. Mark shows the same freshness of spirit by his readiness to use foreign modes of expression, in the use of Latin words, as *denarius*, *centurion* etc., etc.

So far Lange. It must be confessed that the characteristics of St. Mark are very striking, and his use of them just. Much light is also cast upon the Gospel of this Evangelist from this view of his personal character, and the ruling peculiarities of his disposition and spirit; and how fine a key to all this is furnished us by the singular episode in the Passion history related by St. Mark! The whole furnishes us an important lesson on the humble reverence which is due all, and every part

of the sacred scriptures. It is all given by inspiration of God, and is all profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness. What may seem to us small, and even irrelevant, is in truth great and solemn. What the wise and prudent of the world may be disposed to treat lightly and despise, reveals to babes in Christ the wonderful wisdom and goodness of God. If what has been given will have the effect of assuring any humble Christian of this glorious fact, our end is attained.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

FOREVER FLOAT THAT STANDARD SHEET!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

OUR NATIONAL FLAG—ITS HISTORY.

At all times, and at this time especially, our glorious flag is dear to us. Its history is not known to all. We are glad to have the opportunity to give its history as prepared by a writer in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Stars and Stripes—the red, white and blue—figures and tints, happily blended in one harmonious whole, constitute our National flag, and has won the highest admiration from every true-hearted American.

Its beautiful proportions and its rich combination of colors make it a perfect gem, while its essential character, the nation's banner, elicits for it a nation's adoration. Every American is proud of it; every lover of his country is enthusiastic in its praise; every patriot would defend it, with the last drop of his blood.

At the present time the American flag is enjoying a perfect ovation.

As this proud banner is unfurled in the breeze, every heart seems to say—let that tongue cleave to the roof of its mouth that would speak reproachfully of our flag, and let that hand forget its cunning that would dare to trail it in the dust—and then, the loud song goes up from ten thousand, thousand voices of freemen,

“The Star Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

At such a time, when every eye is fixed upon the American flag, and when every breast beats with patriotic emotion for its country's safety—it may not be an unacceptable offering, to refresh the memory with the origin and history of our national flag.

The flag of the United States, under which a nation of freemen now rallies, was adopted by Congress, June 14th, 1777, as the following resolution shows:

“Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States, be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation!”

The stars were arranged in the form of a circle. This resolve, it appears, was not made public until the following September 3rd, 1777. and according to Col. Trumbull, the first flag made in pursuance of the act, was used on the occasion of Burgoyne's surrender, October 17th, 1777.

It is intimated by Captain Schuyler Hamilton, of the United States army, to whom I am indebted for these historical reminiscences—that the stripes in the field of the flag were not only designed originally, to indicate the Union of the thirteen colonies; but also, to show, from time to time, the number of States composing the Union. This opinion appears to be corroborated by the fact that in 1794, after the admission of two new States—Vermont and Kentucky—Congress passed the following act, to wit: “that from and after the 1st day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be fifteen stars, white, in a blue field;” this was approved, January 13th, 1794.

It does not seem, however that any further change was made in this design of the flag, until 1818, although several new States had been added to the Union during the interval of twenty-four years—as we are informed by Captin Hamilton, that the above design was the flag of the United States in the war of 1812-14.

In 1818, the Hon. Mr. Wendover, a member of Congress from New York, introduced this subject, and suggested that the stripes of the national flag be altered to their original number, as he anticipated if the number of stripes should be increased according to the number of States, it would in time become unwieldy, and that the alternation he proposed would always designate the original thirteen States—while an additional star for the admission of every new State, would show the number comprising the existing Union. He also proposed another change, which was adopted, viz., that the galaxy of stars in the Union flag, should of themselves by arrangement, form a single star, instead of a circle, which was the original design. The act passed by Congress, April 4th, 1818, reads thus: “that from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field. And that on admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the Union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July next, succeeding such admission.”

This arrangement has continued in force until the present time, unless it is, that by anticipation, the admission of Kansas, the thirty-fourth State, has been acknowledged in many of the new flags prior to the 4th of July next, the time fixed by Congress for the addition to be made.

There are to be found a number of facts and incidents connected with the origin and adoption, as well as the meaning of the devices embodied in our national flag, that would prove highly interesting to those who are fond of *ye antique*. It may, however, be well to furnish briefly a few items of history more immediately bearing upon the flag as it now appears, in order that its origin shall be the more clearly understood.

In 1634 the colony of Massachusetts had in use the ancient national flag of England, the red cross flag. In Winthrop's New England, an

incident is recorded of the defacing of this ensign, by one of the pilgrim fathers, because the red cross was looked upon by them as a relic of anti-Christ. This circumstance occasioned the colonists great trouble and the difficulty was not removed until 1707, when the treaty between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland was ratified, which event resulted in the combination of the ancient red cross flag of the former (a white ground with a red cross) and the azure flag of the latter (a blue ground with a white cross) constituting the national banner of the kingdom of great Britain and as designated in Queen Anne's proclamation at the time, as the Union flag.

The colonists appear to have been satisfied with the change, as we learn that in 1720 they directed this flag, (an English Union with a red field) to be used as a signal on the approach of vessels at a lighthouse near the entrance of Boston harbor.

In 1775 the same flag was used in New York, but bearing the inscription, "George Rex, and the liberties of America," and on the reverse, "no Popery." While in Connecticut, the motto employed was, "qui transtulit sustinet," which is understood to mean, "God who transplanted us hither will support us."

About the same time, April 29, 1775, the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, adopted a white flag as a standard for their colonial cruisers, with the motto, "Appeal to heaven,"—and a pine tree in the centre.

A combination of the Connecticut and Massachusetts mottoes, omitting the tree, was adopted on the red Union flag of the Colonies, by the armies of the Colonists, before Boston; and this flag was unfolded by General Isaac Putnam, on Prospect Hill, July 18th, 1775, after the reading of the Declaration of the Continental Congress, setting forth the causes and necessity of taking up arms.

On the 2d day of January, 1776, after the Union of the thirteen Colonies was effected, Washington hoisted the great Union flag, consisting of the Union of the Crosses and thirteen red and white stripes, the number of Colonies in the Union.

It may be interesting to state, that stripes or ribbons was the distinguished badge in common use among the officers who were ununiformed in the colonial army, according to the suggestion and by the orders of General Washington. Hence it has been inferred that the idea of red and white stripes in the field of the great Union flag of the United American Colonies owes its origin to the above circumstance.

The red, white and blue colors of our flag emblematic of defence to oppression, purity and Union, are probably derived from the colors exhibited on the banners and ensigns of the early Kings of England and Scotland, or their patron saints. The banner of St. George was white charged with red, that of St. Andrew was blue charged with white.

Nor should it be forgotten that blue was a favorite color of Washington; when he commanded the Continental army, he adopted as his badge of recognition a light blue ribbon, which he wore across his breast, between his coat and waistcoat.

Again, the prevailing colors in the flag appear to have been those adopted to give nationality to the uniform of the army of the Colonies; the facings of the blue coat were red, and the color of the plumes white, tipped with red.

NOTES OF A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED BY REV. J. V. ECKERT BEFORE HIS CHARGE, MAY 5, 1861.

"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry."—Ec. vii: 9.

Just at this time, when the people are unusually excited with rumors of war, the consideration of a subject of this character is in place. Too hasty action may to some extent defeat our designs. And especially christians, ministers and laymen, may be, under the present circumstances, controlled too much by the feeling of enmity. Too much christian fuel may be added to the fire of enthusiasm that is heating the people. If there is need at all for prudence and discretion in times like these, the warning is proper from the ministry. If the church does not maintain its dignity and calmness, what can we expect of the State.

Patriotism may be overdone. We, therefore, think it the duty of the pulpit, to caution men against such hastiness and inconsiderateness as might lead to unhappy and disastrous consequences. He that carefully and deliberately weighs a matter, and counts the cost before acting, will always act more wisely and firmly. This is true in the case of States or individuals, in earthly as well as spiritual things. The sin of the State is always, that it is controlled altogether by temporal considerations and feelings. The church must look beyond the present life, and think how actions here bear on the life beyond. "The prudent man looketh well to his going." (Prov. 14: 15.) And "the wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way." (8.) And it is said, "Discretion is the better part of valor."

For the pulpit to oppose what we conceive to be a just defence of our rights and government would be scripturally wrong, and a sin against the State; but to use the holy sword of divine truth, to excite men's wrathful passions, and stir their laboring souls to the highest fighting pitch, we consider unwise. Because "wrath stirreth up strife," (Prov. 15: 18.) And "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Ja. 1: 20.

The christian man, or people, must never forget their high calling and character, and therefore, never descend to the level of the rabble and ungodly in their feelings and mental attitude toward an enemy. Whatever of chastisement we may conclude enemies deserve, let it never be given in the spirit of hatred. This would not be gospel. Christ has commanded, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." (Matt. 5: 44.)

Many we fear among us, who, feeling that the North has forborne too long perhaps, and literally when smote on the right cheek, turned to the enemy the other also for peace, may lose their christian temper and give vent to feelings by no means allowable in the believer. We have heard of persons, who have, in their unsanctified zeal for their country, unfortunately, sent forth a violent tirade of abuse and insult toward the rebels of the South, that savored too much of the spirit of the evil one for a professing christian.

If our Southern brethren—for such they are by nature and grace—have become insubordinate, and assumed a belligerent attitude toward the government, which has fostered and protected them, and it is driven to the alternative of exercising its military power in self-defence, and to crush out the rebellious spirit, let it be done, notwithstanding, in the spirit of love. All chastisement to be lawful and scriptural must be for the *good* of the chastised. This is the feeling our Saviour inculcates in the passage, Luke 22: 35–38, 47–53, in commanding the apostles to prepare for dangers and difficulties, but not to use the sword prematurely or unnecessarily.

As christians, when war becomes unavoidable, we should see that feelings of humanity, christian brotherhood, and good will actuate us. Under such circumstances, there is danger of us being moved more by the feelings and motions of enmity and carnal retribution, than those of love and profitable chastisement. The principle of retaliation should find no place in our hearts. This our Lord condemned in the Jews when he said to his disciples, “resist not evil.”

If, from any of the language of our Saviour, we should endeavor to make it appear that He favored a belligerent or war-waging spirit, we wrest his peaceable words. It is rather by implication, than by express command, that we from the gospel can justify war in any case, between a professedly christian people. When we say by implication, we mean this: 1st. Civil government is of divine authority. (Rom. xiii: 3–4.) 2d. Obedience to civil authority is commanded. (Matt. xxii: 20. Tit. iii: 1. 1 Pet. ii: 13–15.) 3d. Therefore, if the government gets into hostilities we must take up arms. To not be willing to do this, is proving ourselves disloyal, and therefore indirectly resist a command of God.

In other language you are required, as a christian, to be loyal to the government; that government, for its maintenance and safety, and the peace and prosperity of its citizens, finds it necessary to enter into hostilities; you as a citizen are called into the army; you are, therefore, by implication bound to take up arms in defence of your country; in this way the gospel requires us to go to war, and justifies a christian in defending his rights by arms. And if that war should even be an unjust one—one which could not be justified in policy, according to the precept, “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” still the individual is not guilty of sin, but the official heads of the government are.

But if, in the exercise of our elective franchise or vote, we should be consciously provoking hostilities of an unjust character, or purposely and knowingly in any way as citizens act so as to bring our government into a state of war, then we become guilty as individuals, and violate as such, the command “Thou shalt not kill.” And the more free and liberal the government, the greater the sin of its citizens, if their privileges be thus wrongly exercised.

War may thus be caused by the people, and the official heads be but the directors of the actions produced. They may be by the people thus compelled to go to war, when the responsibility will rest upon the former, for whatever evils may be done. And the people, against their will, may be driven into war by their official heads, when the responsibility will rest directly on the heads of the latter.

Let us not then be too hasty in time of peace or war, but act with

care, prudence and forethought. And that whatever evils we may in the providence of God, experience and see, that we have not designedly by our own actions brought them on us. Let all cultivate a holy and well tempered enthusiasm and love for country, that is firm and genuine, and not spasmodic and wavering. For the very spirit of the whole Bible is that of freedom—freedom for body and soul. Our Saviour knew that before the enlightening, elevating, and sanctifying influence of the gospel, despotism, sin, and hell could not stand. If Jesus, king of saints, reigns within, no crushing unrighteous force can long rule without; and the human fetters that binds the souls and bodies of men, will, ere long, give way to liberty and truth.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that Star Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now diseloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more:
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XXXIV.

THE LADDER OF MERCY.

EIGHT steps or runcles, has the Ladder of Mercy, says Mainonides. The first and lowest is when one gives alms against his will and without pleasure.

The second is when one gives willingly, but gives not in proportion to the needs of the one who is suffering want.

The third is when one gives willingly, and according to the wants of the needy, but gives not till help has been asked.

The fourth is when one gives willingly and according to the wants of the needy, but places it into the hand of the poor one and thus awakens in him the painful feeling of shame.

The fifth has this peculiarity, that alms are given in such a way that the poor one who receives them knows his benefactor, but the receiver is not known to the giver. Thus did many of our ancestors. They placed money in secret nooks, that the poor might take it unseen and unknown.

The sixth step is still higher. This is when one knows the recipients of his gifts, but they know not him. So our ancestors were in the habit of ordaining in regard to alms-giving. They sent their alms to the dwellings of the poor and were careful to have themselves and their names unknown.

The seventh step is still more meritorious. This shows mercy in such a manner that the benefactor knows not those whom he relieves, and those aided know not their benefactors. Thus did our merciful fathers when the temple yet stood. For in this holy sanctuary there was a place called the closet of silence or unostentatiousness. Into this treasury the pious laid what their generous hearts bade them give, and with like unostentatious silence were the families of the worthy poor provided for from its contents.

But the eighth, and the best step among all is when mercy is exercised in advance of want, to prevent poverty, either by giving to the brother who was falling behind, a liberal gift, or lending him money, or teaching him how to support himself, so that he may have an honorable means of subsistence, and might not be compelled to the humiliating necessity of stretching forth his hand for alms. To this the Holy Scriptures allude when it is said: "If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then thou shalt relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. (Lev. xxv: 35.) This is the highest step in mercy, and the top of its golden ladder.

XXXV.

HONESTY.

Have we not all one father? has not one God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother, by profaning the covenant of our fathers? (Mal. ii: 10.)

Once on a time an Ishmaelite sold a camel to Rabbi Schimon, and the pupils of the Rabbi led it home for him. But when they took the saddle from it they found a necklace of diamonds lying under the saddle.

"Rabbi, Rabbi!" they cried, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich!" (Prov. x: 22.)

By this they intended to imply that God had given it to him.

"Carry back the diamonds to the man from whom I bought the animal! said Rabbi Schimon. He only sold the camel to me, not precious stones!"

Accordingly the diamonds were given back to the owner, to his great surprise; but the most precious of all diamonds the Rabbi retained, namely, Honesty and Uprightness!

XXXVI.

HE THAT DOES INJUSTICE TO HIM WHO HAS DONE UNJUSTLY, IS
EQUALLY GUILTY WITH HIM.

Rabbi Hana dealt largely in wine, and kept great quantities of it on hand. He had, however, this misfortune, that four hundred vessels of it spoiled for him, so that it was not fit to be sold. Rabbi Jehudah, and several other wise men, came to comfort him. They expressed their sympathy with him in his great loss, and then exhorted him to consider his ways and examine himself.

"My friends," said Hana, who was a truly pious man, "My friends, do you suppose that I have committed a sin which has deserved so severe a punishment?"

"And do you believe," answered the wise men, "that the Judge in Heaven chastises without reason!"

"Very well," said Hana, "if you know any fault in me it were better that you should mention it to me."

Then his learned friends reminded him how he had neglected to give to his vine-dressers the droppings of his vineyards, which they regard as their right.

"That is true," said the Rabbi defending himself; "but what unrighteousness is there in that? Do you not know that the vine-dressers are not wont to be very honest, and take more than belongs to them?"

"Be it so," said the wise men. "But you forget the proverb: whosoever steals from the dishonest man takes part in his theft."

By this they intended to imply that it is our duty to act honestly even towards the dishonest who take the advantage of us. Hana was very rich, mighty, and learned, but he was not ashamed to acknowledge his error. He made good his error, and thanked the wise men for the lesson they had taught him.

ORIGIN OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

IN 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac river, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that the prisoners would be detained till after the attack had been made against Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded with the British fleet, as it sailed up the Patapsco, and when they came in sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could see the American Flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed, the bombardment of the Fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the Fort had not been surrendered. It suddenly ceased, sometime before day, but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the Fort had surrendered, or the attack on it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "Our Flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of his celebrated song, finishing it before he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend, Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the Printer, and in an hour after, it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a National Song.

The air of The Star-spangled Banner is not original, and is not even American. It belongs to the old song :

"When Bibbo went down to the regions below,"

Which may be found in any antiquated collection of English social and convivial ballads. But it is completely Americanized, and the music, without the words, thrills the patriotic heart in these times of the country's troubles, quite as much as the stirring verses do.

The above note of the history and author of our National Song, we take from the *Phila. Evening Bulletin*. We remember of having seen, some years ago, a collection of Mr. Key's Poems. In the Preface, a lengthy account of the origin of the Star-spangled Banner was given, in substance the same as the above. Mr. Key was a lawyer, and if we remember right, a native of Frederick county, Maryland. Barton Key, who was shot by Sickles, in Washington, a year or two ago, was a son of his. The old gentleman is said to have been an excellent man, and a consistent Christian.

THE SEASON OF BEAUTIFUL YOUTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS is the season of growth. All nature is alive and fresh. It is pleasant to behold, and instructive to study the growth of plants and seeds. Our Saviour drew many of His heavenly lessons from the vineyards, the fields and the groves. Calling our attention to the lilies of the field, he bids us "consider how they grow." Growing plants and trees, apart from any material benefit to be derived from them, is of the highest profit; not only on account of pleasure yielded by observation of the beautiful process, but also by the valuable suggestions they give of super-sensuous truth.

This being our view of the matter, we are always growing something for its own dear sake. Philosophy would not allow us to believe that plants themselves enjoy an exquisite pleasure in growing, but poetry, far more liberal and less severe, sweetly encourages the idea. We go with the poetic view; philosophy may have the other. We cannot, however, forbear giving the crusty science a little snub, by merely asking: If plants find no pleasure in growing, why are they so fond of it. Grow they will. The poplar and willow rail grow on a fence. The mullein which you cast over the fence into the road, will curl up its head and grow as long as it can. The water-lily in the bottom of the dismal pond, the sea-weed in the salt water, the potato in the cellar, the onion in the garret, the parasite on the tree, the moss and grass on the housetop, the grass in the hard-beaten path—all, grow, grow, grow! It is their nature to grow, and to follow out their nature we should suppose must be pleasant.

See, too, how pleasant everything that grows appears to the view; and the more it grows the pleasanter it looks. When the ground is too dry or the air too cold, how vegetation droops and seems sad. When again the warm sun comes out from behind the clouds and when the refreshing summer shower comes down like a blessing, what a smile of satisfaction plays over the face of nature. "Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing."

Having now put the philosophers to flight, we are prepared to exhort our readers, not only to witness with pleasure what is growing around them, but also to encourage growth by planting and tilling. Our first parents, Adam and Eve, even in their holy estate in Paradise, were directed to till and keep the garden into which God had placed them.

It was an exercise congenial to a peaceful, sinless life. For other reasons, but partly for this also, do we so naturally connect innocence with rural life. Certainly, love for planting and growing has in it an elevating power.

Plant trees! shade trees, fruit trees, flowering trees. Help to make the earth more beautiful, and especially that dear spot—your own home. Every charm you add to it will return its blessing to yourself and the family to which you belong; and how much of this charm comes through trees and flowers!

THE MORNING LAND OF LIFE.

I dwelt in a bright land far away—
A beautiful morning land—
Where the winds and wild birds sung all day,
And the waves, repeating their roundelay,
Danced over the golden sand.

I know the paths over its low green hills,
The banks where its violets grow,
The osier clumps by its laughing rills,
And the color its every flower distils,
Though I left it long ago.

I know where the sybil Summer weaves
The charm of her sweetest spells;”
Where the soft south wind and the low voiced leaves
Make a touching plaint, like spirit that grieves
In the heart of a rose-lipped shell.

I know the cliff where the lichen clings,
And the crimson berries grow;
Where the mist are woven in rainbow rings,
And the cascade leaps with its snowy wings
To the shadowy pool below.

But, alas! for me, its pleasant bowers,
And the radiant bloom they wore,
The birds that sung, and the sunny showers,
That kisses the lips of the fair young flowers,
Are never, never more!

Ah, no! the heart that has learned for years
The love of sorrow and pain;
The eyes bedimmed by time and tears,
The lips grown pale with unspoken fears,
Can never return again.

Yet, Eden home of the Eden time,
When my lonely heart rebels,
Thy voices come through rust and rime
Of the weary world, like the soothing chime
Of distant Sunday bells.

And when my path in future seems
With clouds and darkness rife,
I wander away, in my waking dreams,
To thy dewy bowers and sunny streams,
Sweet Morning Land of Life.

THE PURE PATH FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the evening twilight,
'Mid the evil days,
Age laments the errors
Of its youthful ways.
Had it loved the caution more,
And the promise less,
It had found how lips that warn
Are the lips that bless.

In youth—if it is ever done—must the foundations be laid for a pure, useful and beautiful life. Sin is not only the source of the *evil*, it is also the source of the *ugly*—it brings not only guilt but also shame. It is a constant habit of the scriptures to speak of sin as defilement and pollution, and sinners are described as unclean. Their way is spoken of as an unclean way. The way of the saint, on the other hand, is spoken of as the way of holiness, in which the unclean cannot walk. Christians are described as those that are washed and purified, and heaven their final home as a place into which nothing that is defiled shall enter. The garments of the saints are said to be pure and white, whilst those of sinners are designated as filthy rags.

Every young person should regard it as the first great business of his life, by all divine helps, to make clean his path through life.

This world is a fallen world, and sin fills it with defilements. The very earth on which we walk is cursed and unclean by traces and tracks of sin. The air which we breathe is under the dominion of the author of sin—the prince of the power of the air. Society meets us on all sides with polluting touch, and is ready to take us into its unclean embrace. To all our senses it presents its defilements. To our eyes appears the pride of life; to our ears, profanity, blasphemy, the whispers of unbelief, and the syren seducements of earthly pleasure. In the strong language of the prophet, “Our habitation is in the midst of deceit.” The very friendship of the world is enmity to God. Even the beauty and loveliness of the world and the attractions of its hollow but gilded joys, only chain us with more insidious deception down to earth, and make us better satisfied to dwell in these low grounds of sin.

To these outward influences of a defiling character must be added the inward disposition of the natural heart to fall in with these defiling influences and to love them. Temptations from without would be comparatively powerless were the heart well fortified with holy repugnance to them. Outward foes become weak if the camp and the fort are strong. But, alas! in this case the heart of the natural man does not only lie open and defenceless, but the camp itself is filled with traitors; and the heart has dispositions which themselves long to be in the hands of these outward besiegers.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all that train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Who will deny that the heart by nature loves sin ? Who will deny that it is not more easy to do evil than to do good ? Does not all experience show that the young are more easily led upon the wrong than upon the right way. See what religious restraints are necessary to curb the natural dispositions to sin ; and when all this is done, many do not yield to wisdom's voice but go on to death through all the restraints and constraints of grace. "That which is born by the flesh is flesh ;" so all wisdom from heaven exclaims, and so all experience of earth answers.

Such then is the region of polluting influences through which the path of the young lies. Certain defilement and certain final ruin awaits them, unless they yield to the voice of gracious wisdom which exhorts them to "cleanse their way." The young can and ought to do something to avoid the evil that lies in their path. They are not to sit down and wait till it is overcome for them ; they are to enter manfully upon the great duty themselves, as on the mission and work which God has assigned them.

We would not be understood to teach that the young are able of themselves to escape the pollutions of the world. This would be contrary to the teachings of the scriptures, which teach that of ourselves we can do nothing. He that trusts in his own heart is a fool ; he only is strong who distrusts himself and seeks the aid of divine grace. He that would succeed in this warfare with evil must look to God, who alone can create in him a clean heart, and renew in him a right spirit ; but then he is also to look to his way and seek to walk in holiness and righteousness all the days of his life. He is to seek to direct his feet in the way of purity, and thus to escape innate defilements, and the power and danger of outward temptations. There are paths through life which are less dangerous than others ; by choosing these he may be successful in maintaining purity of character and life.

First of all should every young person seek to keep his soul from coming in contact with outward defilements. Every sin into which he suffers himself to be drawn will defile his path. When he arrives at the end of his life and looks back, the course of his life will seem to him like a path, and every sinful act, will seem like a spot of hateful defilement. Thus if he sins much his way will be filthy and unclean.

How different to different persons must the backward track of life seem. One finds his way covered with the marks of sin and crime of which another knows nothing at all. Much of the path of every young person who reads this article is yet unmarked before him. He is called upon to determine what it shall be. Even the short part of his path which he has already cast behind him may present some unclean spots ; this is only a trifling specimen of what he will be compelled to see, and to bewail with hopeless bitterness, when he stands at his own grave, and looks back over the path of his life. Every young person should avoid defiling the souls and the path of others. We are social beings, and as such we come in contact with each other and exert upon each other a lasting influence. We may thus be the instruments in the hands of sin

to shape the way and the destinies of others. How many an one's path-way through life would not be what it is were it not for others. These defiling influences which we cast upon others as we pass along through life will also stand in horrid and horrifying relief against the dark and gloomy path which rises to our remembrance at the end of our own path. If we shed around us pure influences, these will be as bright way marks along our path, so that when memory reviews the acts of our life it will walk in a bright and clean path. We will thus not only walk in a pure path ourselves but leave clean tracks upon those whom we pass. But, on the contrary, if our defilements brush upon others along our path it will leave our way defiled ; just as when one with greasy clothing passes through a company, the traces and drippings of his own filthy robes will mark his path upon others.

How different in this respect also must the ways of different persons seem to them when they look back from the grave. Take for instance any young member of the church. Let us suppose him to be truly pious. He is diligent to cleanse his own heart, and also his way, among his companions. In the congregation, in the Sabbath School, in the circle of his own companions, he is active, consistent, and blameless, and leaves daily an influence for good upon the heart and mind of those with whom he comes in contact. As he grows older, he grows in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and becomes daily wiser, better, and more useful. He endeavors to walk in all holy obedience towards all men. At last he draws towards the end of life. Calm and serene as a summer sun he sinks from the world, and looks back upon the way he came with a peace that is worth a world. How bright to such an one must the remembrance of his life be.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

But suppose running parallel with a life like this, the life of one who walked in transgressions from his youth, and stains his life, and the lives of others too, with many a crime. Let such an one have the path of his life drawn beside the one just mentioned, and what a difference ! Along his life are seen the traces of his own defilements, appearing thick and indelible upon the souls of others !

Every young person ought to select such a path as will least expose him to the defilements of sin. Some employments do more than others to expose to temptation and sin. There are sins which more easily beset some than others. Those then who know themselves to lie exposed, in any way of predisposition to certain sins, should not choose a calling in life which will expose them to such entanglements. More than one case might be cited where conscientious persons changed their business and profession because it exposed their weak side to danger. We know of one man who refused to lay the pavement before a tavern where liquor was sold, because he would not endanger his weakness. We have known

persons who would not live in cities because of their temptations. We know of one man who quit the practice of the law because he, with his peculiar tendencies, found it difficult to preserve his conscience pure. We know of another who quit the mercantile business for the same reason. While we freely grant that all these callings may be pursued without danger to some, we must also contend at the same time that to some they offer peculiar temptations. When therefore any one discovers that in the path of his peculiar calling occasion is given to any besetting sin, he is bound to change it if he may be more secure in another.

The same may be said of the danger in social life. Not all society is safe. Social influences are strong, and many an one has been led astray by not choosing his path carefully in social life. There is society which will not only present no dangers, but which will offer direct helps to a holy life. Let this be chosen by all who are anxious to preserve purity of life.

A close observer cannot fail to fix his mind's eye at once upon instances of young persons who do in this way successfully contend against evil. They proceed thoughtfully and with cautious step. They endeavor to see danger ahead and carefully avoid it. They do not even depend upon their own caution, but look to God for help in the earnest prayer: "Lead me not into temptation." The difference between these and such as heed not such counsels is as great as the difference between such as go slouching through wet and filthy streets, and such as pick with caution the best and driest of the pavement. You never see them sitting with vain and idle persons, they walk not in the way of the ungodly, nor do they sit in the seat of the scornful. On Zion's holy highway they walk, and are found in company with the people of God, in the narrow but pleasant paths of righteousness and peace.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

If thou dost truly seek to live
With all the joys that life can give:
If thy young feet would gladly press
The ways of peace and happiness;

Go thou, with fresh and fervent love,
To Him who dwells in light above,
Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
Yet listen when the lowly pray.

Cling thou to Jesus faithfully,
As vines embrace their guardian tree;
Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed,
Be His in thought, and word, and deed;

And thou shalt breathe in his low world,
An eagle chain'd, with wings unfurl'd,
Prepar'd when once thy bonds are riven,
To soar away, and flee to heaven.

O R I G I N O F P L A N T S .

THE following table, giving the native countries of various plants, has been carefully prepared, and will be found valuable for reference :

Apple (wild) England ; almond, Asia Minor ; artichoke, Brazil ; arbor vitæ, North America ; arrow root, South America and West Indies ; bean, Egypt ; beach, England and America ; barley, mountains of Himalaya ; buckwheat, Siberia and Tartary ; broom shrub, Europe ; chocolate, Mexico ; coffee, Upper Ethiopia ; chickory (wild) Germany ; clovers, native plants ; celery, Germany ; cherry, Asiatic Turkey ; chick pea, South of Europe ; cabbage, Sicily and Naples ; carraway, Germany ; carrot, Asia ; cucumber, East Indies ; currants, Southern Europe ; citron, Media ; dill, East ; dock, ten varieties, England ; duck weed, four species, England ; egg plant, Africa ; elder, England ; fern, Europe ; fig, India ; flax or linseed, S. Europe ; Fuller's teasel, (wild) S. Europe ; garden orache, Tartary ; garden cress, Egypt ; gooseberry, Southern Europe and North America ; goose foot, thirteen species in Britain, and ten or twelve in North America ; gourd, East ; grasses, mostly native plants ; grape, Persia ; hazel nut, Europe ; hemp, India ; hemp, Indian, North America ; hickory, eight species in North America ; hops, Germany ; horse radish, Southern Europe ; horse-bean, Caspian Sea ; holly, nine species in United States ; hyssop, Siberia ; koriander, (wild) near Mediterranean ; lintel, (wild) shores of Mediterranean ; lupin, from the Levant ; maize, America ; madder, East ; mangel wurzel, shores of Mediterranean ; mandrake, Southern Europe ; medler, Europe ; melon, Asia ; misletoe, East ; millet, Abyssinia and India ; mustard, Germany ; mulberry tree, Persia ; myrtle, South Europe ; nettle, Europe ; oats, wild in North Africa ; okra, West Indies ; olive, Asia Minor ; onion, Egypt ; parsnip, Asia ; palmetto-tree, Gulf States, particularly South Carolina ; parsley, Sardinia ; pear, Europe ; pea, South Europe, brought to England 1548 ; pepper grass, North America ; peach, Persia ; planer tree, Southern States ; plum, Asia Minor ; poplar, first known in Athens ; poppy, from East ; potato, Peru and Mexico ; pumpkin, North America ; quince, Candia ; radish, China and Japan ; rape-seed, Sicily and Naples ; rhubarb, Asia ; rice, South Africa ; rose, twelve wild species in United States ; rye, Siberia ; saffron, Levant ; sassafras, North America, early became known to the Europeans ; spinach, Arabia ; snake root, North America ; sorrel-tree, United States ; spicewood, United States ; squash, North and South America ; Swamp cabbage, low lands United States ; sunflower, Peru ; tarragon, Central Asia ; teasel, three species in England ; tobacco, Virginia and Lobago ; tomato, South America ; tuckahoe, Southern States ; turnip, shores of the Mediterranean ; walnut, Persia ; wheat, Thibet ; yam, East and West Indies and China.

P A T R I O T I S M A N D P I E T Y .

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the brief history of our present national difficulties many incidents have occurred showing that the religious element is still strong in our national life. We at once call to mind the prayer in connection with the elevation of the National flag over fort Sumpter by Major Anderson and his brave men. A like spirit was manifested by this honored officer in his speech after his arrival in Philadelphia, in which he expresses his assurance that he was directed by the hand of Providence in all his movements. Besides, his humble piety, though he has never made any show of it, is well known.

In numberless instances the departure of companies and regiments was celebrated with prayer and other religious services. In a number of instances individual soldiers connected themselves with the church previous to their departure. A very large proportion of our soldiers are members of churches, and many letters from camp speak of religious services having been held, and state the fact that many of the soldiers, seated around their tents, on Sunday, read their Bibles. Very often, too, has the soldier on his departure, and in letters sent back, asked the prayers of "the loved ones at home."

These facts, and many others of a like kind, show that our armies go not "as the unthinking horse into the battle," but as christian men in a sacred and holy cause. Every christian heart should rejoice in this; and it may well be taken as an assurance that those who thus go forth in the name of the Lord, shall share his special protection in perils and dangers when "thousands shall fall at their side."

While it is true, however, that many have gone forth to battle as christians, and some shall perhaps fall as christians in the sacred cause of the fatherland, it must be remembered that the mere going forth in a holy cause does not of itself make those christians who are not such before. Dying for our country does not necessarily make us christian martyrs, and insure us the christian crown in heaven. It is therefore painful to hear, as we sometimes do, unguarded words which give encouragement to the sad mistake referred to.

In regard, especially, to the sad death of the brave Col. Ellsworth, many imprudent things of this kind have been said. We know nothing of the religious status of this noble young man, as the papers have made no allusions to it. This absence of notice is itself sad! Yet he may have been a christian. His beautiful and touching last letter to his parents shows tender instincts which may have been awakened by religious emotions; and we fain hope he may not have been altogether unprepared for so sudden a summons into the presence of his God. We say not a word which would judge him. All we desire to set forth is

that his death in a good cause had not the merit or power to make him a christian. If he was prepared for death, he became such through faith in Christ. Not his own blood, shed for his country, but the blood of Jesus could cleanse his soul from the guilt of sin. This is the infallible testimony of the eternal word of God. Quite different from this, however, is the theology of J. W. Forney in the following little poem:

TO ELLSWORTH.

BY J. W. FORNEY.

So young, so brave, so early called,
 We mourn above his laureled bier—
 His name on every heart enrolled,
 To friends and home and country dear.
 Struck by a traitor's reckless hand,
 Falling without a chance to raise
 His sinewy arm with flashing brand,
 And in the morning of his days,
 ENTERING UPON THE ETERNAL LAND,
 HE GOES HIS WAITING GOD TO MEET
 WITHOUT A SIN, without a fear;
 And as he walks the golden street,
 Of yon fair far and wondrous sphere,
 The angels all their harps will bring,
 And hymn their holy welcoming.

If this brave young man now "walks the golden street" of the heavenly Jerusalem, he himself, could he see it, would pronounce this poem, and especially the lines which we have italicized, full of the deadliest error, the boldest impiety, if not absolutely blasphemous! He knows that Jesus' blood alone brought him there. Let all our brave soldiers be taught that piety begets patriotism, but that patriotism is not piety, and can never produce it. To die for one's country is a passport to our deepest gratitude, but it is not of itself a passport into heaven.

REMARKABLE OLD-WORLD PROPHECY.

THE following curious matter appeared in the Press of Philadelphia, April 20, 1861. We give it as a specimen of that "mystical lore" to which the Poet alludes, and which portrays how "coming events cast their shadows before." If the verses are authentic it would seem as if some finely strung mind far in the past had heard the sounding of that tumultuous sea by which our national ship is at present tossed.—ED. GUARDIAN.

Ever since the discovery of America by Columbus, it has been popularly believed that Seneca and Plato had plainly predicted that event, so important to the interests of humanity. In Bacon's *Essays** there is one entitled "Of Prophecies," which refers among other examples, to portions of the writings of Seneca and Plato, which, in his time, (and, we may add, since,) were considered as especially bearing upon this instance. Seneca's lines are as follows :

Venient annis
 Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus
 Vincula rerum laxit, et ingens
 Pateat Tellus, Shipysque novos
 Detegat orbes ; nec sit terris
 Ultima Thule.

The literal translation is : "After the lapse of years, ages will come in which Ocean shall relax his chains around the world, and a vast continent shall appear, and Tiphys shall explore new regions, and Thule shall be no longer the utmost verge of the earth." As Ultima Thule is understood to have been the Faroe Islands, in the Roman estimation, the above indicates that the new continent was to appear in the West.

Before Seneca's lines were written, Plato had narrated the Egyptian legend that, engulfed in the Ocean, but sometimes still visible, was the Island of Atalantis—supposed to mean the Western World.

Bacon, although he says that all kinds of predictions should be discredited, enumerates a great many which actually were fulfilled—as if, with the credulity of his age he believed them, but, as a grave philosopher, was bound to deny them.

A learned friend, whose signature is V. W. X. Y. Z., and who need not here be named, has sent us a remarkable prophecy, said to have been written centuries ago, which seems curiously and emphatically to refer to the present condition of affairs in this country. He prefaces the original and translation, with this introduction :

The following Monkish-Latin verses (of which I have attempted a translation, with what success others shall judge) are, indeed, to say the least of them, wonderful, as describing so accurately and minutely some of the events transpiring in our own day and country. The structure of the original Latin is such (I need not tell you) as was frequently practiced in the middle ages, more particularly, and in the religious houses of Continental Europe, and many parts of Great Britain and Ireland. Indeed, such Leonine or Monkish-Latin verses were much in fashion from a very early period of the Christian era until the revival of classical literature. To what particular age or country the Leonines now under consideration belong, it would be difficult to conjecture. They would seem, however, to be assignable to a period somewhat prior to that when the Latin language lost much of its idiomatic beauty and conciseness of expression. The elision of the vowels (the terminating vowel of one word before the succeeding beginning vowel in another word) is closely observed in the present verses.

In the sixth line, the word "ejus" is to be pronounced as though the *j* were absent, and somewhat like the English noun "use:" the *m* of

*Works of Francis Bacon. (Brown & Taggart's Boston edition.) Vol. xii. pp. 203—206.

"locum," in the same line, is of course, elided in reading, as it is, most generally, "ante vocalem."

As the verses have never hitherto been published, (existing, as they do, only in manuscript,) I know of no better medium for bringing them into the light of day than the columns of *The Press*. They may, perhaps, thereby obtain as wide a dissemination among the other journals of the country as their literary merits and prophetic accuracy entitle them to.

The Latin verses, rough enough to be old, are as follows :

Antequam Tres Decemque Conjuncti
Triplicata sint parte perfuncti,
Aquila, belli fulgure strata,
Decidet cœlo dedecorata.

Quum Sexaginta finitus erit
Unusque locum ejus occupaverit,
Simul fratres, fratribus succensi,
Multum tribuent mutux offensæ.

Sed si alba alba, et nigra nigra manent,
Conjuncti, iterum, faustique clarent.
Quando inter stellas Crux apparebit.
Nullus iras inter eos videbit.

Our friend's translation, accurate as well as flowing, we now subjoin :

Before *Thirteen United
Shall be thrice what they are,
The Eagle shall be blighted
By the lightnings of war.

When †Sixty is ended
And One takes its place,
Then, brothers offended,
Shall deal mutual disgrace.

If ‡white remain white,
And black be still black,
Once more they'll unite,
And bring happiness back.

But whenever the §Cross
Stands aloft 'mong the stars,
They shall gain by their loss,
And thus end all their wars.

*This undoubtedly refers to the thirteen original United States of America.

†This must mean when the year 1860 terminates, and 1861 begins.

‡The meaning of this may be, AS CERTAINLY AS WHITE IS WHITE, AND AS CERTAINLY AS BLACK IS BLACK, once more a Union feeling will prevail, and consequent happiness be the result; or else it may possibly convey, under its mystic meaning, an allusion to the propriety of letting the "nigger" alone, and leaving the white man to attend to his own affairs; or, perhaps, of making discrimination between the two races, "the white and the black."

§This, most assuredly, means, if the Banner of the Cross stands side by side with the "Star Spangled Banner;" or, in other words, if the masses of the people become christianized, then, and then only shall they become a united, a victorious and happy people.

The force of the allusions must be evident to all. They would have startled Francis Bacon.

D E A T H .

BY J. H. J.

“SURE, 'tis a serious thing to die!
What a strange moment it must be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed,
To tell what's doing on the other side!”

Death is the separation of the constituents that form a living being. When the principle of life has forsaken the material body in which it dwelt and which it animated, death has done its work. Death is the appointed lot of every human being. All men not only enter the world alike, but they leave it alike : all are doomed to die. In different ages of the world and by different classes of men, death has been looked upon under different aspects. But the thought of it is in a greater or less degree terrible to all men in a state of nature. Among the ancients death was personated as one of the deities of the lower world. As they had extremely dreadful and gloomy ideas of death, so their descriptions of the goddess are of a corresponding character. She is described as ravenous and raging, and roving about with a face of a pale, wan color, with open mouth, black robes and dark wings. Death is now looked upon by fearful mortals as the “king of terrors,” a “grim monster,” that stalks abroad throughout the earth, sending his fatal shafts on every side.

The dreaded visiter comes to each mortal *once*. He is no respecter of persons. He visits the peasant, the serf, the slave, the meanest of the race, dwelling in hovels and clad in filthy rags. He visits, too, the noble arrayed in costly purple, and the royal monarch attired in still richer robes, and seated on a throne. He comes to the old and feeble man supported by a staff, and to the tender infant lying on its mother's breast. He comes to the matron in her prime, and to the man of middle age glorying in his strength. He comes, too, to the blushing and beautiful maiden, and to the youth just entering manhood, and rejoicing in the feeling of existence. And when he comes, he comes to be obeyed. Neither lordly wealth, nor noble birth, nor piteous prayers, can move him to put off his summons. He is stern and inexorable : distinctions he regards not, entreaties he heeds not.

O Death, thou dreaded King ! thou mighty leveler ! how innumerable are thy trophies ! how universal thy sway ! Where has not thy pale steed carried thee ?

“Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous wood,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there !

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.”

What countless numbers hast thou blasted with thy chilling breath ! Earth's tyrants and conquerors have sent unnumbered thousands to thy cold embrace. But the conquered sufficed thee not ; thou hast embraced the conquerors too. The mighty as well as the weak, thou claimest as thine own ; thou hast destroyed their distinctions, and commingled their dust. The bosom of the mighty deep, where myriads of thy vanquished lie ; a watery cavern being their common tomb, and waves their winding sheets—the mounds and monuments that mark the resting places of thy victims on the main ; plains and deserts covered with whitened bones ; and multitudes even now, just yielding up their breath, tell how mighty, how unrelenting and insatiable thou art.

But exult not, O Death ! Though thou dost yet terrify timorous and hopeless mortals at thy approach, thou O Skeleton Rider, hast thyself been conquered. God Incarnate, man's Redeemer, has deprived thee of thy sting. He broke thy chains ; he rose again triumphant over thee and the grave. But He conquered thee not for Himself alone. His victory is also that of His saints, a countless host redeemed by His blood. His resurrection is a sure pledge of theirs. For them thou hast no terrors ; to them thou art a welcome messenger sent to release them from the toils and sorrows of earth, that their disencumbered spirits may wing their flight to the Paradise above, to be at length reunited with their bodies renewed and glorified. O grave ! where is thy victory ? O death ! where is thy sting ?

But is it really true that a mortal, conscious that he is on the verge of life, and about to enter eternity, can meet death without fear ? The scoffer may answer, No. But the christian believes that

“ Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

If death is terror to the believer as well as to the unbeliever, why did the wicked Balaam exclaim, “ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his ? ” Why have martyrs in flames declared that their joy exceeded their pain ? Why did Israel's psalmist to Israel's Shepherd sing, “ Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.” Scoffer, if thou wouldst be convinced that Christ can rob death of its gloom and terror, go to the death-bed of the wicked Spira : hear him with countenance and voice of wild despair, tell that he is already suffering the miseries of hell. Then, scoffer, go thou to the bedside of the dying Payson : behold the peaceful serenity of his countenance : see how it beams, lit up, as it were, with rays of glory from the other world, and hear him in raptures tell of the delights of the better land in which he is already participating.

The poet's name
And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,
Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand :
But none record the household virtues there.

THE SINGULAR YOUNG DISCIPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Gospel History briefly describes a singular scene connected with the betrayal and arrest of our Saviour. It took place late on Thursday night, in the garden of Gethsemane, or between that place and the palace of the High-priest toward which the officers were leading, and the crowd following, our Saviour. Judas had given him the kiss of betrayal; the encounter between Peter and the servant of the High-priest, in which he cut off his ear, had taken place; the band had laid hands on him, and the disciples had fled. At this point the little scene occurred, which only St. Mark has preserved, in these words (St. Mark xiv : 51, 52.)

“And there followed Him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast around his naked body : and the young men laid hold on him.

“And he left the linen cloth and fled from him naked.”

On this passage Dr. Lange in his commentary has the following : “An episode, which is as peculiar to St. Mark as the account of the journey of the two disciples to Emmaus is to St. Luke, and it no doubt rests on the same ground. That the youth was not one of the Apostles, we may judge from the description given of him as a certain young man, from the circumstance that he was already habited in his night clothes, and especially from the contrast in which he is placed to the Apostles. He appears in the scene after “they all forsook him and fled,” an early awakened Joseph of Aramathea, and a precursor of him. Hence some, as Ambrose Chrysostom, Gregory the Great, have incorrectly supposed that this young man was John; and still others have as improperly regarded the youth as James the Just. We may safely assume that the young man belonged to a family that was friendly towards Christ. In any case he himself must have been enthusiastically attached to our Saviour. Hence it seemed natural to suppose, with Theophlact, that the youth may have belonged to the house in which our Saviour celebrated the passover with his disciples; in that case we would have to assume that the house belonged to a family which possessed a residence in the valley of Cedron, where the young man had slept at that time. That the young man had been aroused from sleep, or had been disturbed by the noise of the arrest while he was preparing to retire, as Grotius suggests, we may be sure from the fact that he appeared in his night-dress. Both circumstances might possibly be united in the person of St. Mark himself, whom we, with Olshausen, regard this certain young man to have been ?* The reasons for this view are :

*It will be remembered that St. Mark was not one of the twelve Apostles. He was, according to Papias, Irenæus and others, a disciple and interpreter of Peter.

[Ed.]

1. The representations given of the young man are throughout in harmony with the character of St. Mark.

2. So also are the circumstances and relations of the young man applicable to those of St. Mark—being friendly to Christ, and over night at a country residence.

3. This view is favored by the analagous fact that John also weaves himself and his mother into his narrations in the way of mere allusion. John i: 40; xix: 25; and St. Luke seems to do the same. Luke xxiv: 18.

4. The circumstance that St. Mark alone relates this fact, which Meyer even regards as insignificant, and which Baur pronounces a piquant addition!

So far Lange. Gerlach also supposes it may have been St. Mark himself. But he adds: "Or he intended, by relating this circumstance, to show how the multitude, under the momentary impression which the words of Christ made on them, regardless of his plea in their behalf (St. John xviii: 8, 9.) sought also to lay hands on the disciples; so that even a stranger who had come as a mere spectator, was almost carried away under the mistaken supposition that he was one of them." The manner in which he came, and the fact that the young men in the crowd assaulted him, indicate that he was not a mere spectator, but had manifested affectionate favor toward Christ. The view given by Lange evidently best agrees with, and most clearly explains all the circumstances and occurrences.

"And the young men laid hold on him." In reference to these young men Lange remarks: "They were not the watchmen of the temple, nor yet any of the company of soldiers, but young people who had of their own notion attached themselves to the crowd, partly from love of adventure. Hence also they found themselves incited to give chase to one of their own age, who fantastically appeared in his night clothes, showing himself as a somewhat fanatical follower of Christ.

How much is human nature the same in all ages. The flight of this youth, and the pursuit by a company of his own age with a taunting spirit, and wanton mischievous intent, is a picture that is to this day reproduced on occasions of public excitement with all the freshness of this apostolic original. While the example before us illustrates the spirit of light and inconsiderate frivolity which characterizes a certain class of young men, and which often takes a rude and cruel form, it also shows what power this same class possess, by indulgence in their foolish whims, of mingling the ludicrous with what is most earnest and solemn. If this incident should be only designed to reprove this spirit of thoughtless irreverence and profanity, it is most worthy of its place.

"And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked." On this Lange remarks: "The night-dress loosely cast about him was easily dropped." Bengel says: "*pudorum vicit timor in magno periculo.*" Very correctly has Whitfield described the conduct of the young man as symbolical of an unripe follower of Christ; whilst others have commended it as a picture of devotion to Him in youth. Both these ideas lie in the scene; a beautiful inspiration of faith, and a fantastical overreaching zeal, relying on its own power. Rather far-fetched is the allegory of madame Guyon, teaching on the basis of this scene, that we

must follow Christ with an unclothing of all self and all that is false. This youth was a disciple as long as he had his linen on ; unclothed he was a fugitive." Elsewhere Lange remarks that this youth is an instructive representative in a single case of the pious resolutions of Christ's disciples, which in the night of great temptation break down and are helpless. Best of all perhaps is his suggestion that this youth in his night-clothes is a touching, life-like picture of the first, unripe, and inadequate enthusiasm of nature in the service of Christ. Lange quotes Canstein as saying : " A good intention can also lead to bad results. Heated affections are dangerous, since blind zeal is often their fruit." And Hedinger remarks very correctly and tersely : " Where the cross is, there is also flight."

What has thus been said on this singular incident may teach us that the little episodes thrown into the gospel narratives, and which appear at first view almost irrelevant and even out of place, are not so in truth ; but are rather, like all scripture, deeply related with the great general purposes of the gospel.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

PRAYER AND THE PRESENT REBELLION. PRAYERS IN TIMES OF NATIONAL TUMULT.

Individually and as a nation we are always dependent on God. But times of national trouble ought to induce every lover of his country to present its interests at the throne of grace. Such prayers should be humble, considerate and fully in the spirit of peaceful devotion. There is however danger, when they are extemporaneously made, that they may run into boldness, presumption, and that wrath of man which worketh not the righteousness of God. In public prayer we are especially exposed to this danger. An excited mind may easily betray us into unguarded expressions, and lead to the exercise of a spirit unsuitable to so solemn a service. We append a series of brief petitions together forming one whole, carefully produced on the basis of old prayers, and adapted for public or private use.

Almighty God, Governor among all nations, who art a strong tower of defence to them that fear Thee, and whose power no creature is able to resist ; we make our humble cry to Thee in this hour of our country's need. To Thee it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to those who truly repent. Deal not with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our transgressions ; but let Thy mercies be upon us as our trust is in Thee.

R. AMEN.

There is no power but of Thee, O Lord, and by Thee are the powers that be ordained ; have pity, we beseech Thee, upon our brethren who are in arms to resist the power and ordinance of God, and show them the error of their way. Bless Thy servants, the President of the United States, and the Governor of this

Commonwealth, our public counsels, and all that are in authority. Shed down upon the counsels of our Rulers the spirit of wisdom, moderation and firmness, that they may be equal to all emergencies, and be able to bring to nought all endeavors of secret and open foes. Unite the hearts of our people as the heart of one man, in upholding the honor of Law and the cause of Justice and Peace.

R. AMEN.

O God, our refuge and fortress we, commend to Thy tender care all those who have gone forth with the sacrifice of their lives, for the peace of the Fatherland. Be Thou their shield and buckler. Under the shadow of Thy wings may they be quiet from fear of evil; and, armed with Thy defence, and evermore preserved from all peril, may they return to glorify Thee, who art the Giver of all victory.

R. AMEN.

Help us all, O Lord, to possess our souls in patience. Abate the violence of passion: banish pride and prejudice from every heart, and incline us all to trust in Thy righteous Providence, and to be ready for every duty. In Thy great mercy, O Merciful Father, hasten the return of peace and prosperity to our borders; and so order all things that unity and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These things, and whatever else Thou shalt see to be necessary and convenient for us, we humbly beg through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our Lord: to whom with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end.

R. AMEN.

ON FRUIT TREES.

The Editor of the Guardian proposes humbly to show his opinion in regard to the general failure of fruit trees which has during the last years been so sadly experienced. Why do our fruit trees, especially the peach, so generally fail to bear, and so soon go into decline and die out? We have an opinion on this subject which we give for what it is worth; only premising that what we say of the peach-tree applies also in substance to all other fruit-trees.

There is a great zeal prevailing to have new and superior varieties of peaches. The larger and more highly flavored

varieties are generally brought northward from a warmer and more genial climate. The wood has an organism suited to the climate to which they naturally belong. This wood is in an uncongenial climate and soil when transferred. Even when grown from buds or grafts the general organism of the wood must remain, and must suffer from the untoward influences of the soil, climate, insects, of its new location.

Again, in budding or grafting, wood of different organism and texture are brought together, which produces contrariety in the same tree. The stem is one order of organized wood, the wood of the graft or bud is another. One life has to play up and down in this contrariety, and the one life of the tree, if we may say so, cannot fit both organisms, or pass freely and with ready self-adjustment from one to the other. Then, too, the new wood, capable of producing a superior quality of fruit, is joined on the lower and inferior wood. The inferior wood because of its inferiority is not able to fill out the superior wood, which it is to sustain, with the life it needs. Hence it must decline on account of its disadvantageous connections with a basis or stem inferior to itself. If this be so, and it seems to us philosophical and reasonable, then every graft or bud that is not set in wood equal or superior to itself in its organization must necessarily in time go into a decline.

The decline of fruit trees has been attributed to the ravages of destructive insects. The fact that insects do invade them is not disputed, but their must be a cause behind this cause. What invites them? We would answer, enfeebled wood, a declining life. This not only invites them but furnishes the proper means of their increase. It does not appear that these ravages are new insects, not formerly known. They have increased because the proper food for them has been furnished. There must therefore be a cause lying back of them. This we believe to be the enfeebled life of fruit trees produced by frequent transfer into different climate, soil and exposures; as well as by the friction of life produced by grafting superior on inferior wood. If any one knows a more reasonable cause let him prophesy; and we will take his theory as we wish ours taken, for what it is worth.

What is the remedy? Go back to the old plan of planting seed, and let the

tree adjunct itself to the soil, the climate to its enemies, from its first start in growth and throughout every stage of its development. Fruit may be obtained of a good order even in this way; and if it is not quiet so good, it is still much better than none at all. We know the time when almost every fence corner contained a tree of excellent peaches. Have trees changed, or is the mode of cultivating them to death responsible for our present lack of this delicious fruit?

THE POPULATION OF CHINA.

It is perfect bewildering to the imagination to think of the swarming millions of this vast empire. A certain writer, endeavors to aid the imagination by the following wonderful calculation.

"The mind cannot grasp the real import of so vast a number. FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS! What does it mean? Count it.—Night and day without rest, or food, or sleep, you continue the weary work; yet eleven days have passed before you have counted the first million, and more than as many years before the end of the tedious task can be reached." He also supposes this mighty multitude to take up its line of march in a grand procession, placed in single file at six feet apart, and marching at the rate of thirty miles a day except on the Sabbath, which is given to rest. "Day after day the moving column advances, the head pushing on far toward the rising sun, now bridge the Pacific, now bridge the Atlantic. And now the Pacific is crossed, but still the long procession marches on, stretching across high mountains and sunny plains, and broad rivers, through China and India, and the European kingdoms, and on again over the stormy bosom of the Atlantic. But the circuit of the world itself affords not standing room. The endless column will double upon itself, and double again and again, and shall girdle the earth eighteen times before the great reservoir which furnishes these numberless multitudes is exhausted. Weeks, and months, and years roll away, and still they come, men, women, and children. Since the march began the little child has become a man, and yet on they come, in unfailing numbers. Not till the end of forty-one years will the last of the long procession have passed."

Such is China in its population; and if Homer could preach eloquently on the vanity of man as mortal, with equal

eloquence, had he seen or contemplated the millions of China, could he have preached on the vanity of man as an individual.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER.

Here is an item. Put it down in your memory. Who has not experienced the unpleasant taste of water that has stood for some hours in a room, or over night. Here is the reason:

Set a pitcher of iced water in a room, inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed from the room nearly all the respired and perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The older the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperatures a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water, kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed, whether it has become warm or not. And for the same reason the water in a pump stock should be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in the pitcher over night is not fit for coffee-water in the morning. Impure water is more injurious to the health than impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water, for all domestic uses.

A WARRIOR ON SWEET TEMPER.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dear child," said General Jackson once to a young lady, in whose welfare he felt a deep interest, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

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1861

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THE GUARDIAN A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel engraving*. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

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The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE JULY NUMBER.

| | |
|---|-----|
| 1. THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL. BY THE EDITOR..... | 193 |
| 2. THE PATRIOTIC DEAD. (Poetry.)..... | 196 |
| 3. WASHINGTON'S VISION..... | 197 |
| 4. THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS..... | 200 |
| 5. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 201 |
| 6. A CHAPTER ON BELLS..... | 203 |
| 7. THE OLD AND THE NEW. (Poetry.)..... | 205 |
| 8. WHAT'S THE USE OF IT?..... | 206 |
| 9. A POET IN HIGH PLACES..... | 212 |
| 10. PUNISHING CHILDREN IN SCHOOLS. BY THE EDITOR... | 214 |
| 11. THE OLD COUPLE. (Poetry.)..... | 216 |
| 12. THUNDER STORMS. BY THE EDITOR..... | 218 |
| 13. ERADICATION OF DOMESTIC PESTILENCE..... | 220 |
| 14. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 223 |
| 15. NOTES ON NEW BOOKS..... | 224 |

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The Guardian.

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THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

SHE seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She layeth her hand to the spindle,
And her hands hold the distaff.
She looketh well to her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her;
For her price is far above rubies.—SOLOMON.

“They have all disappeared—are forgotten—are only to be found stowed away in old garrets,” did you say? You are mistaken. Your judgment is too sweeping. There is some truth in what you say. Most of them are gone out of sight, but not out of mind; but as you correctly say, they are mostly found in garrets. This is only too true; and when the dear old people are dead and gone, and the cruel vendue takes place, it affords capital fun to the gathered crowd when among other old articles—such as side-saddles, a rough rocking cradle, and a trundle-bed without castors, made to slide on an uncarpeted floor—there is exposed for sale an old-fashioned spinning-wheel with its accompanying reel! What jokes the vendue crier attempts to perpetuate at the expense of these ancient articles. His wit, however, is flat and stale enough. We have no relish for it; but it pleases the crowd, and they reward his efforts with ready explosive laughter.

“How much for the wheel and reel?” The crowd sees wit in the alliteration, and all laugh. “How much do I hear? Where are the old-time women? What’s bid for the lot?”

“One cent!” exclaims a hopeful looking rowdy in the crowd. Do you see him? Look closely. A half-moon is torn out of the brim of

his old straw hat. He has neither shirt collar nor coat buttons. His unwashed knee-cap may be seen through a hole in his torn pantaloons; and farther down you may see his big toe sticking out of his bursted shoe, like the head of a land-turtle from its shell! That is the chap who has just made an attempt to show his smartness by bawling out "one cent" for the old-time spinning wheel.

"Two cents"—another laugh. Who is that? Do you see that stumpy and lazy looking fellow in the crowd? He is just revolving in his mouth a chew of tobacco which I saw him beg from an old farmer near him. Do you see him? He has on a tall narrow-brimmed, bell-crown hat, which may have been the wedding hat of his wife's father, lately come into his possession. He has no vest on him; but his coat makes up for that lack, for it fits on him like they say Jackson's did on Van Buren, the swallow tail reaching down to his ankles! For this reason, also, or perhaps because summer is now coming, or for some other still better reason, he is without shoes! That is the fellow that bid "two cents" for the old spinning wheel, laughing the while as if he had done a smart thing.

"Three cents for the lot!" exclaims another, and it is "knocked down" to him. As he carries it outside of the crowd we shall have a sight at him too. See! he is a different man from the rest of the bidders—a modest looking young man, well dressed, and has withal a pleasant, intelligent face.

"Make good bake-wood!" said the hopeful man with the bell-crown hat, grinning into the ring between two sturdy looking farmers.

"Cheap—make a good scarecrow for the cornfields," bawled the rag-muffin with the broken old straw hat.

To these rude attempts at wit the young man makes no reply; but, as he took the old wheel under one arm and the reel under the other and passed away along the crowd, we heard him say to a friend with a smile of satisfaction,

"They belonged to my grandmother! I would have bid ten dollars for them, rather than suffer them to go into strange hands!"

Scarcely had he deposited his relics in a safe place when he heard the crier dispense his blunt wit over another "lot of ancient goods." He hastened back, and was just in time to buy his grandmother's side-saddle, and the cradle and trundle-bed in which his father had slept in his infancy and childhood!

This modest and quiet exhibition of delicate and beautiful feeling in the young man was to us the highest recommendation of his true worth and nobility of soul. It explained to us at once the reason of his being well dressed, and was a satisfactory index to his pleasant and intelligent countenance. We felt assured that he had not only early been taught the Fifth Commandment, but that its true spirit beautifully ruled and reigned in his heart. Perhaps he saw his grandmother in her old age, perhaps he never saw her; but he cherishes her memory, and what was once useful to her is now sacred to him.

Do we not know what "mournfully pleasant memories," as Ossian would say, are associated with these relics of a time gone by? Had not we a mother, and had not she a spinning wheel? Was it not the musical instrument of the dear old homestead? Did it not, during the long

winter evenings of our childhood, mingle its bass-cadences with the cheerful crackling of the hearth-fire within, and the hoarseness of the storm without? Continuing its melodies into the late evening, was it not the soothing lullaby which sweetly brought on and promoted our infant slumbers? Yes, it was the same old wheel; we know its music well, and we hope to hear it in calm seasons, as one of memory's pleasant lays, down into the sweet quietude of life's evening.

Because we have these pleasant memories connected with the old spinning wheel, we praise the young man for showing such tender attachment to those relics of the past. Moreover, we see in this disposition of his, sure evidence of the fact that he was well raised, that he has cultivated industrious habits, and that he gratefully ascribes what he himself is and hopes to be, to the solid worth, and substantial influences that have come to him as a valuable inheritance from those who have lived before him.

The absence of all this in the two shabby beings who bid first on these articles, and who attempted to make these relics of past industry and economy subjects for rude amusement, convinced us that they had always been good for nothing, and were likely to continue in their old calling. If they had only one tenth of the spirit of earnest industry and economy which are symbolized by that wheel and reel, their present shabby appearance would soon give way to something far more decent and promising. How we should like to read these nincompoops a lesson on the error of their ways! But what would be the use? They do not read the Guardian. Where would they get a dollar to pay for a magazine? and if it were even sent to them gratis, what would they care for the "highest literary, social, and religious interests of young Men and Ladies?"

What a number of reminiscences have been awakened in our mind by this incident at the vendue. Over the semi-oblivion of many, many years, we almost hear the buzzing of that old wheel; and it has a singular power to call up many things besides itself, but all of which seem connected with it in a way which we cannot explain. Perhaps philosophers can!

"Ho! Here, children!—mischief again!" More than once, yea, oftener than we can now call to mind, did mother utter these words as she sat down to her wheel. And with a patience of which mothers alone are capable, did she begin the work of "untwisting, as a twister untwisteth his twist," and thus to set right what we children had set wrong whilst she was away from the wheel. For did we not spin when mother was out! Nice work we made of it; turning the wheel the right way, turning it the wrong way, getting the thread entangled with the wire-hooks in the wings of the spool, and in general getting confusion hopelessly confounded.

Instead of reaching for the whip, as it seems natural to suppose she would have done, mother merely reached for her spectacles, and hunting for some end of the thread, reproved us by the words, not angrily spoken: "See children what you have done!" It sometimes seemed to us that some mothers are half pleased with some kinds of mischief which their children do! If this supposition if ours be correct, mother must have been one of that kind. For she would some-times pleasantly ridicule

us as "great spinners," whilst "unfixing our fixings," not looking unkindly the while, and turn to us with a peculiar smile when all was right and the spinning went on.

It was a more serious affair—we shall never forget it—when one evening sister had lit a candle to give her light in some matters to be arranged in the cellar before retiring, and passing too near mother's chair accidentally set on fire the un-spun flax on the top of the wheel! What a blaze it made? But with great presence of mind mother uncrowned the wheel, casting the flaming mass upon the floor. It was well that the room was covered with oil cloth and not with carpet. The light bunch of flax was consumed before the oil cloth took fire, and the danger was soon over. The effects of the fright lasted longer, for it was a long time after we went to bed before I ceased to see flaming flax whenever I shut my eyes. The lesson it taught us lasted still longer, for the event was often referred to as a warning against carrying the light too near the spinning wheel.

All honor to the old spinning wheel. It was useful in its day, and is still of some account, even in its state of "masterly inactivity" in the garret, as bringing to mind much of what it is pleasant and profitable to remember in the past. It speaks of earlier and earnest days. It is a witness to the industry and economical habits of our fore-mothers. It still speaks of their patience and perseverance in ministering to our comforts at a period of our life when we could not yet appreciate the labors and cares which were bestowed upon us; and he who can incidentally meet with one of these remnants of a former time in the garret without feelings of reverence and tender gratitude, has capacities in him which we pray may never be more fully developed!

The venerable and goodly matrons who once so busily plied the old spinning-wheel have gone to their rest. They have finished this, as well as every other earthly work, and have no more any portion forever in all that is done under the sun. By the good grace of that God who gave us such mothers, no other feelings but those of reverence and profound gratitude toward them shall ever possess our heart; and these feelings we will always endeavor to manifest by every sacred object once associated with their earnest labors, and now the cherished memorial of their lives and loves.

THE PATRIOTIC DEAD.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

THE last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-one, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand—"what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Come then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall; I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live, you will, before long, see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitors' room in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

"When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British grenadiers would soon tame into submission; but, undauntedly, we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of Seventy-Six, but they little know—neither can they imagine—the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one that I much fear, and that is that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, at one time victorious, and at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care-worn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose

divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly—he remained in his quarters nearly the whole afternoon, alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter :

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing directly opposite me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually, the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying or rather to experience the sensations which I have some times imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!' while at the same time, my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plane, all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn!'

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating in mid-air, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, whilst he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid ocean. For a while it remained stationary and then moved slowly westward until it enveloped America in its murky

folks. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

“A second time the angel dipped from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying, ‘Son of the Republic look and learn.’

“I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, ‘Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn.’

“At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town, and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word UNION, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said: ‘Remember, ye are brethren!’

“Instantly, the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, ‘Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed—look and learn.’

“And I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increase in size and numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in Heaven, or as the sand on the sea shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, ‘Son of the Republic, the end of a century—look and learn.’

“At this, the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa.

“Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose thick, black clouds, which soon joined into one; and throughout this mass gleamed a dark-red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn villages, cities, and towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, ‘Son of the Republic, look and learn.’

“When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long and fearful blast.

“Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from Heaven, attended by le-

gions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of, America, who I perceived were nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities, springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planted the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants: 'While the stars remain and the heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!'

"And taking from his brow the crown, on which still blazed the word UNION, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people kneeling down, said 'Amen!'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in the same mysterious voice I had heard before, said: 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his Land, and Union!'

"With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress, and destiny of the Republic of the United States. In UNION she will have her strength, in DISUNION her destruction.'

"Such, my friend," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in UNION she has her strength, in DISUNION her destruction."

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"We know by day-time there are stars about us,
Just as at night, and name them what and where,
By sight of science; so by faith we know,
Although we may not see them till our night,
That spirits are about us, and believe
That to a spirit's eye all heaven may be
As full of angels as a beam of light
Of motes."

And so Milton:

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we.....sleep."

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XXXVII.

WHAT WE EVEN INWARDLY VOW WE MUST DO.

RABBI Saphra desired to sell a parcel of property for which he asked a certain price. There was a man who had a mind to buy it, and offered him a certain price which was much less than its true value. Some time afterward the Rabbi needed money and resolved to accept the offer. However, in the meantime the other man, full of a desire to buy the property, and ignorant of the Rabbi's resolution to accept of his offer, had made up his mind to give him the sum first asked, and visited him with that purpose. The honest Saphra, however, showed an unwillingness to receive that sum, "for," said he, "I had resolved before you come to take what you had offered me before. Hence, give me that, and I will be satisfied. My conscience does not allow me to take advantage of your ignorance of my purpose."

Rabbi Saphra did according as it is written in the fifteenth Psalm: "Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle;—who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

XXXVIII.

TRUTH AND UPRIGHTNESS MUST NOT BE SACRIFICED TO POLITENESS

It came to pass that Rabbi Saphra took a pleasure walk with his pupils. As they were passing along not far from the town they met a man, who, under the impression that the Rabbi had intentionally gone out to meet him, thanked him for such polite consideration.

"Do not thank me thus," said the Rabbi; "I come out merely to take a walk."

Then the man was much embarrassed and somewhat filled with shame at his mistake. Then the pupils of Rabbi Saphra, who heard it, asked their master why he had done so?

"Do you desire that I should make myself guilty of a falsehood?" replied the pious Rabbi.

"No," answered his pupils; "but you might have just kept quiet?"

"My sons!" said the pious man, "it is not meet for a man of Israel to accept credit for an act that does not belong to him, nor yet by words or by silence to impose upon his neighbor a false impression!"

XXXIX.

CONDEMN NOT THY BROTHER FOR A SINGLE ACT.

Abba Umna, a Jewish physician, stood in great honor on account of his piety, love of his fellow men, and experience in his profession. He made no difference between the rich and the poor, and he was especially attentive to the learned, from whom he never accepted any pay for his services; for he regarded them as his brethren and companions, whose labors were even more important than his own, as their mission was to cure the diseases of the mind.

As Abba Umna did not wish to frighten back any who came to seek the benefits of his art, and who might have had to experience feelings of shame when they would have felt themselves necessitated to bring him but a small reward, he hung a box in the anti-chamber that each one might cast into it whatever he pleased. His reputation, however, spread farther and farther. When now Abaye, the most prominent man in the school of the learned heard of it, and desired to know whether all was true which had been related of the learned man, he sent to him two of his pupils who were not in good health. The physician received them in a friendly manner, prepared medicine for them, and bade them remain in his house over night. This they gladly did, remaining till the next morning, when they departed.

They, however, took with them a cover from the bed in which they slept. This they carried to the market place where they waited till their friendly host came that way, when they pretended to have it for sale. They asked him what it was worth?

Abba Umna named a sum.

"Do you not think it is worth more," asked the two pupils.

"No," answered the physician, "for it is the exact sum, which I gave for a bed cover which is just one like this."

"Well, good man," said they, "this is the same one. We took it with us from your house. Tell us now, honestly, for we desire to know, had you when you missed it, no evil thoughts of suspicion in regard to us?"

"As I live, I had not!" was the pious man's reply. "You certainly know that a son of Israel must not think evil, or judge uncharitably of his neighbor on the basis of a single act; and I was moreover convinced that no bad use would be made of this bed cover. Let this suffice. Sell it, and give the proceeds to the poor!"

The pupils did as he commanded, left him with gratitude and wonder, and spread still farther the praise of the noble man.

Still the noblest feature in the character of this man consisted in this, that he never accepted any pay for his services from the poor, and yet cheerfully furnished them in their ailments with everything that might contribute to the recovery of their health. When he had restored them by his skill and care he was accustomed to give them money, and to say to them: "Now my children, go and buy for yourselves bread and meat, for these are now the best and the only medicines that you need!"

A CHAPTER ON BELLS.

A FEW years ago we furnished the readers of the *Guardian* with a history of Bells gathered from Alt's *Cultus*. We give here an extract from an article in the *New York Observer*, which contains some curious information on this subject.

A tinkling instrument of some sort was in use as early as the days of Moses, as appears from Exodus xxviii, 33-35, where the priest is commanded to hang bells to his robe, in order by their sound to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary. Bells were also appended to horses as an ornament, (Zach. xiv: 20,) probably similar to those which are still used in many parts of Europe. As a signal to call people together to join in any concerted action, bells have been used from remote times, having been thus used by the ancient Greeks and Romans for civil, military, and religious purposes. The Romans by bells announced the hour of bathing, and the early Christians adopted the same signal for designating the hour of prayer; St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, at the end of the fourth century, being the first to introduce them in Christian churches. Their use gradually extended, and when parish churches began to be erected in England they were generally adopted there, giving rise to that feature of ecclesiastical architecture, the bell tower. The ringing of bells during eclipses (which were supposed to be caused by the oppression of evil spirits) was common, and is referred to by Pliny and Juvenal. So, too, it was supposed that their ringing would avoid tempests, drive off infections and abate the lightnings since the evil spirits of the air being alarmed thereby, would abandon their malignant purpose and flee in affright. The mysterious influence which the sound of bells was supposed to exert over departed spirits was increased by the ancient custom of tolling the "passing bell" for the dying, that those who heard it might offer up a prayer in their behalf, as the virtue of the bell was thought to be not alone in the prayers which it invoked, but in that it also drove away any evil spirit that might be hovering near to seize the departing soul. And when the "curfew tolled the knell of parting day," a sadder influence was shed over the spirits of our fathers than was justified by the fact that this curfew bell was only a signal—instituted in the time of William the Conqueror—for all to put out their fires and retire to rest.

Russia is pre-eminently the country of great bells, where they may be heard in full vigor, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," for they are too heavy to be swung, but incessantly tolling and booming, and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. In Moscow alone before the revolution, there were 1,700 large bells, which number has increased now to 5,000. The Great Bell of Moscow, of which every one has heard, was cast in 1653 by order of the Empress Anne. Its weight is variously estimated at from 360,000 to 440,000 lbs. It is 21 ft. 3 in. high, and about 22 ft. in diameter at the mouth. In 1837 the Czar Nicholas caused it to be taken out of the pit in which it lay, and to be placed upon the granite pedestal as it is now seen. Upon

its side is seen the figure of the Empress Anne in flowing robes. It has been consecrated as a chapel, the Russians regarding it with the most superstitious veneration, and will not allow a particle to be taken from it as a specimen of the metal. The entrance to it is through a large fracture or opening in the side, whence a piece has been broken out. There is now suspended in Muscow, upon the tower of St. Ivan, a bell weighing 144,000 lbs., cast in 1817, the diameter of which at the mouth is 13 ft.

The bells in China rank next in size to those of Russia, their being several in Peking, cast in honor of the transference of the seat of government from Nankin to that city, which are said to each weigh 120,000 lbs. Another at Nankin of nearly cylindrical shape, is estimated to weigh 55,000 lbs.

Of European bells, the famous one at Erfurt, in Germany, cast in 1497, and weighing about 30,000 lbs., was long celebrated not only as the largest, but also as the best in Europe. One placed in the cathedral of Paris, in 1680, weighs 38,000 lbs. Another in Vienna, cast in 1711, weighs 40,000 lbs. : and in Olmutz is another of about the same weight. The celebrated Great Tom, of Oxford, England, weighs 17,000 lbs., and was cast in 1680.

The great bell recently cast for the Parliament House in London, weighs 30,000 lbs. ; that in York Minster, called Great Peter of York, weighs 27,000 lbs. ; and that upon the Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal (the largest upon this continent) weighs 29,400 lbs., and was imported from England in 1843.

The inscriptions upon old bells afford a subject of curious interest.

The following old Latin inscription, or fragments of it, has been rung upon European bells for centuries :

“Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum,
Defunctus ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro,
Funera plango, fulnara frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lengos, dissipio ventos, paco cruentos.”

I praise the true God ; I call the people ; I assemble the clergy ;
I lament the dead ; I drive away infections ; I grace the festival ;
I mourn at the burial ; I abate the lightning ; I announce the Sabbath :
I arouse the indolent ; I dissipate the winds ; I appease the revengeful.

The following one has been common in England for three hundred years, and also much used in this country :

“I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.”

The following are selections of some old inscriptions :

One upon a bell in Wiltshire, England, cast 1619.

“Be strong in faythe, prayse God well
Francis Countess Hertford's bell.”

Upon one in Oxfordshire, cast 1667 :

“I ring to sermon with a lusty boome,
That all may come, and none stay at home.”

Upon one (a fire bell) in Dorsetshire, cast 1652 :

“Lord, quench this furious flame,
Arise, run, help, put out the same.”

Upon one in Somersetshire, cast 1700 :

“All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton’s hundred pound.”

Upon one in Warwickshire, cast 1675 :

“I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their worke to go.”

Upon one in Staffordshire, cast 1604 :

“Be it known to all that doth me see
That Newcombe of Leicester made me.”

John Martin also makes himself known upon one (of a peal of three)
in Worcestershire, cast 1675 :

“John Martin of Worcester he made we,
Be it known to all that do we sec.”

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

“YOUNG Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O’erhung with dainty lock of gold;
Why smite, he asked, in sad surprise,
The fair, the old?”

Yet louder rang the strong one’s stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe’s gleam;
Shuddering and sick at heart I woke,
As from dream.

I look: aside the dust-cloud rolled;
The waster seemed the builder too;—
Uprising from the ruined old
I saw the new.

‘Twas but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate’er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brow of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behing a smile that cheered
Like breaking day.

The grass grew green on battle plains,
O’er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow,
The slave stood forging, from his chains,
The spade and plough.”

“Thus the gazers of the nations, and the watchers of the skies,
Looking through the coming ages, shall behold, with joyful eyes,
On the fiery track of Freedom fall the mild baptismal rain,
And the ashes of old evil feed the Future’s golden grain.”

WHAT'S THE USE OF IT?

AN ADDRESS BY A TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

L. H. S.

A CAREFUL examination into the origin of the old maxims and stray phrases, as well as the proverbs of a people, always shows that these are based on some truth. This may have been overlooked by those employing such time-worn expressions, but generally the spirit that originated them prompts their use afterwards. By way of illustration I may refer to the universal tendency of mankind to measure everything by a money standard, as shown particularly in popular proverbs. "Honesty" is exalted and lauded to the skies, simply *because* it is "the best policy," and *not* because dishonesty is the antithesis of every virtue that can be considered the peculiar property of the Christian. We are taught that "a penny saved" is a great object of our ambition, *not* because extravagance is really sinful, but because it is "two pence *clear*." It would be an easy matter to show how all these old proverbs and "saws" are based upon truth, not in its brightest and clearest form, but in its relations to the business affairs of life.

I do not propose to discuss a subject so wide and comprehensive, as that of the origin and meaning of proverbs, but simply to exhibit the frequency of the use of one simple interrogatory, which is continually employed as a justification for evading the performance of duties imposed by rightful authority, and to inquire into its real want of meaning. Attention is invited to the consideration of the phrase—"What's the use of it?"

A parent imposes certain restrictions upon a child, with the hope of thereby shielding it from some of the perils and dangers that are incident to life. Impatient of control, urged by a spirit of rebellion, the commands of the parent are disobeyed simply because the child can "see no use" in them. This is probably the first step in a downward course which *may* not terminate in open crime and such infringement of human law as will demand condign punishment, but which eventuates certainly either in disobedience of law, or the surly obedience for fear of consequences. The same spirit prompts the use of the phrase in school-life, "what's the use of studying Algebra and Geometry, of bothering our brains over History, and Mental and Moral Science, of striving to understand the principles of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology or Botany, we never expect to become mathematicians or philosophers. Others have lived and died without a tithe of information on these subjects, have occupied prominent positions in society, have been surrounded by hosts of admirers who have sung the praises of their beauty, grace and wit—have been honored and envied by their contemporaries and gone to their graves lamented and regretted by all." "Why should we

be obliged by our teachers—Egyptian task-masters—to make brick, when the straw has to be sought for with weary steps, over rugged roads and intricate marshes?” These are the thoughts which far too often present themselves to the student’s mind, clogging the labors of the ambitious spirit, or acting as soothing and stupefying narcotics to those whose indolence has given them a distaste for work. They make such unmindful of the fact that every victory in this world, no matter how small or insignificant it may seem, confers strength and vigor to human energies, makes toil and labor but pleasure, and grants pleasures such as the slothful have never dreamed of in their gorgeous imaginations of epicurean delights.

“Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—
If rising on its wrecks—at last—
To something NOBLER we attain.”

The pages of Holy Writ are full of illustrations of the disobedient spirit of man, resisting all restrictions that seemed *useless* in his mortal judgment. “Naaman, the captain of the host of the King of Syria,” was willing to submit his body to the severest process of purification in order to be freed from the hated leprous disease. He had expected that the prophet of God would invoke the name of his Lord, and, by the imposition of hands, free him from the corruption of blood. The order of the prophet was simply to wash seven times in Jordan and he should find himself again clean. Human intellect could see no value in the waters of that stream over and above the rivers which washed the country of Damascus; national pride was offended that the latter had been considered in any respect inferior to the waters which flowed within the banks of Jordan, and offended dignity cried out, “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?” But the sacred writer tells us that it was only when, in a spirit of submission to authority, Naaman went, casting aside all his pride of intellect, and complied with the divine command, that he was freed from the loathsome disease.

But a still earlier illustration meets us in the first notable act of the parents of the human race. Adam was placed in the garden of Eden, which God had planted in the East. The ground was covered with the fairest and sweetest flowers; no thorns or thistles were there to mar, by their presence, the rich carpet of verdure that covered its wide extent. Trees laden with fruits, that delighted the taste, while they captivated the eye, were thickly strewn over this lovely scene. The animal creation, all in subjection to Adam, moved about it in the fresh life and gayety of a joyous youth. The streams, which flowed through the garden, were full of gleesome fish, that darted through the waters as though thankful for the precious boon of life; and the air was musical with the rich sounds of bright, beautiful birds, that circled around their human master. Adam had been endowed with “dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon

the earth." Surely after all these blessings had been granted him,—after everything that could tempt the senses of man had been, with divine liberality, placed at his disposal one would think that any command from God would be joyously complied with, were it only to show how grateful his heart could be towards the Author of such blessings. There was, however, a slight restriction imposed on Adam, which, to his finite judgment, seemed unnecessary and, it may be, *useless*. In the centre of this garden was placed the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and, for reasons known only to the Creator Himself, man was prohibited from the use of its fruit. If this prohibition were disregarded, there was the penalty annexed—"in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." The result of the weakness of man is known to us all—the ground was cursed for his sake; in sorrow he must eat of it all the days of his life—thorns and thistles infest the earth—in the sweat of his face man eats his bread until he shall again return to dust.

When the blessed Saviour was at the table in the Pharisee's house, a sinful woman brought an alabaster box of ointment, and after washing his feet with the tears of her love and wiping them "with the hairs of her head," kissed and then anointed them with the costly perfume. For this exhibition of her love this manifestation of her desire to be obedient in all things, Christ said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, *quia multum amavit*, "for she loved much." And so in Bethany, at the house of Simon the leper, when the woman poured the precious spikenard over his head, he received the act of loving reverence and rebuked his disciples, who were exclaiming what was the use of this—"why was this waste of ointment made? It might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor?" The rebuke was administered in those tones of cheering comfort to the sinner—"she hath wrought a good work on me," tones sweeter than all that creation in its richest profusion of harmonies could produce, bringing sweet consolation to the troubled breast, and soothing balm to the sin-wearied soul. The Saviour teaches us, in this incident, a lesson that it may be well to store up in our minds, against the day or hour, when sinful human nature will cause any of the duties incident to our respective stations in life, tedious or tasteless, when we shall feel like crying out—*what's the use* of labor and toil, of weary days and sleepless nights—why not let us "take our ease, eat, drink and be merry."

Now, my friends, I ask your attention to an examination of the spirit that underlies the peculiar disposition which prompts the employment of the phrase, *What's the use of it?* to the necessity of paying obedience to the authorities that may be over us, and to the reciprocal nature of the duties that devolve upon teacher and scholar during the period of school-life. Some thoughts, seemingly novel, may intrude themselves in the course of our examination of the subject—but they are not modern inventions, not discoveries of my own, but inherent to the subject itself. If they shall provoke thought in our minds as to the amount of our culpability, they will open the way to that penitence which must always precede the search after the paths of truth and our sure steps therein.

A. What is the spirit that prompts the employment of "*What's the use of it?*" If we can trace this to its home, we shall find that all its characteristics are those which belong to sin, and which are in their very

nature inimical to a christian heart. Let us glance at a few of them.

1. Whenever a command or order, proceeding from proper authority, is thus caviled at, we shall find that it springs from a desire to cast off our allegiance, or to disregard such authority. Nothing could induce a child who truly loves his parents to disregard their commands or to enquire into their nature and importance before obeying them. Its love is shown in its anxiety to meet all wants of its parents, even before expression has been given to them. Its happiness and joy consist in doing that which shall be the most pleasing in their sight. Where such an obedient spirit is found, there is more true freedom, more real absence of slavery to the chains of sense and pride, than where an opposite spirit reigns. Fretfulness under restraint giving vent to its inmost thoughts with the energy, as it were, of a long pent-up volcano, in the cry "*what's the use of it*"—this, I take it, is the crying sin of the age. It has invaded Church and State, overthrown the sure foundations of society and government, and drifted poor humanity out on the stormy waves of time, without compass or guiding star. The elements of discord and misrule have been admitted into our human organizations, and the student of History, looking at the results of their workings, is almost tempted to cry out, in the words of Christ, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

In the Church we have division after division springing from this indisposition to obey authority. The seamless garment—typical of its unity—has been rent and torn into a thousand pieces, so that its pristine beauty is marred and made of but small account by man. Sect after sect has had its origin, not in any historical necessity, as was the case in the world-noted Reformation of the Church, but in an anxiety to throw off the honorable bands of vassalage to proper authority and to indulge in the practice of such rites and customs as an unbridled private judgment might dictate. Instead of recognizing proper authority, either in a hierarchic or democratic form, either as vested in a Bishop, or in a Synod, Presbytery, Convention or Association—the tendency of the times is for each congregation to invest itself with all the powers of the Church, separate and free from any connection with their brethren. Whilst preaching submission to authority from their pulpits, too many are inquiring *what's the use of* having any other authority than our own sense of right, and are ever ready to give an answer indicating their inordinate desire to throw off restraint.

In civil relations, property and life are no longer held sacred, as was the case years ago, but wherever law can be warped so as to justify fraud and bloodshed, we find man is laboring to warp it, and is too often successful in his efforts to drown the remonstrances of the good. Our public offices have too frequently fallen into the hands of those who know how to employ bribery and intrigue, to deal with the depraved passions of men, and to compromise truth and honesty.

In social life, friend is distrustful of friend, simply because friendship has been examined by this miserable test, *what's the use of it?*—and the conclusion has been arrived at—sacrifice friendship, honor, everything, *provided* it suits your fancy to do so, and it will be of benefit in the way of wealth and ambition. The authority, which a friend's words

or wishes ever carry with them to him, who knows what real, pure friendship is, can never be set aside for such a shallow cause; but what is known as friendship in the world, consists merely in honied phrases, feigned smiles, hypocritical glances of delight, and in words which no more express the feelings of the scul than the whited sepulchres represented the loathsome putrefaction and corruption which was contained within their walls. Yes! too many of us have found that we *had* friends, so long as the latter could make use of us, and that when we ceased being useful, we were thrown aside just as the child hurls the toy away that has ceased to give it pleasure. And we have felt despondent. The world looked all dark and repulsive. We were disposed to pray for annihilation, that the horrid distrust of all around us might even in that way be removed. And yet a moment's thought on the Man of Sorrows, who came to His own, and His own received Him not, who was even given up to His persecutors and murdered by one of His chosen disciples, and who prayed for all His enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," this should have taught us that "offences must come," but that peace is offered to all at the foot of the cross.

In the family circle, the evil effects of the spirit now under consideration, are especially prominent at the present time. Parents are considered as mere instruments for the procurement of such things as the variety or silly pride of the child may require. The arrival of majority is longed for, since it will remove the necessity of paying a show of respect to the wishes of the parents, and then the youth, freed from restraint, will run a course of unbridled dissipation. A glance at the horrible disobedience to parents which now prevails, makes us tremble lest God, in his anger, should visit us as he formerly visited the cities of the plain. And this disobedience is not confined to either sex; both oppose their own wills to the commands of their parents, because they cannot see *any* use in obeying them. The boy cultivates the companionship of the wicked, and reaps the harvest return in disease or early death, or pays the penalty of crime by undergoing the punishment of the law; while the daughter, by taunt and harsh words, by sneer and unkind inuendo, stabs the mother daily to the heart, closing up the history of her wickedness by an elopement with some well-dressed villain, to whom her silly sentimentality bids her confide her honor and her all, in preference to trusting those whom God has commanded her to obey in order that her days might be long upon the land which the Lord had given her. The wise man has said, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

2. Undue opinion of self-vanity—is doubtless another cause for disregard to authority. Nothing is so difficult in the world as to obtain a proper estimate of one's self. We are ever vibrating between the extremes of over and under estimation—mostly, however, resting on the upper end of the scale. It is so hard, when we have an exalted opinion of our own talents, beauty or any other attractive features that God may have granted us, to see any use in obeying the commands or respecting the wishes and feelings of others. It seems as though the world was specially made for our comfort and gratification, and there is really no

necessity of paying attention to any one else in it. Hence a disregard for the forms and customs of society, giving as reason—that exceptions must be made in our favor. We dare be careless about our clothing, simply because we please; society must try and like us as well it can—we hold ourselves above *its* laws. All this springs from pride, and let me say here, this can exhibit itself in two forms; one that glories in arraying itself in all that attracts the eye and pleases the taste of man, and the other that *cultivates* carelessness, delights in retailing its miseries and sorrows to the ears of the sympathizing and in pouring forth its groans and lugubrious moans wherever a weak, sentimental soul is silly enough to lend a listening ear, and through a morbid taste, inexplicable to a *healthy* mind, exhibits its pride in feigned humility and counterfeit misery. Of the two, the former necessarily commands more of our respect than the latter, because it is honest and open, while the latter merits our contempt as a fraud upon the sympathies of the race. Both these forms of pride *can see no use* in obeying law—one holding itself above it, and the other pretending to be so insignificant as not to come within the purview of any law; flattering itself, like Mrs. Gummidge, upon being “*a lone lorn creetur*,” or boasting, as Uriah Heep, of being “*an umble man*.”

3. Disregard of others. This springs, as a necessary consequence, from an over estimate of our own abilities. The necessity of loving our fellow-men as ourselves, never comes home to the minds of those who are accustomed to cry out “*what's the use of it?*” Mankind are kindly dealt with when they can be made serviceable. The great law of brotherly love is continually violated, and that sympathising spirit, which should bind us together as men, is torn asunder. Let me be understood; I don't think that the christian faith commands us to take to our hearts every brother we meet. We are only commanded not to hate, we are enjoined to love; this does not imply that we must open up the secret recesses of our hearts to all, spread our confidence open before the world, and treat all with the same warmth of affection. If so, why was one of the disciples even known among his brethren as *the* beloved disciple? There are grades of christian affection, just as there are souls which never can sympathize fully with each other, although they may really love each other as children of one common Father. But love for the brethren implies that we should disregard no one who is trying honestly to do his duty, and even when we encounter sin, we must be angry and sin not—that is, we must indulge in righteous indignation at sin, without attempting to despise the sinner. The beautiful little poem of Leigh Hunt will serve to show us how near akin to love of God is love to our fellow-men.

“Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered—“The names of those who love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou; “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said: “I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
 And, lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.”

4. Prominent as a reason for the constant employment of the phrase, *what’s the use of it*, is frivolity of character, a tendency to the light and unsubstantial things of this earth, instead of the more enduring and substantial things that are, in their very nature, real and eternal. It is of the earth earthy, and in proportion as one’s character becomes freed from the taint of selfishness and earthiness does it delight in seeking out whatever may be its duty, and in performing this with all the zeal proper to its nature, regardless of the consequences. Its reward will be attained, not in time, but when the Master’s sentence—“well done good and faithful servant,” shall be pronounced at the last great day.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A P O E T I N H I G H P L A C E S .

ONCE it was asked with wonder, “Is Saul also among the Prophets?” Now it may be a matter of like wonder to know that “Old Abe” is also among the Poets. Not a bad hand does he make at it. The language is mellow and flowing, the sentiment honorable to the author, and the whole conception is carried out with much taste and effect. The date of the poem is not given; we are sorry for this omission. The President has no time at present to woo the Muses; but we hope when the Stars and Stripes are again triumphantly in the breeze over every acre of our glorious land, he may have time to “try again.” There must be more where this came from.—ED. GUARDIAN.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ., OF ILLINOIS, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud
 Like a swift fleeting meteor—a fast flying cloud—
 A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
 He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around, and together be laid;
 As the young, and the old, the low and the high,
 Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved—
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the King, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the Priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsmen, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come:
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

HE never was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be
better than he is.

PUNISHING CHILDREN IN SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MUCH has been said of late years in regard to the punishing of children in schools, especially of the use of the rod. The subject has been brought up in connection with our system of Common Schools; and the question, whether the rod should be used by teachers in these schools, has been extensively discussed in speeches and newspapers. We are not aware that the subject had ever been regarded as at all difficult before the use of this system of education. On the contrary, it seems to have been well settled since the days of Solomon, that the rod is a proper disciplinary instrument.

What makes the question a difficult one now, is the new state of things which has arisen, by which it is involved with another question, namely, *By whose hands is the rod to be used?* That it is proper for a parent to chastise his child by the use of the rod, is clear from the teachings of Scripture. Nor was the question much different when parochial schools existed, in which case there was a very intimate connection between the family and the school, the church and the school. The teacher was a pious man; he was selected by pastor and parents; he labored in the spirit of the family and the church, and his chastisements were in the spirit of the family and the church. Moreover, underlying the rod, and softening its severe meaning, were found in living activity the deeper remedial influences of religion. That bad feeling of independence, which it is feared in our Common School system is too early developed, was not present in the child in the same degree, to make it feel as though its punishment were an arbitrary interference with its personal rights, pride, and honor. Hence punishments of this kind had an altogether different character; and on this account there was no room for any question in regard to the propriety of the use of the rod in schools.

A change in the character and circumstances of our schools gives quite another aspect to the question. It is now a serious question. It may well be asked, Is not the rod without religion, as the law without the gospel? Is it not a mere terror, a mere arbitrary executive authority, without that grace behind and beneath it, which will temper naked justice with mercy? Shall the State, through *its* agents, step in to inflict punishment on children who are yet wholly in the family, for offences that come not within its jurisdiction? If it be said that the laws of the school are the laws of the State, and that their violation comes, therefore, within its sphere, it may still be asked whether it has a right to constitute its agent, the teacher, judge, jury, and executive in the case? It may safely be held that the State has no right whatever, in any way, especially in our country, to take out of the hands of families

this delicate and solemnly responsible duty. If, as in the case of schools, it becomes necessary for parents to delegate this delicate duty unto other hands, they ought to have all possible power to guard it against all danger of its abuse.

Has the parent this defense in the case of our present system of schools? Plainly not. Whilst there are noble exceptions, yet it is clear that in many instances teachers, being young, without either parental feelings or experiences, and often without piety, are wholly unqualified to be entrusted with a matter which requires such great wisdom, and such a solemn sense of responsibility. The child may be thumped and scourged, under a system of arbitrary and naked justice and law, till all its finer instincts of obedience are stumped and stunned forever! Instead of being educated to an humble obedience to law and authority, it is in reality educated to a stiff and stubborn resistance of both.

The very fact that the question of the use of the rod as a means of punishment in schools has been so earnestly discussed, is an evidence that there is a wide spread instinctive feeling that there is something out of joint in some quarter. The fact also that the discussion does not seem in the least to make the matter clearer, is proof that the key to the true solution of the question is lost. The key is the one which we have just indicated. As soon as we consent to see that there is nothing wrong in the use of the rod, but that the wrong is wholly in the system to which the discussion relates, all will be at once clear and harmonious. Would we reconcile the two seemingly conflicting things, we must change the character of our schools, not the divinely authorized and sanctioned mode of chastisement.

The more unpopular we know the course to be, the more earnestly and perseveringly will we persist, as we have done for years, in holding up to view the utterly false and unchristian character and spirit of our present system of schools. Bating the influence that penetrates the system from its better surroundings, and which more or less, at present at least modifies their character, and hinders the full development of the bad possibilities which lie in its principle, it is in its deepest ground the same as the pagan system of the civilized nations anterior to the coming in of christianity, and also in all essential points the same as the educational schemes of the arch infidel Rosseau, which assisted so greatly to sow the seeds which ultimately ripened in the French Revolution, with its accompanying Reign of Terror.

Seeds are always before the plant and the fruit; and it is often difficult, looking merely at the seeds to believe that the growth will really be what it afterwards shows itself to be. It is a difficult, perhaps a hopeless task, to make men understand how this system will run itself out into most disastrous results both in the sphere of civilization and religion. The system chimes in with superficial popular ideas, and has worked itself into position and power by a victory over strong instincts of the humbler christian community against it; and now that it has fixed itself in the popular will, and is backed by formidable State machinery, it may seem vain, and in the eyes of some almost profane, to question its right and its worth. But time and history will bring truth, and true principles to the surface, and teach men by experience

of the present, what they fail to learn from the experience of the past, or from investigations based upon the sure and enduring principles of christianity.

That the system will fail of the hopes of christian men, we fear not to announce as a deliberate prophecy. Arguments, though they now fall powerlessly before a well-meant but false zeal, will be heard when the system shall begin to decline by self-exhaustion, as in time it surely will. The *reductio ad absurdum* is the only argument by which, in some cases, truth can be delivered from the bondage of favorite human schemes, and the onward progress of triumphant christian history will, in its own time, effectually apply it. For the end we have no fears.

Meanwhile sad results will have to be witnessed. We know of no way in which these can be, in a measure, prevented and overcome, than by the establishment of parochial schools wherever this can be done. Fortunate are the families and children of those congregations in which this can be done! In many cases the expense may be severely felt; for in addition to the direct expense of such parochial schools, all good citizens are bound also to pay their regular school tax. This fact will cause many to adhere to the state system, and withhold their co-operation from congregational schools. Here are difficulties not easily surmounted. Yet they have in some cases been effectually overcome; and the good work must spread if our children are to be trained up not merely in human learning, but as the apostle directs, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house is mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous, old stone chimneys,
And the grey roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old:
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures,
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled ;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold ;
The love in her girlhood plighted,
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done ;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm ;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed,
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
“ Whose builder and maker is God.”

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back ;
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters,
Shall call back his manhood's prime ;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there,—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the West ;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With age and date to rise,
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

T H U N D E R S T O R M S .

BY THE EDITOR.

Few sights are more sublime than that of a thunder storm on a sultry summer afternoon. One must be in the open country to see it in all its grandeur. First the dark blue clouds that gather in the western horizon. Then the somewhat irregular arch of black and heavy clouds moving upward in solemn silence, shifting, and rolling as they ascend higher and draw nearer. Then the blazing and darting of lightning; first the distant sullen roll, and later the sudden heavy discharges of thunder that make the solid earth tremble. All the while the waiting silence of earth, and the instinctive premonitory movements of beasts and birds that hasten to their coverts. Then the heavy pioneer drop, the strong gusts of wind whirling dry leaves and stubble, starting clouds of dust, and showing the grey under sides of leaves, as the storm bends the limbs of trees in the open fields all on one side, and soon the roaring sound of the full falling shower, the thunders of the world above, all the while strangely mingling with the roar of mountain, valley and plain.

How solemn and awe-inspiring is such a scene! How small and feeble does poor little man feel as he stands in reverential silence to listen how "the Lord thunders with a great thunder!" In the Bible, thunder is called "the voice of the Lord." Some of the most sublime imagery of the sacred scriptures is drawn from this phenomenon. Almost the entire twenty-ninth Psalm is taken up with the description of a thunder storm, as personifying the voice of the Lord:

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth:
The Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars;
Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire (lightning;)
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadish!

Where, outside of the Bible, can anything equal to this be found. How graphic the language! How sublime the imagery! Equally beautiful is another passage in the seventy-seventh Psalm:

The waters saw Thee, O God,
The waters saw Thee:
They were afraid:
The depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water :
The skies sent out a sound :
Thine arrow also went abroad !

The voice of Thy thunder was in the heavens :
The lightnings lightened the world :
The earth trembled and shook !

Thy way is in the sea,
And Thy path is in the great waters,
And thy footsteps are not known !

In view of this sublimity, which the pious Psalmist regards as the solemn witness of His glorious presence and power, he puts the earnest challenge :

Who is so great a God as our God !

Thunder storms seemed only the more sublime to the sacred writers as they occurred more seldom in Bible lands than they do with us ; and when they did appear they came more suddenly, and thus all their sublimity was compressed into a shorter space of time.

Besides this, thunder storms in the orient but seldom occur in day-time, but almost always in the night. * The darkness of the night rendered still deeper by the lowering gloom of the storm, would make a still better background for the terrible display of lightning, and give a greater air of awful majesty to the rolling and stunning thunder. To such a fearful night scene there is evident allusion in a grand passage in the ninety-seventh Psalm.

CLOUDS and DARKNESS are round about Him :
Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne,
A fire goeth before Him,
And burneth up his enemies round about.
His lightnings enlightened the world ;
The earth saw and trembled !
The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord :
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth !
The heavens declare his righteousness ;
And all the people see His glory.

We cannot refrain from quoting, by way of conclusion, a sublime description of a thunder storm from the Book of Job.

Hear attentively the noise of His voice,
And the sound that goeth out of His mouth.
He directeth it under the whole heavens,
And His lightning unto the ends of the earth.
After it a voice roareth ;
He thundereth with the voice of His excellency :
And He will not stay when His voice is heard.
God thundereth marvelously with His voice ;
Great things doeth He,
Which we cannot comprehend !

This is the season of the year when these sublime phenomena are frequent. Let us keep our minds open to their impressive scenes, while, at the same time, our hearts shall own the greatness and the glory of God as displayed in the firmament above, and his goodness and love as seen on the face of the earth, when the landscape smiles in beauteous green after the kindly baptism of refreshing showers.

IS THE ERADICATION OF DOMESTIC PESTILENCE POSSIBLE?

IN the Public Health Department in the late meeting at Glasgow of the National Sanitary Association of England, a paper was read by Mr. Druitt, one of the health officers of London, of which the following is an extract.

By the term domestic pestilence, I signify collectively the class of disorders of which smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough are the chief examples, and of which there are numerous less known and less formidable members—such as chicken-pox, lichen, shingles, mumps, and the like. The public mind seems to acquiesce in the conviction that they are unavoidable evils, and that every human being, in this country at least, even if protected by vaccination from the first, must expect to suffer once in his life from four or five of the remainder.

A reasonable answer to the question, Is it possible to extirpate them? can only be got by a study of the facts, and of their relation to the whole order of nature. If we ask, “Is it possible?” the answer will be supplied by a knowledge of the human mind, of its existing habits and modes of thought, and of the possibility or otherwise of increasing the comfort, intelligence and self-respect of the population.

The Arabian physicians held that the smallpox was produced by a natural effervescence of the blood, and that it was, under certain conditions, as natural and intrinsic a part of the phenomena of life as the cutting of the teeth. More rigorous inquiry shows that it, as well as the other maladies at the head of which it stands, is the fruit of external and accidental causes; and that as a man who takes a dose of elaterium will suffer from symptoms of cholera, and as one who saturates his blood with the cubeb-pepper will suffer from intense fever-rash on the skin, and hematuria, which symptoms neither person would have had if he had not swallowed the elaterium, or the pepper respectively, so one man who imbibes a certain material substance will have cholera, and another who imbibes another substance will have scarlet fever, and unless he imbibes one of these poisons will have neither disease.

If, then, the causes of these pestilences are material substances, having bodily existence, they must exist somewhere, and it must be possible to dislodge and destroy them systematically. If they follow and infest man after the manner of parasites, whatever renders living parasites impossible to exist will do the same for the seeds of these diseases.

There are just six places in which the poisoning seeds of these diseases can lurk and out of which they can be evolved. For our purpose it does not signify whether we adopt the old doctrine of specific contagion, and believe that no case of either of these diseases can arise except from a pre-existing case; or whether we accept the newer doctrine, that they spring up from time to time out of the decaying organic matter which surrounds us. In either case the *habitat* must be the same.

1. It may be the skin. From want of simple ablution, layers of dis-used scarf-skin are carried about for months or years. I have seen a child brought for advice for "debility" after scarlet fever, and furnished with cod-liver oil and steel from a dispensary. But the surface of the body, where protected by clothes, was covered with blackened cuticle, never washed off nor intended to be. Some persons believe that a fragment of scarf-skin adhering to a letter sent by post will convey the infection of scarlet fever. If that be true, what must one child do, unwashed after the illness?

2. It may be the wearing apparel. Few persons reflect on the time during which wearing apparel of woollen materials is used among the poor, and the number of persons, children and others, whom it serves in succession as "it passes through" its stages of disintegration. When examining the vaccination of children, I have been ready to faint at the odor of old woollen clothes, hidden under pinafores, thoroughly rotten, fastened in by pins, and evidently saturated with the exhalations of years. I have seen in an infant school thirty-three, with dirty skins and dresses, in a space of nine feet by five, and fifty-five others in a space of twelve feet by six, sitting close together, side by side, in three rows: the heat from their bodies as perceptible to the hand at a little distance as the heat from a tea-urn. Is disease, and its propagation, inexplicable on these terms? The Vicar of Wakefield chose his wife as she did her silk gown, in the hope that it would wear many years. Cheap cotton is better for people who cannot afford a new gown often.

3. It may be in carpets, curtains, bedding, and other articles of clothing: and—

4. It may be in houses. Every one can distinguish the atmosphere of a newly cleansed house, and the air of exhilaration and increased health which follows the operations of a painter. But rooms are too often covered with flimsy absorbent papers—(a respectable witness tells me that he has counted eight layers in a poor-house, each riddled with vermin); and although a wash of lime or of cheap color is wholesomer than paper, yet the size with which colors are mixed is decomposable and the surface absorbent. I know a lying-in hospital from which puerperal fever was never absent until the walls were scraped. The spaces between floors and ceilings in old houses are too often full of filthy debris, and even the floors themselves, porous and worm-eaten, are a harbor for parasitic animals; and where these can lodge, there surely may be germs of disease.

5. It may be in collection of refuse matter in sewers, drains, and dust-bins. The evidence that scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid, and cholera are the direct fruits of drain poison, is to my mind indisputable. At any rate, if organic poisons lurk anywhere, they can lurk here. Wherever a house swarms with flies, it is demonstrable that decaying organic matter must exist, and where this exists the poison of pestilence may accompany it.

6. The earth itself on which houses are built may contain the material for exhalations. No sane person will inhabit a house built over made earth, if he can help it.

These propositions may be trite and self-evident to philosophers, but

to the mass of the population, and their ordinary teachers, they are still a new, strange and troublesome heresy;—that poisons, if they exist among us, can be hunted down, and extirpated out of the places in which their existence is possible, seems a strange doctrine; as in the admirable history in the Bible, the Leper will do any thing “great,”—he will swallow a drug, or suffer an exorcism, but will not condescend simply to wash; in fact, seeing the protection afforded by vaccination against pestilence, the public ask for more of the same sort; the medical journals contain from time to time accounts of attempts to inoculate measles, and whooping-cough; cow-keepers inoculate the animals whom they keep in their reeking stalls to protect them from pneumonia, and vicarious diseases may be a substitute for cleanliness. Instead of exterminating an invader, we crouch under a shield which we hope will make us invulnerable.

This is the position of the public mind with regard to vaccination. So soon as an alarm of small-pox is raised, the population flock to the doors of the vaccinator, and fill the street, clamoring for re-vaccination, and they allow their children to be examined and vaccinated in the schools. Whoever examines such children must see skin and clothes, and whoever follows them home must see such houses, bedding and collections of refuse, or foul state of the earth, as must breed and propagate disease. But these things are not reformed by the people who willingly submit to vaccination.

I have the greatest hope that the recent outbreak of smallpox may have the most beneficial effects, by demonstrating the failure, or at least the imperfection necessarily inherent in the protective system, and so concentrate the public attention on the necessity of eradicating the germs, by systematic cleanliness. The recent outbreak has shown that multitudes of persons exist, who cannot be secured against the smallpox, either by a previous attack of that disease, or by vaccination, or by both. It shows, further, that sources of infection must exist outside the living body, which, like other epidemic poisons, are called into activity from time to time by causes unknown. To ascribe a periodic visitation of smallpox to the neglect of vaccination, is one of those curious propositions which can only be made by those who look upon the smallpox as a disease apart, and not governed by the same laws as govern other epidemics. It were just as rational to attribute the late prevalence of ague to a neglect of quinine. But it does prove conclusively that whilst the non-vaccinated are sure to suffer, neither those who had the smallpox itself, nor those who have had the vicarious disease twice, are safe: and that absolute safety can only be got in time, by systematic eradication of the poison in its lurking places.

At the same time that personal cleanliness is taught, house cleanliness requires to be enforced more vigorously. The houses inhabited by the poor, let out in single or double rooms occupied day and night, cannot be kept healthy unless every room be emptied, and the walls, floor and ceiling cleansed once a year; nor unless the removal of refuse, and the chemical deodorization of sinks and closets be effected at least once a week. If the owners of houses neglect this, the medical officers of health in London can do much to compel them.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

BAD TASTE—FOURTH OF JULY CHANGED.

Can it be done? Can it be done by a Resolution? Can a Festival be turned into a Fast? Can a day of joy be turned into a day of mourning? Can the Fourth of July be turned into a day of sack-cloth and ashes! Of course God can do these things, because He can change our joys into sorrows at will; but can it be done by a Resolution—154 yeas, 66 nays! The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, old school, have made the attempt, passing the following resolution, by the above vote.

Resolved That in view of the present agitated and unhappy condition of this country, the 4th day of July next be hereby set apart as a day of prayer throughout our bounds, and that on this day ministers and people are called on humbly to confess and bewail their national sins and to offer our thanks to the Father of Light for his abundant and undeserved goodness towards us as a nation; to seek his guidance and blessing upon our rulers and their councils, as well as the assembled Congress of the United States; and to implore Him, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Great High Priest of our Christian profession, to turn away his anger from us, and speedily restore to us the blessings of a safe and honorable peace.

It is certainly right to do all that the resolution enjoins and suggests. The only mistake is the designation of the Fourth of July as the day on which it is to be done. The action of the assembly not only shows an entire lack of taste, but betrays a strange want of a true sense of what precedes, underlies, and surrounds the idea of a national holiday. No power of Pope, Prince or President, by any edict, can bring the Fourth of July into harmony with the spirit of this Resolution. The day, in all its memories practices, and associations, is a festival, a day of thankfulness and rejoicing; this edict proclaims it as a day of humiliation and bewailing of national sins. Nothing could better become us all on any day either BEFORE or AFTER the day of national joy; but to expect it on that day is to expect that by one violent, arbitrary twinge the entire impulse and spirit of the nation can be revolutionized. Verily these things never have been, never can be done in this way. You can no more thus violently and arbitrarily

disengage the national heart from the associations which are interwoven with it in its deepest life, than you can lead the sage of seventy years back into the midst of the scenes of his childhood and there, by simple dictum, require him to feel that the hills, fields, streams on which he looks are to him just like any others in any other part of the earth. You might as well try to turn Christmas into Good Friday, or a wedding into a funeral, as to change the festive character of the Fourth of July.

We repeat that the appointment of such a day is all right, the things proposed to be done eminently right, but the day appointed a grand mistake. It will be a failure. Its forms may be partially and thinly and groaningly observed, but its spirit will be feeble as the mock-power enchantments of the Magicians of Egypt. Only the more on that day, because the national flag has been insulted by ungrateful rebels, will true patriots lift it high with triumphant joy, men, women, and children will rejoice with exceeding great joy, and the religious feature of the day will be the voice of victory in the tabernacles of the righteous.

THE OLD CURSE STILL ON THE HEELS OF MAN.

It is known that the plantain, a well known weed in house yards, is only found in the wake of extending settlements. The same is the case with other troublesome weeds, and also injurious insects. While blessings follow the industry of man, it seems that—owing no doubt to his remaining guilt—the old curse also pursues him, reminding him that, since the entrance of sin, no skill or care of his can any more restore to the world the lost Paradise.

About thirty years ago (says a writer in the DEMOCRATIC UNION) the first crow crossed the Genesee river westwardly; and the fox, the hen hawk, swallow, and many other birds and insects, seem to follow civilization. Within thirty-six years the locust borer made its first ap-

pearance in the United States, and as yet has not reached the locust trees of the South and West. It commenced its ravages on the east side of the Genesee river in 1828, and it progresses in the course it takes from ten to fifteen miles a year. Rose bugs have been so common in some of the Eastern States that on their seashores they have floated in winrows on the sands, having been driven into the sea by winds, and drowned. The cedar or cherry birds were first noticed west of the Genesee river in 1828, and they are now so great a pest as to induce many to give up the cultivation of cherries. Curculio, which is indigenous to America, was first discovered by Mr. Gaul, the first editor of the Genesee Farmer, since which time it has disseminated itself over the whole country. The cutworm appeared in 1816 and 1821 (noticed as the cold years, when the whole northern country approached the brink of famine) and are now universal. The Hessian fly was introduced, it is supposed, by the foreign mercenaries in 1777, on Long Island, from their baggage or in the forage of their horses.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON—HIS DYING WORDS.

A late visitor at his tomb in St. Helena writes: "I turned away from house and tomb, with deeper convictions than ever of 'the vanity of man as mortal.' Who would not? And that death room? How the last words linger about in which Napoleon uttered in it, from a crushed and bleeding heart! 'General Bertrand, I shall soon be in my grave. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with the Cæsars and Alexander. And I too am forgotten, and the Marengo conqueror and Emperor is a college theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sits in judgment upon me, according to me censure or praise. And remark what is soon to become of me. I die before my time, and my dead body, too, must return to the earth and become food for worms. Behold the destiny now at hand of him who had been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal reign of CHRIST, who is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and whose kingdom is extending over all the earth.'"

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XII. MOZAMBIQUE—PARR. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 443 & 445 Broadway. 1861.

The noble work goes bravely on. In the midst of the great Rebellion, the great interests of science and literature hold on in their peaceful way. What an evidence of calmness and confidence does this fact afford. This excellent "Dictionary of General Knowledge," fully up to the times in all its articles, will no doubt find the nation, progressing with it, ready to enable the compilers, when they reach the letter R, to give us a full and finished history of the REBELLION now in progress. The present volume, among its two thousand articles, contains Fifty two sketches of eminent living men. This feature we greatly value, as we have always found it most difficult to obtain such facts in regard to this class of men, as a natural curiosity makes us desire to possess. Vol. XII contains

a full notice of DR. NEVIN, formerly President of the Theological Seminary and of Marshall College at Mercersburg, with a brief but comprehensive history of the "Mercersburg system of Theology," as it has been called. Our estimation of the value of this great American work and our confidence in the care and accuracy with which it is prepared by the indefatigable authors increases with the appearance of every new volume. We understand it is to be completed in XVI. volumes. When finished it will be a library in itself. Every one especially whose library is necessarily limited ought by all means to procure this work, as it furnishes information on subjects which could not be gathered from thousands of miscellaneous volumes. The fact that it comes down so fully to the present time in all the departments of science and literature, greatly enhances its value. The work can be procured at publishers' prices, \$3 a volume, of Elias Barr & Co., Lancaster Pa.

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THE GUARDIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emb'ematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

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The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES PERENNIAL..... | 225 |
| 2. DAS ALT SCHUL-HAUS AN DER KRICK..... | 233 |
| 3. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 236 |
| 4. PUNISHING CHILDREN UNJUSTLY..... | 238 |
| 5. WHAT'S THE USE OF IT?..... | 239 |
| 6. THINKING OF YOU, "ALLY." Poetry..... | 245 |
| 7. BEAUTIFUL IN CHRISTIANITY..... | 246 |
| 8. THE OLD DICTIONARY. BY THE EDITOR..... | 252 |
| 9. SONGS IN THE NIGHT. "BY AND BY." THE TREES..... | 256 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| VOL. XI. | VOL. XII. |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Rev. E. Kieffer.....\$1 | Rev. E. Kieffer..... 1 |
| U. G. Fox..... 1 | Mary E. Leber.....50c |
| John Berry.....50c | P. Mund..... 1 |
| VOL. XII. | John Berry.....50c |
| Abm. Peters.....\$1 | Jacob Rohrer..... 1 |
| Mrs. M. A. Shirk..... 1 | VOL. XIII. |
| Catharine Bare..... 1 | Mary E. Leber.....50c |

The Guardian.

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OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES PERENNIAL. HOW CHRIST STILL FEEDS THE MULTITUDES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE miracles of Christ were not a mere transient power, the meaning and effects of which passed away with the time and occasion of their taking place. It was a power that went forth from Him never to return to Him. The power and grace of the miracle went forth from Him as a stream goes forth from its fountain. It flows on as refreshing waters into all lands, and through all time.

We shall perhaps be better understood when we say that in christianity, which flows forth from Christ, the power and grace of the miracle is perpetuated. Christianity, not in the same form, but with the same power and in full effect, continues to do the same which the miracle did. This perennial character of the miracle we propose to illustrate by an exposition of the miracle in which our Saviour feeds the five thousands. (John vi: 1-14.)

The stream that bursts forth with original freshness and power from the side of the mountain, makes a glad green spot around it, cools and refreshes parched tongues around it; but its history does not end there. There it only starts on its mission of power and good. Every inch of its course, it gives forth its baptism of blessing—to grass, insects, birds, fishes, beasts and men; to the meadow, the mill, the boat of commerce, it is alike the sustaining power. When it reaches the ocean it is only to be absorbed, raised, etherealized, and, in the form of mist, clouds, rain and dew, to be returned from the generous heavens—and this only that it may travel again on the same mission of life and blessedness.

So in this miracle. "Jesus went up into a mountain" facing the sea of Galilee. There, on a green spot—for "there was much grass in the place"—He gave forth from His person, as from a perennial fountain

of power and grace, a virtue and a blessing by which food was multiplied, so that from five barley-loaves and two small fishes," His disciples and a multitude of 5,000 besides, women and children, were fed, and there remained of the fragments, twelve baskets.

Now, what we mean to say is that, like the stream described, this power of feeding goes forth from its fountain in Christ through and in christianity—as such it flows in blessing on into all lands and through all ages. There is neither city nor hamlet, neither palace nor cottage that it does not pass, and where it does not leave its blessing. It affects the grass on the mountains and the corn in the valleys. It blesses man and beast. It fills mills and warehouses; it crowds thoroughfares with bags, barrels and bales; it fills the hulls and fans the sails of commerce; it visits and blesses the most distant continents and islands of the Gentiles. Every where the wilderness and the solitary places are glad for it, and it makes deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose. Wherever it goes it brings as they had it not before—food to the hungry; and answers to all, for each day and in every emergency, the Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."

This, as we believe, is the deep and glorious meaning of this miracle. This is the sense in which, what was a single act of Christ's divine and gracious power, becomes, in christianity, a perennial and abiding power and blessing in the world to needy and dependent man. Nor must it be forgotten that this natural feeding of Christ, and the supply which christianity is thus the means of furnishing to the natural, temporal, bodily wants of men, is itself also a true foreshadowing of the manner in which it provides for his spiritual wants, and supplies with heavenly abundance all the needs of his soul.

How scanty are the world's natural resources. "There is a lad here, which hath five barley-loaves, and two *small* fishes, but what are they among so many?" Does the world fill the baskets of the worldly with abundance? Does the earth yield her increase to the sinful generations as to the holy? Are its few loaves and small fishes as rich a feast as that which Christ makes them to be?

These questions are answered by asking: Has sin affected man only, as head, or the earth also beneath him! Are these words mere rhetoric: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." Or those words to wicked Cain: "When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength." Was there nothing promised to Noah in that solemn covenant after the flood, but what he would have had without it: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease."

Does christianity give bread? Does it cause the earth to "yield her strength?" Does it feed the multitudes? Does it ever enlarge the small natural resources of five loaves and two small fishes into an abundant supply for the multitudes who follow Christ, and following Him, hearing Him, loving Him, are in want?

These questions are answered by the most limited and cursory comparison between the world outside of christianity and the world in its bosom, as may be noticed in all ages and in all lands. Let your mind make a journey through heathen lands; and whether you pass over the

half known lands of South America, the vast plains of Africa, the immense plateaus of Asia, you will find everywhere, unsettled, roving, improvident, idle, half-provided multitudes, in regard to whose wants you will be constrained to say in discouragement and fear for their supplies: "There is here a lad, which hath five barley-loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many."

Go, on the other hand, through any christian land, with no advantage of soil or climate, and you will find the multitudes seated in "green spots," while Christ opens His stores till all are supplied, and the very fragments left, are more than the whole store of the lad.

Do you remind me that we read of abounding stores, and extravagant luxury, among the ancient pagans of Greece and Rome; and even now of the highest feastings in Turkish and Chinese Halls? We answer: yes; among the pampered aristocracies; among the favored rich, who hang upon monopolizing inheritances. Their stores and luxurious provisions are the results of cruel absorption. Around these few high places of abundance lie the half-famished, spare-living, groaning poor, whose hunger is the fulness of their oppressors. At every palace door of these sumptuous Diveses lie, not one, but hundreds of poor Lazaruses, who would fain eat crumbs if they were but given them, and whose sorrows and sores are enough to awaken the sympathies of generous dogs!

How unlike Christ are these? They sit in their green spots, and cry to the hungry multitudes: "Give *us* to eat!" Christ says to His followers: "Give *ye them* to eat"—and Himself speaks the enlarging, creating benediction. His words, the grace of His merciful heart, the extending of His bountiful hands, are glorified in power, in blessing and in bread.

How does Christ, and after Him christianity, feed the people? Christ did it by a miracle in the case before us. He does it no less by the application of a supernatural power now through Christianity. Not so suddenly; not, to the worldly eye, so ostensibly; not by processes so immediately on the surface; not by enlarging the loaf; but rather by putting the multiplying leaven into the loaf. He blessed the bread and it became sufficient for all at once. He still blesses; but now, by the life of christianity, rather the soil on which it grows, the skill and disposition to call out the earth's strength and increase, the forecast and providence of christian men, the spirit of economy which husbands and prudently uses resources and results, the benevolent hearts and hands of those who have been, and on whom the multitudes of the poor are dependent.

"Make the men set down." Settle the multitudes. Bring them into order, arrange them in "ranks by hundreds and fifties." Bring the confused swarm into reach, and place them under the discipline of order. This is the first step in the arrangement for the feeding.

Now it is only taking up the deep sense of the miracle, when we see foreshadowed in this that wide and vital power—and that the first power—by which the spirit of Christianity works order into the confused and swarming life of barbarism. The very first element in civilization, its very sense and meaning, is to settle the roving life of men and tribes—to organize society, and to create order out of confusion. The very meaning of the word civilization, is to make men citizens—

that is to locate them, and bring them under general laws. It is to break up that fragmentary, unsettled, uncertain, roving, nomadic life which characterizes the lawless, homeless hordes of barbarism—such as indicates always the first and lowest forms of heathen society. It is to draw them away from that precarious and uncertain dependence for a livelihood on hunting, fishing, robbing, and trust in the spontaneous supplies of nature. It is to break them to industry, turning their attention to productions, tilling of the soil, and a development of the resources of the earth.

Hence we find that the first endeavors of God in reference to the Jews were to locate them, give them a country, centralize and settle society in a government and an organized church and worship—to forbid the use of such animals and birds as food, the procuring of which would allure them to the wildness of the chase—to make them a settled agricultural people, where a regular and quiet domestic life might be cultivated amid fruitful fields, fragrant vineyards, and bleating flocks. His merciful plan was successful; and with what delight do we contemplate the orderly, prosperous, and peaceful rural life of the myriads of God's chosen people, as they covered the slopes, valleys and plains of the goodly land, and dwelt amid order and plenty, under the glorious outstretched sceptre of David and Solomon. What a contrast between them and the lawless, plundering, restless nomads, by whom their land was surrounded, and from whom most of their dangers and afflictions came.

It is the same word of power that still goes out from christianity: "Make the men sit down." Locate the people. Settle the tribes and nations! Bring the tumultuating mass into order. Let there be order, that there may be bread. We surely need not point out to you how all this stands deeply and necessarily connected with sure supplies of all temporal needs. It is easy to see to whom his bread is most sure and regular, to him who roves over the earth, or to him who settles and develops its resources—to the marauding Ishmaelite or the settled Jewish husbandman on the fertile plain of Jericho—to the Indian or trapper along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, or the industrious settled farmers of Pennsylvania, or even the earnest squatter in Minnesota.

"Make the men sit down" that they may be fed, is the powerful, creating word of christianity; and it comes down with a power and a blessing over the land! More genial than the spirit of spring, or the breath of the "sweet south," it makes the harvests wave in glory, and sends fleet ships of commerce over every sea; prepares tables for the worthy in the presence of their enemies; fills the land with peace and plenty; and leaves even more to be gathered of fragments than all the stores of the heathen.

"We are here in a desert place," said the anxious disciples. But there is one green spot, for "there was much grass in the place." "And he commanded them to make them all sit down in companies upon the green grass." (Mark iv: 39.) Beautiful! Widely prophetic. Deeply instructive. Christ would feed the multitude. He locates them that He may do it; and He locates them in "a green spot" in the midst of "a desert place."

The meek shall inherit the earth. When has God given His people a desert as their heritage? Even in Egyptian bondage, He gave them

"the best of the land," even Goshen. When He led them forth to freedom, it was to give them a land "flowing with milk and honey." They could say, as by the mouth of their sweet singer: "The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage."

God will ever do it. To locate His people in a goodly land, He will, if necessary, "drive out the heathen." Christianity does it by the power of a constant miracle. It gives a vital power to christian history which works to this end by an inward necessity. It is the destiny of christian nations. It is the natural end of its peaceful conquests. It is the rightful reward of that industry, thrift and enterprise, which the christian life inspires.

History is full of examples. By the same sure law which causes all things to adjust themselves to their own proper level, does christianity take possession of the best natural resources of the earth. The hand of the diligent bears God's best title to place and power; and the idle who put not to usury whatever talent is in their trust, He taketh it from him, and gives it to a better steward.

By this title have we received the broad land in which we dwell. Whatever tender sentiment of pity we may feel for the poor Indian, ages of indolence were a sufficient probation. God and history drove them back! They fled in fear before the march of empire, and the silent but powerful tread of advancing States. God had a higher design with this vast continent than to furnish hunting grounds for roving tribes. The result is a fulfilment of "manifest destiny" in its highest and purest sense.

Locate the multitudes in a green spot, cries the spirit of christianity. The word is creative, and hastens to its fulfilment! Need we stop to show how, in this way, Christ continues to feed the multitudes. Need we show what connection there is between such a heritage of the righteous and the surety of their bread. The truth lies plainly to view.

How characteristic the conduct of the multitude. Out of the towns and villages "they ran on foot and this three days ago." (Matt xv: 22.) Thoughtless of the distant; thoughtless of the fact that it is a desert place removed from all chance of food or rest; thoughtless of passing time. At once "it was evening" "and the time was far spent."

Behold their thoughtless improvidence. Nor to them does the fact of their destitute condition first occur. They are still, not only unprovided, but have not even awakened to a consciousness of the fact. Ahead of them Jesus sees it, and says to His disciples: "I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat: and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way." (Matt. xv: 32.)

True, we admire the kindness of the Son of God in providing for those who, either to hear Him or to satisfy a curiosity natural in such cases, followed Him; but we cannot the less see their own thoughtlessness in thus strolling unprovided beyond the reach of ordinary supplies.

But can we fail to see in them representative conduct. They shadow forth a class to be found in all ages and lands outside of the christian life. Who can fail to notice how far a want of bread is owing to improvident spirit. It is the spirit of barbarism to live from hand to mouth. Is it not also the spirit of the idle, thriftless masses in chris-

tian lands, just so far as they are not penetrated and taken up by vigorous christian life? They have not the disposition, nor yet have they the skill, to provide. Both of which the life of christianity inspires.

Behold the unchristian multitude in all times and in all lands. To one precarious and uncertain source of food they hang. Some watch for their game—some court the stream for fish—some depend on the spontaneous products of the earth in some other form. Far wider, surer, and richer are the resources which the christian life commands. As he was originally, so christianity restores man again to be lord of this lower world. As in the words of God in His covenant with Noah, it still says: "The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands they are delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." (Gen. ix: 2, 3.)

See you not how this miracle is perennial in the world in the power of christianity. See you not how Christ continues to feed the multitude, by the loaves from the land, and the fishes of the sea?

Do not overlook the agency of Christ's direct blessing. "He took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed them, and brake, and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude." (St. Luke ix: 16.) That blessing had the power of enlargement, so that what was small in itself became ample for a multitude of 5000, "besides women and children."

True, God bestows on men general blessings, and is thus "kind unto the unthankful and to the evil," (St. Luke vi: 35) "for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. (St. Matt. v: 45.) But it is equally true that in addition to these general blessings, the saints have special promises of special blessings pertaining to the life that now is, as well as to the life to come. Such promises are in the New Testament as well as in the Old. (1 Tim. iv: 6-17. Matt. v: 5; vi: 33. Phil. iv: 19.) If sin brought a curse on the ground, christianity must remove it in the degree that it prevails over sin. As the rain and dew of Heaven fall more easily on rich valleys and fertile plains than on barren deserts, so do God's special blessings distill more richly and readily on lands that lie in the genial light of Christianity, for the good of those who walk in the light of God's countenance.

While christianity thus, after the example of Christ, specially blesses the earth, and places the increase in the hands of its disciples, it, at the same time, says to them after the manner of Christ: "Give ye them to eat." He gives them not to keep, to hoard, or for their own use alone, but "to set before the multitude."

We have already referred to the fact that the spirit of selfishness, as it reigns in unchristian hearts, takes instead of gives. It leads the favored to absorb, and play luxury, to the want and starvation of the dependent poor. We need only remind you that christianity reverses all this. Christ's own spirit, and the powerful life of mercy and love which animates christianity, opens selfish hearts, and infuses that dispo-

sition of divine and heavenly charity which teaches christian men to bless even as they are blessed.

Nor need we remind you how this is realized under the power of christianity. Look at the many private family charities in every christian community. See how the poor cluster around the rich, are provided with labor, are aided in straits of want, receive abatement, indulgence and even forgiveness of debts; and are, if themselves earnest, often aided to the elevation and improvement of their temporal condition. Where the christian life does not underlie society the poor are the slaves, and the tools of the rich; where it prevails, and according as it does prevail, the poor are at once the free supporters of the rich, and are supported by them. These two classes sundered in heathen lands—and the same is the case so far as an unchristian spirit exists in christian lands—by opposite interests, are in the christian life bound, and balanced, and benefited, by a mutual spirit of dependence. The poor do not feel that to benefit the rich is to make themselves poor; but see rather that they are only building and filling near them and above them a reservoir full of blessings for them, and which are sure, through golden pipes of charity, to flow in refreshing currents at the door of their humblest huts.

But see also beyond individual and family charities the regular organized charities of the church. Its schools, its asylums for the orphan, the aged, and the sorely stricken of all classes, ages, and conditions. Even the christian state, in its measure, and as far as it can realize its ends as a state, becomes merciful—having pity on the poor, the lunatic, the blind, and the incorrigible youth, to whom it furnishes a home of restraint, the discipline of moral correction, and even christian culture. In vain do you look for these in unchristian lands; and if any are found, they are mere prisons of detention for public good, but not homes of mercy to the unfortunate themselves.

O what a miracle of power does christianity perpetuate in those words of perennial life and grace which it ever repeats to all its disciples as from the lips of the Saviour Almighty: "Give ye them to eat." Set before the multitude that are fainting in desert places what I place in your hands! Does not Christ continue to feed the multitudes, with their women and children?

Let us not overlook the deep significance of the final lesson. It furnishes only another mode in which the power of the miracle perpetuates itself in the life of christianity. If, as we have seen, thoughtless improvidence leads to a want of bread, does not extravagance and waste as well? How like a divine power, into all the nerves of the christian life, go those closing words of Christ to His disciples, when they had all been filled: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Economical preservation of whatever is beyond our needs, enables us to give others bread. "Wilful waste makes woful want." We need not tell you how little this is known in unchristian lands, and how little it is practiced by the thriftless, careless, improvident and wasteful multitudes, who, in christian lands, remain unleavened by its better spirit. Nor need we tell you that while the absence of this virtue is one of the chief causes of want and destitution in the profligate,

its practice among those who have the christian spirit is one of the principal sources out of which they are enabled to "give them to eat."

The disciples heard and obeyed the charge of Christ. Not for themselves, but for the needy they did it. "*Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley-loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.*" They would not have gathered them. They were filled, and they thought of, cared for, nothing more. The fragments are not now needed; let them go to waste! The disciples, who need not, must save the fragments from waste for those who are in need!

Evermore is the spirit of this divine economy repeated in christian lands and in true christian families. They do not merely say, when surveying the fragments of a feast, How glad would the poor be for this, and then, letting a sentimental emotion suffice and atone for a wasteful spirit, cast it to the dogs; but it leads them to send it with a blessing, to the poor. They teach thus the too careless remedy, by example, and act, and spirit, that the proper use of the fragments is a source of bread.

Such is the glorious power of this miracle. So does it perpetuate its mercy and grace in the life of christianity. Thus have we the spirit of the glorious Christ still in our midst in all the vigor of unfading youth. Thus still beats and breathes in our holy religion the energy of that heavenly spirit, crying: "Give ye them to eat;" and to the pious ever remains the fulfilment of the same blessed fact, that when all are filled the fragments that remain are greater than the original store.

O that we were worthier of such great grace! O that we were more faithful representatives and stewards of such bounties of our Lord! O that we were more grateful for them ourselves, and had grace with a more open hand, and a more cheerful heart, to distribute them to the sons and daughters of want and woe.

What an evidence of the divine character of our holy christianity is afforded us by the perennial power of this, as well as all other miracles. Who can resist the pressing conviction that such a religion is from heaven. We wonder not at the effect the miracle produced on those that were blessed by it. "Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should have come into the world!"

As it is an evidence of its truth, so it is a commendation of its gracious virtue, and of its perfect adaptation to all the needs of man. It blesses those who receive it, and indirectly even those who ignore or reject it. How many drink at its stream who ungratefully persist in refusing to acknowledge the fountain. O ye who feed on the gift, bless the giver; and suffer this miracle of power and grace not only to feed your body, but also renovate your soul, by leading you in grateful obedience, and humble devotion to Jesus Christ, the friend and Saviour of the needy multitudes.

DAS ALT SCHUL-HAUS AN DER KRICK.

THE following Poem is written in what is generally called "Pennsylvania German." This is a peculiar dialect, created by a strange mixture of all the European German dialects, with a large sprinkling of English words and pronunciations. It is passing away before the victorious progress of the English, and must ultimately become extinct. It will, however always remain as a curiosity in literature. This Poem, written by a Pennsylvania Pastor, is here inserted at the request of literary friends who saw it in manuscript. It has, we believe, the ring of the true vernacular.—ED. GUARDIAN.

Heit ishts exactly zwanzig Yohr,
 Das Ich bin Owa naus ;
 Nau bin Ich widder lewig z'rick,
 Un' steh' am Schul-haus an der Krick,
 Yusht naekst an's atty's Haus.

Ich bin in hundert Haeuser g'west,
 Von marbel Stein un' Brick ;
 Un' alles was Ich hab' geseh,
 Det Ich verschwappa any day,
 Fuer's Schul-haus an der Krick.

Wer mued da heme is, un' will fort,
 So los ihn numma geh ;
 Ich sag ihm awer forna naus,
 Es is all Humbug Owa draus,
 Un' er werd's selver seh.

Ich bin draus rum in alle Eck'
 Getravelled high un' low ;
 Hab awer noch in kennem Spot,
 Uf e'mol so fiel Joy gehabt,
 Wie in dem Schul-haus do.

Wie haemelt mich do alles a' !
 Ich steh, un' denk, un' guk ;
 Un' was Ich schier vergessa hab,
 Kummt wider z'rick, wie aus seim Grab,
 Un' steht do wie e' Spook !

Des Krickle spielt vorbei wie's hot,
 Wo Ich noch g'spielt hab do :
 Un' unner sella Hollerbuesch,
 Speila noch die klene Fisch,
 So smart wie long ago.

Der Weisech' steht noch an der Tuehr—
 Macht Schatta ueber's Dach :
 Die Trauberank is a' noch grue'—
 Un's Amsel nescht—guk yuscht 'mol hi' !—
 O was is des en Sach' !

Die Schwalma skiyppa ueber's Feld—
 Die fedderst is die besht !

Un sechst du, dort am Guebeleck,
En Haus von Stoppla un' von Dreck?—
Sel is e' Schwalma Nescht.

Die yunge leia stil just now,
Un' schlofa alle sound;
Wart bis die Alta kriega Werm,
Nord herscht du awer gros gelarm,
Von Meuler all around!

Ya, alles des is noch wie's war?
Wo Ich noch war e' Buh';
Doch andere Dings sin' net meh so,
For alles dut sich enera do,
Wie Ich mich enera thu'!

Ich steh, wie Ossian in seim Thal,
Un' seh ins wolka Spiel,—
Bewegt mit Freed un' Trauer—ach!
Die Traena Komma wan Ich lach!—
Kanscht denka wie Ich fuehl!

Do bin Ich ganga in die Schul,
Wo Ich noch war gans Kle;
Dort war der Meschter in seim Stuhl;
Dort war sei Wip, un' dort sei Ruhl—
Ich kan's noch alles seh!

Die langa Desks ring's an der Wand—
Die grosa Schuler d'rum:
Uf ener Seid die grosa Maed,
Und dort die Buwa—net sa blaed—
Guk wie sie peepa 'rum!

Der Meschter watch't sie close just now—
Sie gewa besser acht:
Dort Sella wo love Letters schreibt,
Un' Sella wo sei Spoochta treibt,
Un' Sella Kerl wo lacht.

Die grosa un' die klene all,
Sin' unner ener Rule;
Un des is yusht der rechte weg;
Wer Rules verbrecht der nemmt sie Schleg,
Oder verlost die Schul.

Imwendig um der Offa 'rum,
Hocka die klene chaps;
Sie studya all gar hart, you see,
Un' wer net lernt sei A. B. C.,
Sei Ohra kriega Rapps.

S'is hart zu hocka uf so Benk,—
Die Fues net uf em Floor;
En mancher krickt en weher Rueck,
In sellem Schul-haus an der Krick,
Un' fuehlt about right sore!

Die arma Drep! dort hocka sie
In misery!—yuscht denk!
Es is ke' wunner—nem my Wort—
Das sie so wenig lerna dort
Uf sella hoch a Benk.

Mit all da' Drawbaks anyhow,
 War's doch e' first rate Schul;
 Du finscht ke' Meshter so—geh such—
 Der cyphera kan durch's ganza Buch,
 Un' Skipt ke' ehne Rule.

Boes war er! ya, des mus Ich k'steh;
 G'wipt hot er all around:
 Gar kreislich gute Rules obsarved,
 Un wer Schleg krickt hot, hot's desarved,
 Completely, I'll be bound.

Wan's Dinner war, un Schul war aus,
 Nord hot m'r gut gefuelt:
 Deel hen der balla Game gechoost,
 Deel hen sich in der Race amused,
 Un deel hen Solger g'spielt.

Die grossa Maid hen ausgekert—
 Die Buwa naus gestaabt!
 Zu helfa, hen a deel pretend,—
 Der Meschter hot sie naus gesend!—
 Die Rules hen's net erlabt.

Die Klena Maed hen Ring gespielt,
 Uf sellem Wassa da;
 Wann grossa Maed sin' in der Ring—
 'S is doch e' wounnervolles Ding!—
 Sin' grosa Buwa a'!

Die grosa hen, die grosa 'tagg't—
 Die Klena all vermisst!
 Wie sin' sie g' sprunga, ab un' uf,
 Wer g'wonna hot—verlos dich druf—
 Hot tuechtiglich gekisst!

Am Christag wa' die rechte zeit—
 O wan Ich yuscht d'ra' denk!
 Der Meschter hen mir naus gesperrt,
 De Tuehr and Fenster vest gebarrt,—
 "Nau, Meschter, e' Geschenk!

Nord hot er mightily brobirt,
 Mit force du komma nei;
 Un' mir hen—als er hot geklopt—
 En Schreiwes unna naus gestopt,
 "Wann's seinsht dan kanscht du rei."

Nau hot der Meschter raus gelanst—
 Gar Kreislich sheepish 'gukt!—
 Appel un' Keshta, un' noch meh,
 S'war yuscht a ment in fact recht schoe:
 Mir hen's mit Luschta k' slucht!

O wu sin' now die Schuler all,
 Wo hawa do gelernt?
 A deel sin' wiet awek gereest,
 By fortune uf un' ab gecheest,—
 Deel hot der Tod geernt!

Mei Hertz schwellt mit Gedanka uf,
 Bis Ich schier gar verstick!
 Konnt heula's dut mir nau so leed—

Un' dock gebt mir die groschte Freed,
Des Schul-haus an der Krick!

Good bye! alt Schul-haus—echo Kreischt
Good bye! Good bye! zurueck;
O Schul-haus! Schul-haus! mus Ich geh?
Un' du stehst nord do alle' aleh—
Du Schul-haus an der Krick!

O horcht ihr Leut wo nach mir lebt,
Ich Schreib euch noch des Stick:
Ich warn euch, droh euch, gebt docht acht
Un' nemmt for ever gut enacht,
Des Schul-haus an der Krick!

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XL.

THE FOLLY OF IDOL WORSHIP.

TERAH, the father of Abraham, as the ancients relate, was not only a worshipper of idols, but also a maker of images which he set up in places of public worship. One day he had to be away from home; and he gave orders to Abraham, to take care of things in this place, which he did, though reluctantly.

"What is the price of this idol," asked an old man who had just entered, pointing to an image which pleased him well.

"May I ask, venerable man, how old you are?" replied Abraham, in a diverting way.

"Eighty years!" answered the old idolater.

"Eighty years!" exclaimed Abraham. "And you would worship an image which my father's workmen have made within the last twenty-four hours! Wonderful! A man of eighty years bend his gray head before the image of a day!"

The old man felt ashamed and went away. Soon after there came an earnest and noble looking woman carrying a plate ornamented with flowers, and filled with food. "Here," she said, "I have brought a gift for the gods. Place it before them, Abraham, and beseech them to be gracious toward me!"

"Place it before them yourself, foolish woman!" said Abraham sharply. "You will soon see how eagerly they will eat up the food!"

She did so. Meanwhile Abraham took a hammer and broke all the images to pieces except the largest one; in its hand he placed the hammer.

Now when Terah returned, he saw to his great surprise and fear the injury which had been done to the images.

"What means this, Abraham? What impious rogue has ventured to treat our idols in this manner?"

"Why should I hide any thing from my father?" answered the pious son. "During your absence came a woman with a gift for that idol which still stands yonder. She placed the offerings before it. The young gods, as you may readily suppose, who had for a long time had nothing to eat, reached out their hands toward the food and began to eat before the old idol had given them permission. Enraged by their boldness, the old idol rose erect, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect."

"Do you mock me? Do you seek to deceive your aged father?" asked Terah, in a reproaching tone. "Do I not know that they can neither eat nor walk, nor move?"

"And yet," said Abraham, "you render them divine honors, pray to them, and desire that I should also pray to them!"

Yet, in vain did Abraham thus speak to his idolatrous father. Superstition is both deaf and blind. The unnatural father handed him over to the counsel of the equally idolatrous Nimrod. Still a more gracious Father—the merciful and kind father of us all—protected Abraham against the threatening danger, and he became the Father of the Faithful.

The manner in which Abraham defended himself before Nimrod, and how God delivered them from the fiery furnace, shall also be told. When Abraham had been led before Nimrod, that tyrant pressed him to worship the fire.

"Great King," said the father of the faithful, "would it not be better to worship the water? It is more powerful than fire, because it can extinguish it."

"Then worship the water," said Nimrod.

"And yet it seems to me," said Abraham farther, "it would be more rational to pray to the clouds, for they carry the water in their bosom, and let it gently descend to the earth."

"Very good!" said Nimrod, commanding him anew, "then pray to the clouds, since they have, as you think, greater power."

"Still," continued Abraham, "if it is the power which an object possesses that makes it worthy of worship, then that honor properly belongs to the wind; for by its superior power it lifts the clouds and drives them away before it."

"Of such talk we shall never see the end," exclaimed Nimrod. "Worship then the wind, and I will overlook the disrespectful words you have already uttered!"

"Be not angry, great King," begged Abraham. "I can worship neither the fire, nor the water, nor the clouds, nor the wind, nor yet any other creature, which you call gods. For all the power they possess, they have derived from a Being, who is the mightiest of all, and is pure grace and love. The maker of heaven and earth—HIM alone will I worship!"

"Very well," exclaimed the tyrant, "since you refuse to worship the fire, you shall soon feel its greater power!"

And he commanded Abraham to be cast into a fiery furnace. But God delivered him from the consuming flames, and made him a fountain of blessing to many nations.

PUNISHING CHILDREN UNJUSTLY.

BY THE EDITOR.

PARENTS cannot be too careful in their dealings with their children, especially in the matter of inflicting punishment. A careful inquiry would show in the minds of many, lie deeply engraved memories of childhood, associated painfully with parental acts. However kindly parents may be remembered, and however strong the cords of filial love may be which bind children to them, memory is not able to wipe from its faithful record those unpleasant events to which we refer.

The greater number of these bitter recollections are the results of some punishment unjustly suffered at the hands of the parent. The punishment may have been inflicted in mistake, or under a false impression as to the child's guilt; but this does not alter the case. It was the injustice of the penalty, of which the child has the clear consciousness, that has made the lasting unpleasant impression on its memory. By this the parent is not censured; it is only shown how necessary it is to exercise the greatest care in the infliction of punishment on children.

To verify what we say, we need but refer to a fact. In four instances in which we made inquiry—and the four persons inquired of were not specially selected but incidentally taken—every one stated that he had been frequently punished in childhood; but when asked whether the particular occasion, and the circumstances of such punishment, were remembered, the answer on reflection in every case was, that only in one case were those remembered; and that, in that case, the recollection was distinct. When asked whether they had not a clear consciousness that in that instance the punishment they received was undeserved and unjust, the answer was in every case—"Yes." Three of the persons thus examined were ministers of the Gospel, and, when told the object of the inquiry, they were all greatly surprised at the fact thus elicited. On re-examining their recollections on the same subject they were only the more confirmed in regard to the correctness of the theory which had induced the inquiry. We have no doubt that the experiences of any number of persons, if examined in the same way, would lead to the same result.

Now, why were these cases of parental punishment, with all their attendant circumstances, so distinctly remembered, while in many more cases they were entirely obliterated from the memory? The answer is at hand: Because in this one case the punishment was known and felt to be undeserved and unjust; and that fact made an impression on the memory which it has been impossible for it ever to lose!

In connection with this must be taken another fact. All parents have observed that in due time after any just punishment had been inflicted on a child, it spontaneously manifests a peculiar tender affection toward the parent that punished it. Strange as this may seem, it is

nevertheless true. But this is the case only when the child is conscious that the chastisement has been deserved. When it is conscious that it has not been deserved the direct opposite appears; and hatred, instead of love, for a time at least, possesses its heart. The feeling of hatred in time passes away, but the unpleasant recollection of it—never!

These solemn facts are worthy the careful study of parents. The spirits of children are delicately formed organisms, and they ought to be solemnly touched! If a tree, that has been rudely handled when a tender scion, still carries the wound when full grown and down into its decline, will not an immortal spirit do the same. Everlasting as to time, and in the highest degree important as to their character and results, are the impressions made on human spirits in the tender period of childhood.

WHAT'S THE USE OF IT?

AN ADDRESS BY A TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

L. H. S.

[CONCLUDED FROM THE LAST NUMBER.]

B. Let me now direct your attention to the necessity and glorious privilege of submitting to the authorities that may be over us. Too often are we inclined to look upon the restrictions of law and duty, as onerous and over-grievous. Even those who obey, do so frequently from fear of punishment, more than from love. A sense of duty may impel them to undergo the requirements of law, although, at times, the spirit longs to throw off its influence. This is poor human nature striving to free itself from the dominion of its Creator, and endeavoring to become god-like. It is never ready to give up the longing after a mastery over the hidden mysteries of the natural and spiritual world.

But we are made acquainted with the fact that a law has been given us amid the thunders of Sinai, that cannot be overlooked or slighted by man without the most terrible consequences. Under the old dispensation, "before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed. Wherefore the law was our school-master to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith." And under this school-master, prophets and kings, holy men and women of Israel, learned the glorious blessings which were theirs through the cultivation of implicit obedience. The royal psalmist sings: "I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea Thy law is within my heart;" and he fervently prays, "Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." Every inspired writer declares the praise of those who delight to do God's laws,

and the burden of their words is, remember the words of the law and strive to do them.

And yet the Old Testament law by itself is insufficient to convince men of sin. It is only through the ministrations of the Holy Spirit that such conviction can be had—it is only through the strength, received by membership in Christ's mystical body, that what seemed a grievous burden becomes a glorious privilege. St. Paul says, "After that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster,"—that is, what *was* onerous and weighty has become pleasant and acceptable to our souls. We are hence bidden, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." What was in former times our duty, henceforth is our privilege, and, as we avail ourselves of this privilege, as we become obedient to law, we become free from all the shackles of slavery.

The number of previous adjuvants which the Holy Spirit employs in its work of convincing us of sin, how feebly at best all are of themselves fitted to do the work which is His own, and yet how necessary these are to the cultivation of the good and the true,—these points are so well set forth by an English writer, that I cannot refrain from quoting them here :

"Parents with their ever watchful love, sheltering us under their wings until we have strength to quit our native nest—Teachers, who train us in the way wherein we are to walk, and fit us for discerning it—Laws, that set the mark of death upon sin—Reason, that would deliver us from the mere bondage of law, and make the service of duty a free and willing service—the messenger of the Gospel sent into every corner of the land to call us to the knowledge of God, and to the grace of Christ—the Word of God proclaimed to His people, when they are gathered together in his house—Sundays, with their holy rest and peace, their many heavenly voices, their prayers and sacraments—the sorrow and abject misery which follow at the heels of sin—the affections with which God visits His children, sorted to suit their special needs, and to unravel the cords with which the world holds them down—anguish, greater or less, according as we require it and have strength to bear it—the delicate net work of human order and earthly motives, which offer a kind of counterpart to the order and motives of heaven, and which check us against our will in manifold unthought-of ways when we should otherwise rush into sin—the Bible laid open in every meeting-house, and meeting our eyes at every turn—the millions, yes, the millions of surprises, showered like stars over the face of life, and evermore reminding us of God's wondrous goodness and mercy, and warning us to think of death, and teaching us the ruin of sin, the blessings which are poured out upon us beforehand, as a foretaste of the joys of heaven, long ere we have learned to love God and to serve Him, blessings of love and innocent gladness and a peaceful conscience, bestowed so bountifully even on childhood—the ties of gratefulness, as well as of duty, whereby God makes the voice of nature herself declare that we must needs love Him who has so loved us—the song of the angels ringing in our ears, *Glory to God in the highest*, and telling us of the glory in store for those who have found peace through the good will of the eternal Father, the shame which pursues sin without, the stings of conscience within,

the many servants of God that are sent to comfort us with their timely ministrations, the grace bestowed on us in baptism, and which the Holy Spirit, if we hinder not His purpose, would ever increase and strengthen in our souls; and finally, in order that we may not be dazzled and crushed by the fleeting hopes and fears of this present life, the hopes and fears of eternity—these are the cherubim wherewith God has surrounded our Eden, to keep the tempter from approaching it.

“Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.”

These words of Archdeacon Hare, show how numerous are the protections that our gracious Father has thrown around us—“the use,” the importance of which is known to His omniscience. But with all their aid and assistance, one little sin can overthrow the bulwarks of defence, with which we are surrounded, and leave us helpless at the mercy of Satan. Hence the necessity of strength from on high to enable us to respect and obey all these divinely-appointed monitors. And this strength is not beyond our reach. By means of prayer a direct connection is preserved between the sinning mortal and the mercy-seat in the heavens above. The patient words of the contrite sinner, the agonizing cry for help, finds a listening ear, a sympathizing heart at the right hand of the Father, and Christ—even our only hope and Saviour—will send assistance in our hour of need.

St. Peter, in his epistle to the strangers, exhorts them “to submit themselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord’s sake—whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by Him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well.” He does not waste words in endeavoring to show the *use* of such obedience, but enjoins it, because it must be paid for the Lord’s sake. Now, in a mere worldly point of view, all this produces a certain amount of benefit to the party exhibiting the obedient spirit, which could not be obtained in any other way. Honors and emoluments often fall to the lot of those who in no way deserve them, but the time will come when the fraud shall be perceived and justice will be meted out to the extent which the circumstances demand. But the feeling of content and happiness which springs from a free and full compliance with every obligation imposed on us by those in authority, cannot be obtained either by disobedience of laws or by a forced compliance with them. The reason is plain: every one in authority over us is, in some sense—with reverence be it said—a viceroy of the great God above us. All authority proceeds from Him, and we must obey it so far as the commands are not in violation of His holy laws; *obey!* aye, OBEY as implicitly as though the commands came directly from Him—obey “for the Lord’s sake,” not out of respect or gratitude, or any other mere human motive, but as loyal subjects of a supreme governor, who has so ordered it. Now, I do not mean that respect and gratitude, yea, even love itself toward their rulers, may not exist in the hearts of those who are in subordinate relations, or that it is not right that they should exist there, but that these mere human feelings should be of small power as compared with the binding force of authority in the name of the Lord.

Thus, in the case of the child, it may be that there is apparently but slight reason for gratitude towards parents, since they may have abandoned him to the harsh treatment of a cruel world, he may be unable to recognize in them those traits of character which mark either the gentle or the christian—nevertheless, obey them to meet, and by so doing honor them, because the Lord has so commanded. But these cases are exceptional, where all reason for the existence of gratitude and love is not found conjoined with the urgent requirements of the divine command.

In the case of the pupil, the relation to the teacher is similar to that which exists between child and parent. A certain portion of the parent's duty has been transferred to the teacher, and with it also the necessity of obeying the laws and respecting the authorities issuing them. The answer to the query: "What's the use of endeavoring to perform school duties?" will come up in later years, and nothing but pleasure will arise from the reflection that school-life had been marked with persevering efforts to obey rules and comply with regulations. The time will come when a glow of satisfaction will overspread the countenance when memory shall tell us how we respected our teachers, obeyed their commands, or loved them when they were faithful and true. Such respect and love are no causes of shame to any true human heart, but sources of pride and self-congratulation. They differ from that sentimental feeling which arises from the flattery of those whose flippant tongues praise us while their inmost thoughts are full of hate and envy. They ennoble the pupil and make him think rightly of the taunts of the wicked and the worldly.

c. But I must hasten to the third division of my subject, which comprises an examination, short and hurried, of the reciprocal duties of teacher and pupil. It is important to know whether either may be disposed to slight their duties, satisfying the soul with the hackneyed query—*what's the use of it?*—whether the teacher may not err by under-estimating the importance of his duties and the respect due his pupil, full as much as the pupil by a failure to perform his tasks.

It is evident that in order to derive the greatest benefit from the school relation, confidence of the most absolute kind must exist between scholar and teacher; each must feel that the other is placed by the will of Providence in such relation to him, and that it is a bounden duty to alleviate, by all proper aids and assistance, the troubles and labors incident to their relative positions. How light and *unwearisome* is the task we perform for those we trust or love! Labor becomes mere sport—a pastime, which gives the hour a delicious zest and gilds the passing moment with true delight. The patriot soldier, on the battle field, with the warmest love of country and home-fireside, undergoes almost superhuman toils and fatigue, as his spirits are enlivened by the cheering words of his beloved commander:

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

For confidence to spring up, however, it is necessary that both teacher and scholar should *deserve* it. Misplaced confidence is a sad, sad thing! I ask you not, in the unchristian words of another, "to assume

a virtue if you have it not," but seek for the seeds of those virtuous principles which will develop themselves in noble, manly acts, conjoined with unaffected simplicity and guilelessness of manners. We must deserve confidence before we can receive it. What are the necessary pre-requisites to the establishment of such confidence as shall make us properly occupy the relation of guardians and wards, teachers—leaders (for that is the true meaning of the word) of others in the path of religion, morality and human knowledge, and scholars, or those who make up the bands which we are to command?

A kind, courteous and respectful bearing is demanded, both of teacher and pupil. Indeed such should be the character of our bearing to all the world, but it is particularly required in the family and school relation. Let the old idea of the Egyptian taskmasters, applying the lash and the good, be separated from that of teacher, and the notion that the scholar is but the slave of such a master's whims and conceits, be banished from our minds. But before these old errors can be plunged in the waters of oblivion—there to be engulfed forever—we must practice the lesson of being kind, courteous and respectful towards each other. The pupil ready to comply with the teacher's proper commands, (and *all* will be proper when the teacher is fitted for his duties) with a light heart and a smiling face, and eyes beaming with joy that it is in his power to do this; the teacher with gentle persuasiveness leading the neophyte along paths which may seem on first sight rough, but which an acquaintance of years has made familiar to him, reproving when necessary, encouraging the faint-hearted when found flagging, commending the successful, administering consolation to the wounded, and doing good in these different ways to all. And *what's the use of this?* It is simply a compliance with divine command, a performance of the duties which God has imposed as much on us teachers, as on you pupils. If we expect to fight "the good fight of faith" on earth, then we must put on *the breastplate of faith and love*; we must "warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, and be patient towards all men," for thus St. Paul advises the brethren, even while he tells them to esteem those which are over them, "very highly in love for *their work's sake*."

Now what is the result of a different relation between teacher and pupil? Suppose this is marked by the characteristics with which we invest that of a heartless master and an abject slave; that the pupil only complies with the requisition of laws when he cannot avoid it, that he delights in doing things which will annoy the teacher, in saying words that will pierce him to the heart (teachers have hearts—which are very often aching at the ingratitude of those for whose good they toil,) that he will glory in deceiving, find great cause for congratulation when his deception is perfect; in fine, that he will become that most anomalous and paradoxical being, a youth regardless of right, law and duty. Suppose the teacher, on the other hand, to be given to finding fault even when it does not exist, to be supplied with a sort of moral microscope for the enlargement of homeopathic derelictions of duty and the detection of infinitesimal violations of propriety, that he delights in the use of taunt and sneer at the slow and dull, in issuing orders with a *Jupiterian* emphasis, as though the thunderbolts of heaven were in his hand

to strike the disobedient to the earth, in forgetting that his pupils are his brethren (it may be of one faith, one Lord, one baptism,) in looking upon his duties as grievous tasks for which he must wreak a pitiful vengeance on the innocent, unoffending pupils. Suppose all this were so, I ask now, in the name of common justice, of truth, of christianity, what's the use of such a state of affairs. And, from the heart of everyone will go up the answer, none at all. No! my friends, there is no use, no advantage in such a style of affairs. It is inseparably conjoined with trouble and anguish, and leadeth to destruction, moral and spiritual. Let us pray, "lead us not into temptation and deliver us from evil"—deliver us, heavenly Father, from such a state of misrule and disorder!

"I magnify mine office." There is under the broad canopy of heaven, no position higher than that of teacher, save the minister of God when in the performance of his priestly functions. An article in the Editor's Table of Harper's Magazine for January, 1857, thus discourses of the office of a teacher, and no teacher can read it without feeling an awful sense of the importance of his position :

"His office is a branch of God's providence designed to fulfil a most vital and important agency in executing the purposes of redeeming love and restoring man to the peace and blessedness of the universe. Its main sphere lies in the moral and spiritual portions of man's nature ; in the affections that involve his strength and happiness ; in the conscience that dictates the right and forbids the wrong ; in the will that executes the decisions of the judgment with inflexible energy ; in all the deeper and most truthful instincts, that carry our progressive being in their intimations, and are ever struggling to free themselves from the darkness and evil encircling them. * * * The office of teacher, therefore, is a ministry of providence. It is a divine work that he has to perform. * * * How strikingly and beautifully significant in their respective spheres are the offices of preacher and teacher! The one is to the scheme of divine grace, what the other is to the scheme of divine providence. * * * Through the former, the Holy Spirit, commanding the resources of omnipotence and holding the sweet springs of every human heart, glorifies the grace of redemption. Through it, a heavenly guardianship is exercised over the spiritual welfare of the church, and a redeemed race is sanctified to God. * * *

* * * But the wisdom, power, and glory of God are not limited to the gospel. The forms which they assume in its doctrines and precepts are transcendent, and, viewed in their origin and authority, are exclusive. * * *

* * * It is true, nevertheless, that God intends the spirit of the gospel to vitalize all nature, materialism, life. * * *

Another ministry has been organized silently, without signs and wonders, without baptism of fire, to represent God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost, in those relations to nature and society which are sustained by man in his present fugitive existence. This is the ministry of the teacher. The peculiarities of this office, distinguishing it from every other kind of action on the human mind, indicate its divine aspects in the economy of Providence. The evidence is not, indeed, outward and demonstrative. But look at its inward spirit, its moral scope, its breadth of bearing, its integrity of influence, and who could imagine that God could confer such a power on this agency and assign it no specific task in the system

of His government? * * * Teaching is not a trade.
 * * * Standing in closer contact with mind than any other
 human being, and working in a sphere peculiarly spiritual and sacred,
 the teacher must be contemplated as one of those select means that
 Providence ordains to fulfil its vast purposes of mercy towards the fam-
 ily of man. * * * In these is needed the strong and
 earnest spirit that magnifies its office and embraces it as a trust from
 God. Such a spirit will have all the glow that imagination kindles;
 and filled with impulses more stirring and fervent than chivalry excited,
 and throbbing with a heroism that feeds on achievement and lives by
 conquest, it will bear its possessor through his labors as a glorious pas-
 time, in which he rejoices with exceeding joy. Such a spirit consecrates
 men in their work. It gives them peace and satisfaction in all its ardu-
 ous duties. It is a religious spirit emanating from God, and lifting the
 heart back to him; and whenever its presence is enthroned within the
 teacher it crowns his life with the truest and most lasting *usefulness*."

Such are the utterances of a journalist on the office of the teacher,
 clearly the production of one who has taught and felt the importance
 of his position. It is of *great use* to try and be a *good, faithful teacher*;
 it is of *great use* to try and be a *good, faithful pupil*. Let us all pray
 that we may do our duty as in the sight of our Maker, and with a pray-
 erful spirit all trials will be light, all labors mere sport, and tasks but
 pleasant amusements of the passing hour.

THINKING OF YOU, "ALLY."

WRITTEN FOR HER LITTLE SISTERS, BY THEIR FATHER.

We're thinking of you, "Ally,"
 And of the happy land,
 Where you are now an angel,
 One of that happy band,
 Who sing the praise of Jesus
 And feast upon his love,
 Their grateful hearts adoring
 The Majesty above.

We're thinking of you, "Ally,"
 And of the happy hours,
 You cheered us with your presence,
 The loveliest of Earth's flowers!
 Oh! how we loved you, "Ally,"
 So gentle and so kind,
 Your image, like the ivy,
 Around our hearts is twined.

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 10, 1861.

We're thinking of you, "Ally,"
 And when you used to sing—
 Oh, how your notes so sweetly
 To recollection cling—
 "I want to be an angel,
 "And with the angels stand,
 "A crown upon my forehead
 "A harp within my hand."

We'll think of our dear "Ally,"
 And try to be like you,
 Who loved to think of Jesus
 And tried his will to do:
 Then we will soon be angels,
 And with our sister stand,
 Forever loving Jesus,
 In his own happy land.

J. M. W. G.

BEAUTIFUL IN CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. P. S. DAVIS.

MATTHEW XXVI: 8-10.

“To what purpose is this waste?”

THESE remarks were called forth by one of the most beautiful and touching incidents in the Bible. The question was asked by Judas and the rest of the disciples who fell in with the current of his thoughts: “To what purpose is this waste.” That question was palpably put. That ointment would have sold for money enough to furnish 5000 persons with a single meal. And but for the fact that Judas was on the one side and Christ on the other—the question would have its force to this day; nay, the question is now often asked in almost similar circumstances, and with no small degree of plausibility.

But the answer of Jesus rebuked the disciples and defended the abashed Mary. Why trouble ye the woman? She hath wrought a good work upon me.

In a mild and beautiful manner he directed attention to the excellent feeling from which her action sprang, and the impulse of her ardent love, which even if she had not expressed it in a perfectly suitable manner, certainly deserved to be acknowledged. In order, however, to remove all appearances of unsuitableness, the Redeemer with inexpressible delicacy attributes a still deeper meaning to what she did. “She anoints me for my burial,” saith the Saviour.

It may be that he intended by these words to give her an intimation of the unspeakable sorrow that awaited her. For what must she have felt when she saw him who had power to rescue her beloved Lazarus from the grave, die on the cross! In what a struggle must her faith have been involved by such contrasts! According to Matthew and Mark, the Saviour crowned his gentleness and tenderness with the remark, that in the act of love done to him, she had erected to herself an eternal monument, as lasting as the Gospel—the eternal word of God. From generation to generation, this remarkable prophecy of the Lord has been fulfilled; and even we, in explaining this saying of the Redeemer, of necessity contribute to its accomplishment.

From this subject we learn that the *apparent prodigality of christian love, if bestowed in the right spirit, may be commendable before God.*

Of course Christ is no longer with us in that sense which will enable us to pour precious ointment upon his very feet. But any thing done for his cause is done for him—and although it may appear to men better than Judas to be a waste, inasmuch as it might otherwise have been applied; the memorial need not be in vain.

A man for instance may properly spend his time, his talents, and his

means in bringing science and art and outward nature into the service of religion; in adorning church edifices, promoting christian worship, and beautifying the earth. Indeed architecture, painting, sculpture and music are to be elevated and sanctified, and laid upon the altar of the most high God. And he who contributes to bring this about does a good work. Nay, he who engages in these things or anything else, through mere ambition or worldly motives, or even æsthetic taste, without any reference to the glory of God, falls short of his whole duty. For we repeat that the office of religion is to redeem these, as well as every ordinary avocation of life, from the power of evil.

Men never will be right as long as they regard religion as a mere abstract theory of morals, or yet of spiritual exercises that have nothing to do with the commonalities or beauties of life. When God created the world, everything in earth, and sea, and sky were the symbols of his glory. He placed man in an eden of perfect beauty. All of this has been marred by sin. The whole creation groaneth, and Christ comes in his own person to bring about a restitution of all things. When once His kingdom prevails, the broken mirror that now reflects so many thousand different objects will be restored, and show forth only the image of Him by whom, and in whom, and for whom are all things.

He did not come to save simply the souls of men, or the whole man, as so much, perhaps the most important part, from the general wreck, but in Him as the second Adam we are to regain everything we lost through the first. There is therefore nothing that is good, and true, and perfect, and beautiful—even in the outward world, that the christian may not claim for the service of his God, and everything in the economy of the world, and our human life, is good and true—beautiful in his sight—if rescued from the power of sin. There is no proper sentiment of our humanity—no relation of life—nothing in the world of nature that is not to be brought under the sanctifying power of christianity. When Christ was in the world He wept over Jerusalem, and justified the feeling of patriotism. He went to the marriage at Cana, and gave the first relation, the basis of society, his sanction; nay, showed how the poor waters of earthly gladness were to be changed by Him into the pure wine of heavenly joy. He entered the family at Bethany and gave social life his endorsement; nay, showed how the dead things of this world were to be raised to a new life. He laid His hand upon the stormy wind and raging seas; nay, upon all the forces of nature, stamped them with His imprimatur, and made them acknowledge His person and witness His glory. These miracles of Christ were in one sense merely symbolical, mere outflashings of the universal glory that was to appear.

And the reason why miracles do not now openly attest this design, is just the same reason that He has for not exercising His miraculous power in an open way, to make men believe in His gospel. It lies in the fact that the power and grace have been deposited in His church and these things are to be effected by His people.

If it were necessary the Schuylkill would flow back like Jordan and pay obeisance to those whose God is the Lord, and these hills and valleys would grow verdant and blossom, and ripen, and rustle, and wave with all the attractions of the promised land by His own almighty fiat. But for reasons apparent to ourselves, He ordains the means: that the

difficulties of the outward world must be overcome by man—that the arch must span the water—that the seed must be sown and the vine planted before the fruit can abound.

And if we have the spirit of Christ, and are co-workers with Him, we will not conceive that our duty ends with an occasional spiritual exercise, or the word drily spoken, to others about the welfare of their souls. Our christianity will enter into all the duties of life, and reach out in its enlargements to the ends of the universe. The gospel must be preached, the poor must be fed, but, in other ways, besides this, the munificence of men may be as ointment poured out on Jesus' feet.

This may be done in any department of human activity. Religion is to make home lovely. The fields are to echo with the songs of the harvest. The loom and the anvil are to ring with the praise of God. Upon every bale of goods, and every barrel of produce; nay, upon the very bells of the horses is to be "*Holiness to the Son*, and the pots in the Lord's house are to be like bowls before the altar."

The man whose religion stops short when he goes out of the church door, or rises from his knees, or ceases his pious talk, is worth very little. If it does not make women better housekeepers and men more conscientious and accommodating mechanics, merchants, lawyers, and physicians, it falls short of its design in any case. But besides that the spirit of Christ should be recognized and felt in all of this, christian enterprise should be carried beyond what men call the useful in the rigid sense. It is intended to enter the wide domain of the beautiful and bring all the glorious forms of nature and art under its influence and into its service.

God meant this to be so. He established a most gorgeous ritual for His people of old. In this He responded to what He had implanted in the hearts of men; for even the instincts of the old Greeks and Romans taught them that the beautiful could never culminate in perfection outside of the service of their God. And when the Almighty ordained the order of his worship, He not only sought to address their unmatured minds and hearts through their senses, but to claim the rich and bountiful for himself.

The early christians understood this when, with the sanction of Constantine, they substituted the christian symbols for the relics of heathenism. And throughout the middle ages we have no accounts of anything beautiful but what is preserved to us in the church. Whatever there was of error mixed up with their devotion, the best of everything was in the name of religion: and, from some of those old cathedrals, with the dim religious light shining along aisle and upon altar, there have come strains of music such as can never lose their cadence to the ear of taste. From some of those paintings there glows a brightness which all their clouds of attending superstition have failed to obscure.

Men shocked and sickened with the superstitions, have thought it a duty to put away the beautiful with the superstition. And it were, perhaps, better to have neither than both; but men in all the churches are just awakening to the fact, that while this was not necessary, the precious boon has gone by default to the world, to be employed in the service of Satan. But in so far as all that promoted the worship of God, was the result of christian toil and christian expense, the memorial has

not been in vain. 'Twas as precious ointment poured out, and the fragrance lingers yet.

“Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.”

And the genius of Protestantism is just beginning to clasp her brow with a thrill of the returning truth, that it never was intended to leave these things behind her. When those whom God raised up, ascended the heights of Germany and hurled the thunderbolts of the Almighty against the abuses of the papacy, they did not claim that they were setting up a new religion. It purported to be a *reformation*. The name has been gloried in ever since by thousands, who have never stopped to inquire its meaning. The intention was to reform the abuses and hold on to what was good.

Luther, the chief of the reformers, had not only an altar and such a church service as would contrast strangely with what we see now-a-days, but his christmas-tree at home, and his lute to play for his children, and often thanked God that these things helped him to drive away bad thoughts, and live cheerfully as a christian ought to live. And many traditions perpetuated by his followers and admirers, sayings uttered sometimes in the righteous indignation of his lion heart, and sometimes in playful contempt, go to show how great was his unwillingness to “turn these things to the devil or leave them in the church of Rome;” and the other reformers, such as Calvin, made of nature’s sternest stuff, differed from Luther not in their convictions on these points, but, only so far as they seemed to have less poetical temperaments.

But, alas for those times and those men! They contended against one extreme, and lo! we have been well nigh stranded upon the other. And unless we preserve the happy *mein*, men will swing back again. For the fact that so much of what God has given to help make us happy, has been ignored; the fact that religion is regarded as a bald abstraction, with no adaptation to the nature or tastes of man, is driving many to Rome, first as amateurs and then as devotees; or, what is worse, into the cold, bleak regions of rationalism and infidelity. Any man but primmed in the tendencies of human nature, and at all observant of the signs of the times, must see this.

We scarcely know the extremes to which we have gone in the name of religion—in their very desires to have an unmingled religion. Within the memory of youthful persons, an educated clergy, church spires, bells, and organs, have been looked upon as outrages upon christian propriety by those to whom they are now endeared by many pious associations. And there are many things now under the ban of popular prejudice, that by the veriest reaction, such as may now be discerned, will become dear to the children of God. Such is the self-adjusting power of christianity.

But the truth is, everything decorative, in the way of architecture, sculpture, and painting, has so long been given to sin, that these things are often looked upon as sinful in themselves, and any attempt to bring them back to the service of good, is regarded as running after the vanities of the world.

Meanwhile capitols have reared their stately domes and temples of learning have stood forth with their classic fronts and beautiful proportions, all dedicated in the name of justice, science, literature, and art; but in most of these the person and mediation of Jesus Christ, and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, without which they are only splendid infidelity, have been practically ignored. Almost fabulous sums are voted, and contributed, and bequeathed for these objects, and men have stood in admiring wonder: but when the ointment was to be poured out at the Saviour's feet, men have asked, "Why was all this waste made?" Why not apply this to more practical objects. These things cannot honor God, and why clog his religion with them? But, dear reader, we learn from the incident of the text that a man may in this way honor God with his substance. He may in the ardor of his love go beyond the seeming necessity, and yet not sin; nay, do a good work. For although nothing can impart an essential efficacy to the religion of Christ, more than Mary's ointment could impart merit to Him who was God, over all, blessed evermore; whose very "name was as precious ointment poured out;" yet religion can add glory to these things, by consecrating them to the service of God, for the enjoyment of his children. It can conduce to such a state of things, that men at the sound of the cornet, and the flute, and the harp, and the sackbut, will not fall down like the Babylonians and worship the golden image that the world has set up on some plain of Dura, but will, like that pre-eminently theocratic king, praise God with the trumpet, and the psaltry, and the harp, and the high sounding cymbals.

And let the love of God, instead of the world, be supreme in the heart of man: let the world, instead of being regarded as an unredeemable, conflicting power, be brought into *subserviency* to the service of God; let man continually look up to Him, through Christ, as the father of lights from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and in whom there is neither variableness or shadow of turning, and there is no necessity for us in this enlarged and spiritual dispensation, to load the service of the Most High with an outward show that will detract from the worship of Him who is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and truth.

They do not read God's doings aright who regard the unsanctified tendencies of our nature as an uncontrollable and irremediable necessity. That is to limit the power and efficacy of grace.

God caused a temple to shine on Moriah. The choicest stones were taken from the quarry, and the richest silver and gold from the mine. The white winged angels of commerce brought the cedar from Lebanon, and the purple from Tyre. The most skillful builders and artizans in the name of the nation and the nation's God, wrought this rich material into a structure, the beauty and glory of which beggars all description. Surely this science, and art and trade, were made to honor God, and God honored them. Yes, into the holiest of all, "with a cool flame and slow majesty, gently gilded the Shekinah, as if the Highest himself preferred a seat of mercy on the earth to a throne of power in the heavens.

If His people could have done as well without these things, God would not have instituted them as a meaningless show. If the essential tendency was to spiritless externality, he would not have established it.

One great object which God had in establishing this formal, local

worship, was to keep His chosen ones from a formal local worship of the idols in the groves. If you read the history you will be convinced of this. Indeed this formal local worship is native to man. You see it the world over. The heathens have their altars and temples even as christians have their churches.

But God designed the temple more especially to bind his people to the coming of the Messiah, and the over-valuation of the outward was the sin of the people. The Saviour always rebuked it as an abuse and a perversion. He nowhere says, and man cannot charge that the building of the temple was a mistake on the part of Omniscience.

True, God destroyed the temple. But *why* did he destroy it. Not because the Jews went through the ritual—but because they refused to see the reality through the type. And *when* did he destroy it? Only when the fulness of time had come, and the more glorious temple of the Saviour's body stood before men. Then, when God truly dwelt among men—when He in His own person fully realized all that was pre-figured by the Shekinah in the temple—when He bore the image of the earthly that He might bear the image of the Heavenly—when He made it possible for every human body, without restriction of time or place, to become a fit temple for the living God to dwell in—then it was right and proper that the shadow should give place to the substance—that the local temple should be destroyed.

For then it was manifested that all that had gone before was but the shadow of good things to come—that complete redemption was linked only to the person of *Christ*. And when He thus came and in His own person fulfilled all—especially when by the rent veil of His flesh, He threw open the “Holiest of all”—it was not simply that all flesh might see the glory of God, but that the light hid since the earth was first clouded by sin might stream all over the universe—that it might be far-reaching and pervading as the darkness of sin. It was not simply that the temple of His church, of which he is the chief corner stone, and we as living stones fitly compacted together, might be radiant with his presence and glory, but that the lower creation and every thing in this temple of the outward world, might be restored to its pristine loveliness, and glitter with all the insignia of His own infinite perfections.

He came to abolish sin and the effects of sin,—to annihilate it, that the “wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and the little child should lead them; nay, more, that the wilderness should bloom like the rose, and the desert blossom like the garden of the Lord. It was that even the inanimate matter of which the outward universe is composed—not simply the coarser parts of it—not simply what we find on Golgotha, jagged rocks and bare earth wet with atoning blood—not only rude wood to which He was nailed and the rough iron *with* which He was nailed; not simply the wormwood that He drank, and the thorns with which he was pierced, but that gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean; the myrrh from the forest; the gold from the mine; the aroma of the plant and the fragrance of the rose, might be brought to Him by man, not to purchase favor indeed, but as offerings of thanksgiving and the ointment of tearful love poured out at His feet.

THE OLD DICTIONARY.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE feel it due to ourselves, and just to our readers, to confess at once that this article has been paid for. This time we work for wages. We are free to acknowledge that this doth a little embarrass us. We are somewhat painfully conscious that in this case there belongs not to us the character of the poet's high examples, in regard to whose offices he says :

“ And all for love, and nothing for reward.”

What do we get for writing this article ? There—just as we thought. The reader is curious to know ; and his curiosity, being reasonable, and no doubt delicately manifested, ought of right to be satisfied. He shall know ; but he must permit us to tell him the whole story in our own way. Be patient, then, as you are when you read a tale, expecting the best at the winding up. Only be assured that we shall get to that point in fewer pages than Tristram Shandy, in recording the facts of his own life, gets to the event of his own birth.

Before us lies an old black leather-covered book. It is perfectly square as to length and width, and only a parallelogram as to its thickness. It is old, and evidently well-worn. On opening it we find the following facts :

1. That the Book is “ A Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, and exposition of the English Language ; By John Walker, printed in 1821.”

2. That by our old schoolmaster, whose name is therein written, the Book was “ Brought in Messrs. Canada and Furgeson's store, July 16 1825.” When the schoolmaster made this entry he was himself as yet, a scholar, which is clearly betrayed by the indifferent penmanship in which the record is made. In a much superior style was he able, and did it seem good to him, to record his name once more in the Book, Sept 10, 1831. What a change ! we are led to exclaim, as we compare the two records ; what a change have six years wrought ! The scholar has become the schoolmaster ; and the pen that stumbled along in its first rude endeavors has now acquired an easy, graceful and most classic movement. We can hardly refrain from drawing the moral, which is, That a pupil may in due time himself become a schoolmaster !

3. We find also from a record in this book, made in something like the same style as the schoolmasters first, that in the year of our Lord, 1832, we ourselves, the present historian of these events, bought this same book from the schoolmaster, possessing it as our own property, for our own benefit and behoof.

This is all the history that can be drawn from the book itself ; but other sources furnish more. Thus, as reliable data show, this black-covered repository of learned words, was our hand-book during the next

ten years subsequent to the time of its purchase. In school and in our evening readings, it was at our side. Having ourselves, like our first school-master, in due time risen to the power and position of pedagogue; it was our help through "hard words," during three successive winters, in three several log-school houses, in the far West; accompanying us meanwhile through three years of summer sessions at a western Academy, it afterwards went with us to college. There and then, for some reason, whether it was that we were ashamed to possess so humbled and so black-covered a book in so great and learned a place as a college, or because he had there purchased (not "bought") a much larger book of the kind made by one Webster, or perhaps on account of some benevolent impulse of the heart—for one of these reasons, or for some reason now unknown, we did give away, bestow, and make presentation of this black-covered book to a fellow-student!

Thus the book had a new owner; and its history and destination thenceforward lay in a direction apart from our own. Time moved on! We wrote 1850—we wrote 1860—yea and we wrote 1861, and the old book was forgotten. When, behold! lately, the self-same student to whom we had given it twenty years ago, himself now a metropolitan pastor, on the occasion of a visit to him, produced from his shelves the very same old black-covered book, thus refreshing in us at once many, many pleasant memories!

This brings us to the point where the reader's curiosity may be satisfied as to what it is we get for writing this article. Our friend—not moved it is to be feared by the same disinterested impulses, which charity compels us to suppose animated us when we presented it to him, though—generously, proposed to re-present it to us, provided we obligated ourselves to make it the subject of an article for the *Guardian*. Inwardly desiring to possess again the old relic, the reader may easily imagine how strong was the temptation to accept the condition. We gave consent. We secured the prize. We carried it off rejoicing; and now we are paying for the present in the manner and form specified and agreed upon by both parties.

Here we had intended somewhat sharply and eloquently to reprove our old fellow-student for giving us back the old book after the fashion of the Indian's benevolence, who expects to receive again the present he bestows; but on more mature reflection we find that thereby we should bring ourselves into the same condemnation. For we have not concealed the fact that we were anxious to re-possess the old book. Therefore, seeing the gulf before us, we draw back and are silent!

We may expose ourselves also to the same danger of censure should we blame ourselves for ever having given the old book away. But we do nevertheless pronounce it to have been an imprudent act; and we can easily justify this opinion. Would not any other gift have answered all the purposes of friendship? Would not he have received as kindly any other memorial? Why then did we injudiciously give away this memorial volume—even this companion of our boyhood and youth—this black leather-covered pronouncing Dictionary, around which so many pleasant associations are entwined, and which so readily calls up the old school, our first school-master, and his, as well as our own, early "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties?" We hesitate not, on these

grounds, to pronounce it one of those imprudent acts of which we are so often guilty in early life, and which we only discover to have been such when more sensible years come over us.

What a fine opportunity would be here afforded us to branch out on the benefit and beauty of preserving and loving through later life the memorials of our early years ! The spirit of the age in which we live is not favorable to the cultivation of reverence for the sacredness of the old. We are too prone to live all in the present, and nothing in the past. With some, the bad feeling goes even so far as scarcely to preserve due respect for old Fathers and Mothers. And sure we are that the spirit of the Fifth Commandment, even in regard to this particular, will not long hold its place in a heart, where a love for other even apparently trifling, memorials of the past are not appreciated. Whatever has been a benefit to us in early life ought to be sacred to us ever after.

Let it not for a moment be feared that this love for the relics of the past may have a puerile effect upon the mind, or have religiously any superstitious or other evil tendency. Against such fear we can quote, what will be regarded by some, as the very highest religious authority, even that of the American Tract Society ! From an old newspaper, we learn that "the identical pulpit in which Geo. Whitfield preached his powerful sermons in England, was brought over to this country a few days ago, and is now deposited at the Tract House, in the rooms of the City Tract Society. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and is a light frame work of hard wood, so as to be easily removed from one place to another, and stationed in the open air. It is easily put in a compact form by the operation of hinges, and held together by iron hooks. It was sent here by Mr. Geo. C. Smith, of England. In another part of the Tract Society's building, is the chair once occupied by the "Dairyman's Daughter" and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," who form the subjects of interesting narratives, widely known. It is also a fact here in place, that one of the Puritan congregations, in renewing their place of worship in New York, brought a piece of Plymouth rock all that great distance, that it might lie forever as the corner stone of their new edifice ! Now, if there is no dangerous tendency in this kind of regard for relics and memorials to an "Evangelical Society and a Puritan Church," but the fact of their having been secured for so sacred a purpose, is published abroad that it may elicit the congratulations of the religious world, no evil can possibly result from what we recommend to all, and what we ourselves practice, in our love for this, to us, sacred black leather-covered relic of our boyhood.

Such being our views, how precious to us is this old Book ! We greet it with a fond and affectionate greeting as it lies once more before us, after twenty years of wandering and estrangement. Every time we look at it, there comes up before us, quickly as the highland soldier from behind the rock, an interesting chapter of youthful life, with its earnest struggles, and all its uncertain experimental endeavors. It shall not again leave us, unless it be stolen ; and if this misfortune should happen it, the thief will be sorely dismayed by finding on the blank page these words—which, like the handwriting on Belshazzar's palace walls, will glare out upon his guilty soul :

"Steal not this book for fear of shame,
See! in it stands the owner's name!"

Many are the changes which have taken place in us, and around us,

"Since this old Book was new!"

Not a few of these changes pertain to language itself. In our old Walker the *k* still holds its place at the end of such words as public*k*, musick, physick, patriotick, which the wise men who have since risen and know not this Joseph, have long since eliminated. We care not to quarrel with them for that, as perhaps it is all right. Moreover we lose nothing by it, for whenever we wish to see all these words gracefully ended with the good old familiar *k*, we need only open our beloved Walker, which is now happily again in our undisputed possession.

There is, however, one change which Webster and others have attempted to introduce, in regard to which we are by no means equally good natured. In the Blessed Name *Saviour*, they have sacrilegiously endeavored to cast out the *u*, making it Savior! And there are many who are not indignant thereat, but rather adopt the new orthography! Look at the new word—Savior! Reader can you endure the change? We cannot. We will not. The entire Confederate army of fleet-footed chivalry could not make us do it! Much as we love our noble flag, we would rather see a star or a stripe left out, than to see this letter omitted from our Saviour's name. On this point we go with good old Walker to our life's end.

We, too, change! We grow old. How silently but speedily the years steal on. Even this old Book reminds us of this solemn fact. How boyhood and youth withdraw into the ever receding past! Not only years, but decades follow decades. One generation cometh and another goeth. Like this cherished relic, the books that are now new will soon be old; and, carried forward on the same irresistible stream of time, the men that are young will become the men that are old; and in a time the end that comes to all things earthly will come to us.

A crowd of thoughts do through my bosom speed,
Which onward draw me, and still onward lead;
I think, how life is but a transient day:
The things that live the hungry tomb do feed:
Destruction rules the earth with mournful sway,
And books, and men, and all things earthly fade away!

But a pleasant thought strikes me. As this old book for a time passed from view, and went through a kind of parenthetical history in which it seemed to be lost, and yet returned again, bringing with it the resurrection of fragrant memories; even so shall all that pertains to our serious christian anxieties survive the changes and varieties of this earthly life. The lost shall be found. What has wandered shall return. The old shall be renewed. That which changes shall become unchangeable. That which dies shall rise again; and in a blessed state succeeding this present scene, where nothing is old, where nothing changes, and where nothing dies, every object of our love, because perfect, shall be permanent, and all mournful memories shall give place to those which are only pleasant, and pleasant forever!

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Nightingale,
 The bird which the Poets praise,
 Not for its beauty of plumage or form,
 But alone for its soft pensive lays.
 In the shady deep of the hedge it sits
 And is mute while the sun is bright,
 But warbles its sweet and melodious lays
 Though the lone still hours of the night.
 By a silence and peace which sobers the day,
 It learneth the joy of its mighty lay.

Have you further heard of the Nightingale,
 The tale which the fable knows;
 How it learned to sing those pensive notes
 That sound like the wail of woes?
 While it danced in the hedge in the early hour,
 It pierced its breast with a thorn!
 Then it silently nursed its pain through the day,
 But wailed through the night for the morn.
 Its joy brought a woe, its woe brought a song,
 For the pain of the heart giveth grace to the tongue.

"BY AND BY."

THERE'S a little mischief maker
 That is stealing half our bliss,
 Sketching pictures on a dreamland,
 Which are never seen in this;
 Dashing from our lips the pleasure
 Of the present, while we sigh—
 You may know this mischief maker,
 For his name is "By and By."

THE TREES.

THE trees are teachers that I love:
 Their leafy book I oft have read,
 Their branches point to worlds above,
 Their roots point to the world that's dead.
 O solemn thought, the woods so lorn
 In winter, and in spring so fair,
 Held in their trunks for the unborn—
 Cities and ships and coffins there.

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Geo. I. Barr

1861

1861

THE GUARDIAN
A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful type*, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emb'ematic steel engraving*. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. PRAYERS AND PRAYER BOOKS..... | 257 |
| 2. LIVE. Poetry..... | 262 |
| 3. RUSTICATIONS--AND SOMETHING ELSE..... | 263 |
| 4. THE SOLDIER'S TEAR. Poetry..... | 266 |
| 5. THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM..... | 267 |
| 6. ALPHABET OF PROVERBS..... | 269 |
| 7. THE BEAUTIFUL IN CHRISTIANITY..... | 270 |
| 8. THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION. Poetry..... | 273 |
| 9. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 275 |
| 10. HYMNOLOGY..... | 278 |
| 11. HYMN TO CHRIST. Poetry..... | 282 |
| 12. WAR AND CHRISTIANITY..... | 283 |
| 13. FUN AT HOME..... | 285 |
| 14. THE WONDERS OF SEED..... | 286 |
| 15. PIETY AMONG WOMEN--THE MAN AND HIS LEDGER..... | 287 |
| 16. NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS. | 288 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| VOL. X. | VOL. XII. |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
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The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—SEPTEMBER, 1861.—No. 9.

PRAYERS AND PRAYER BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE question has been asked, and often discussed, whether our Lord designed this prayer to be used as a form of prayer in the words or language in which it is given; or whether it is intended only to give us the general outline of what a prayer ought to be. Those who are unfavorable to all use of forms in prayer endeavor to show that it was not designed as a form of prayer at all, but only as a specimen or model on which our prayers are, in a free way, to be formed.

That it was not designed as an *exclusive* form is plain from the fact that we have notices of prayers later in the New Testament, both by Christ and His Apostles, in which the same form and language are not used. But that our Saviour intended that it should also be used in its language, as well as in general substance, is equally plain. In its spirit it stands against the empty formalities of the hypocrites. In its brevity of form against the "much speaking," and "vain repetitions" of the heathen. It is also plainly indicated as a form by the words which introduce it: "After this manner therefore pray ye." "Therefore"—because the Pharisees use long prayers, and the heathen use vain repetitions, pray ye in these words. Luke distinctly tells us that our Saviour said to His disciples, when He gave them this prayer: "When ye pray *say*"—and then puts the words which they are to say into their mouths.

The church understood this prayer to be intended as a form from the beginning, and through all ages. It is mentioned as such in almost countless instances. It was so used in public and in private, by Fathers and Reformers as well as by private christians in all times. It occurs as such in all church liturgies ancient and modern, as well as in manuals of private devotion.

The church then in all ages has used this prayer as a form : but it always also used other forms with it, as well as free prayer. In the middle ages there was a sect that would use no prayer but this one alone : the church opposed them as in error. After the Reformation there were many fanatical sects, who, rejecting the use of all forms of prayer, cast even this also aside—the church condemned them with equal decision.

As a form of prayer it is unto freedom and not unto bondage. It is as a staff to walk by, and not as shackles to chain the spirit to the spot. It is as a harness, not to confine the strength, but as the proper help to use it aright. It stands as a testimony alike against such as use only forms, and against such as reject them entirely.

In vain do men strive to deny the right of using forms of prayer, since Our Saviour himself gave us a form ; telling us distinctly, by Luke, that we shall thus “say”; and by Matthew that we shall pray “after this manner.” In vain also do others strive to confine us to this or any form alone, since by example as well as precept, the New Testament as well as the teachings and practice of the church in all ages, allows free prayer under proper limitations.

Much misapprehension prevails in regard to the use of forms of prayer. The matter must at once be clear to every one who reflects seriously on the subject, when we call to his mind the fact that the form given by our Saviour in the scriptures was designed to be used in prayer in the same way as all other scripture is to be used in preaching. In preaching the word, no one will deny that the words of scripture may be and ought to be used literally ; but who will say that these words should be used alone. In one sense the preacher is to confine himself to the words of scripture, giving the truth, in the very words written ; but in another sense, he is to go beyond these words, expanding them in free teaching.

Precisely so in prayer. As he who speaks a whole sermon in the spirit and substance of a single text, speaks after the manner of the scripture ; so he who prays in other words also in spirit and essential substance, prays the Lord’s prayer. Other forms of prayer grow forth from it, as sermons grow forth from the scripture.

When you and I have read a text of scripture, is it any help to us to hear a sermon, or read one on it, from a wise man ? certainly. So also is it a help to us, in addition to all that we can pray, to be aided by such prayers as wiser and holier men than we are, have used and presented to us for our edification.

As doctrine has been drawn forth from the scriptures, reduced to form, and clearly stated for us ; so has devotion been drawn forth from the same scriptures in like manner to refresh and direct our piety. As there is a history of doctrine, so there is a history of devotion. As doctrine is embodied in creeds and catechisms, so devotion is embodied in hymns and prayers. The contents and form of *faith* and *worship* come to us in the History of the church side by side. As there is a language of Theology, so there is a language of devotion ; as the one is developed from the scriptures gradually, so is the other.

If we would set aside forms of devotion, so must we also set aside forms of doctrines. If it is necessary for us to be taught what to be-

lieve, so is it necessary for us to be taught how and what to pray. Will not the Spirit do it? Yes! As we do not pretend to believe aright without the aid of the Spirit, so we do not pretend to pray aright without Him; yet as the Spirit's teachings of doctrine ultimately must take form for us in words, or formularies, so must His teachings in devotion embody themselves in words. Must the church have forms of doctrine? so must it have forms of prayer.

He who would set aside forms of devotion says: devotion is spirit and life. But he deceives himself by supposing that spirit and life can exist for us without outward form. Form and spirit are not antagonistic; they mutually sustain each other. A tree is life, but not without form. A man is life and spirit, but not without form and body. It is in the form and body not without these, that the spirit and life exist, and are properly active.

If you can have a tree without form, and a man without body, then you can have devotion without forms. But these you cannot have separately. A man without body is a Ghost, with which you can have no intercourse. If you wish to have communion with the spirit of a man, you must do it through the medium of his bodily form; so if you would commune with the spirit of devotion you must do it by means of the forms of devotion.

A conclusive evidence that the Church needs forms of prayer for public worship is found in the fact that she has never been without them. The Jewish church had them in the time of *Christ* and before. He Himself gave one form. The early church had them—many of them—and they the sublimest and most heavenly, and many of them are still in existence and in use. All the Reformers used them in public service. All the provincial Reformed and Lutheran churches had their liturgical forms of worship—the Swiss church, the French church, the German church—all these used liturgies, and the forms they used are still extant. A great many of the forms now used in the Episcopal church are on the basis of the liturgy prepared by Bucer and Melancthon. Bucer, the Reformed Reformer, rendered the Litany into German, several years before the church of England rendered it into English.

Knox prepared a Liturgy for the church of Scotland. Baxter compiled one for the Nonconformists. Even Wesley enjoined a liturgy on his followers. Twice in the Scottish Kirk did the Presbyterians adopt a Liturgy.

Baxter, whom no one will suspect of a tendency toward formalism, says: "The constant disuse of forms is apt to breed giddiness in religion, and to make men hypocrites, who shall delude themselves with conceits that they delight in God, when it is but in those novelties and varieties of expression that they are delighted; and therefore I advise forms, to fix christians, and to make them sound."

We practice a singular deception on ourselves, which a moment's reflection will dissipate. In regard to forms of prayer the worshipper, in the nature of the case, can have no choice. In public worship all prayers are forms *to him*. Whether the minister compose his prayer as he proceeds, or whether he uses one already prepared, the prayer is alike a form to him. He must follow the words of another. The only question with him is, as to which is the best—which is the most deeply im-

bued with the holy unction and savour of piety, the one framed extemporaneously, or the one which is the fruit of the best talent and the deepest piety of the church.

The minister, or any one who leads in public prayer, himself *cannot avoid* a form of prayer. The topics of prayer are the same, and he will necessarily fall gradually into a use of the same language. The same phrases will recur—the same devotional ideas will be expressed—the same scripture language will be interwoven into the prayer, so that the worshiper will in time know both the substance and language of the prayer which he hears made by the same person. Who has not heard persons pray—and often such as are the most opposed to the use of forms—whose entire prayer is in reality a form; and when it has been often heard, every part in substance and language may be anticipated by the worshipper. We have often heard worshippers say that they knew their pastor's prayer by heart, and could repeat it almost word for word. But such a prayer not formed on a truly classic model, but filled with common place, if not cant phrases, will in time become tasteless and tedious, and thus fail to interest, impress or move the heart of the worshipper. Take any denomination—pick out the one which more than any other opposes the use of forms—and you will find the *best known* and most familiar forms of prayers ever recurring.

We greatly deceive ourselves also when we suppose that a form of prayer, when it is a true prayer, does not move the heart, and inspire devotion—especially when it has been often heard, so as to work its way into the associations of the heart. It is worthy of notice that forms of prayer were used by the church in its martyr periods, when the firmest faith and most enduring piety were in daily demand.

It is a mistake to suppose that forms of devotion, when they have the true unction, and are formed on classical devotional models, cease to be impressive when they become familiar to the worshipper. Just the contrary is true. Have Hymns that effect? Do we tire of the old familiar ones when they become familiar to us? Do they fail to move us? Do new hymns possess more power over our hearts? These questions need not be answered. A hundred hearts at once say, "The old are the best."

Why do we not compose our hymns of prayer and praise as we sing? Why do we not ask the pastor to compose them on the spot? If it be answered that not every one is a poet to compose hymns; then we answer, in like manner, not every one has the gift to prepare words of prayer for others. He may be pious, and pray well for himself in private; but to lead the devotions of hundreds is another matter altogether. As we can read or sing hymns devoutly which are prepared for us, so we can devoutly use prayers in the same way. Are not the cases perfectly parallel?

As old hymns, which come to us savored by the piety of ages, are the best, so are old prayers. How like the voice of many waters, and the anthems of heavenly choirs, roll over our hearts those blessed prayers in which the church for centuries 'has lifted up its voice to God "in all times of tribulation, and in all time of its wealth." Those petitions seem to have the nerve of a martyr's faith, the buoyancy of a martyr's hope, the deathless fire of a martyr's love. We feel that their words are

not as other words, and their spirit not as another spirit. "Read the *Te Deum*," said Watson, the Methodist divine, just as he was dying—"Read the *Te Deum*: it seems to unite one in spirit with the whole Catholic church on earth and in heaven." And these are the words of a Methodist in the most earnest hour of his life. Who does not feel their beautiful force. But what an admission they make!

Who has not observed the difference of effect in a congregation where these old forms are used; especially when an extemporaneous prayer passes over into the Lord's prayer, or some other venerable model of pious words. Who has not felt, when an extempore prayer changes into the Lord's prayer or *Te Deum*, the holy awe and awful silence which falls upon the congregation, as if the shadow of angel's wings were felt passing over the assembly.

We also greatly deceive ourselves when we suppose that when the heart is most earnest and devout, it will find language of its own to express its devotional feelings, or its earnest wants. It is just the opposite. It is just at that time that it will pray in language *least original*. Our Saviour on the cross, as His last petition, prayed in the language of another "My God! my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Stephen in his extremity, when stoned, did the same, using the same words sanctified first by the lips of David, and newly savored by those of Christ. Hundreds of the greatest and best men have prayed their last prayer in the same words. It may also be observed that any one who prays extemporaneously, whenever he becomes most earnest, is apt to utter the desires of his burthened heart in some scripture language—in the words of another. Who has not observed this in praying himself, or in joining in the extemporaneous prayer of another? The mind and heart both find relief when some annointed and familiar words present themselves to the memory as organs to struggling thoughts and emotions.

Dying persons generally pray in expressions which they have learned in early life. They are then least of all original. They find a sacredness and fitness in such words to which they turn with great comfort. They are to them as a rod and a staff when flesh and heart are failing!

When we are most devout we naturally sing and hum old hymns; so when we feel most deeply the spirit of worship we find the best expression of our feelings, not in new, but in old language.

The thoughts we have presented in this article are at least worthy of serious consideration. We have great doubts whether the Church has gained anything in depth and nerve of piety by throwing itself so entirely upon its own extemporaneous resources in its devotions. Instead of the old steady flame of the altar there seems to be too much of "the crackling of thorns under a pot." We have flashes instead of flames. Instead of the worship of *the* Spirit and the understanding, we have *a* spirit without understanding; and instead of the worship of spirit and of truth, we have spirit of some kind without the truth—that is, what is regarded as worship purely of spirit, is no longer true to the divinely ordained order of worship. Instead of that Spirit which "makes growing within us that *cannot* be uttered," we have a spirit that *can* and *does* utter almost anything and everything in the name of devotion. Instead of doing things in worship "decently and *in order*," it is re-

garded as the highest spirituality to do things as much as possible *without any* order. It is a question whether, by purely extemporaneous worship, we do not lose that reverence, order and solemnity, for which nothing else can compensate.

In regard to the benefit of a private use of devotional forms there can be no question. But that Christians of the present day too much neglect the regular use of these helps to devotion is equally clear. It was not so with our fathers and mothers. A better day for earnest piety will return when the Bible, the catechism, the hymn book, the prayer book, and the liturgy, shall lie in daily reach, on the altar of every christian's private devotion.

L I V E .

Make haste, O man ! to live.
 For thou so soon must die ;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
 How swift its moments fly !
 Make haste, O man ! to live.

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
 To move in idleness through earth—
 This, this is not to live,
 Make haste, O man ! to live.

Make haste, O man ! to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.
 Make haste, O man ! to live,

Up, then, with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away ;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work, and pray !
 Make haste, O man ! to live.

The useful not the great ;
 The thing that never dies :
 The silent toil that is not lost—
 Set these before thine eyes.
 Make haste, O man ! to live.

The seed whose leaf and flower,
 Though poor in human sight,
 Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
 Sow thou by day and night.
 Make haste, O man ! to live.

Make haste, O man ! to live ;
 Thy time is almost o'er,
 Oh ! sleep not, dream not, but arise ;
 The Judge is at the door.
 Make haste, O man ! to live.

RUSTICATIONS—AND SOMETHING ELSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THEY are delightful times—those few weeks of vacation which kind congregations give their pastors in one of the hot months of summer. Then the weary pastor gathers up his family; “little box, big box, hand-box, and bundle” are all filled with portable articles, and away they go—away from the scenes of toil and daily anxieties. Away—whither? To some fashionable watering place? No, the pastor’s purse does not covet a recreation at the rate of \$15 per week for each of the adults, and \$5 each for the children! If even there were no financial barrier, he can have an eight by ten room at home, if he chooses to move into it with several trunks. Eschewing whatever pleasures may be connected with these places of popular resort, he hurries away to the valleys and the mountains.

For a few weeks’ pleasant recreation we have never found any locality superior to the charming rural regions along the upper Susquehanna. What green and glorious mountains! What fruitful and quiet valleys! What leaping and laughing streams hurry down from the numerous spurs of the Alleghany range and mingle in peace with the noble Susquehanna, which ennobles them with itself. This has long been our favorite resort. Here we take in the goodly scenes when nature stands forth in its full summer glory; and of the fragments which memory bears away, we weave dreams of ideal rural beauty when dark and lifeless winter claims rule over the land.

It is often said that the scenery along the Susquehanna is equal to that of the Rhine, only it has no heavy castles on its banks, no legendary stuff for stories, no voices and whispers in the dreamy air of its hills, no gleams and glories from golden ages past. True, these it has not yet. The voice of the ages can only be heard where the ages have been. The time will come when art, science, history and poetry will consecrate every mountain and valley along this glorious river. Even now important material is there treasured, which will grow more curious and interesting as centuries pass pass over it. The eyes of future poets and romancers will still see the Indian chief, with heroic mien and attitude, idealized by fancy, looking over the rugged rock, and the youthful squaw, with downcast and modest eye, receiving love from the youth whose arrow-feats have honored him; and even the primitive picture of tenderness will seem reflected from the face of the blue waters that still glide by.

Nor have the Indians alone been actors along this stream in what we already begin to call the olden time. As we sit meditative, covered by the friendly shade of a tulip tree, on this bluff which overlooks the river, our memory recalls a story of our own German forefathers. Shall we tell

it? We will. And though it does not begin with this river, the reader shall know before it ends, how it is connected with this same grand Susquehanna, and clearly see why we recall it so naturally in our present position.

Between the years 1707 and 1709, many Germans, who were the subjects of religious persecution in their Fatherland, looked anxiously for homes of peace and rest. Their thoughts had been directed toward the New World. Invited by Anne, Queen of England, they left the Palatinate, and passed through Holland into England. For some time they tarried around London, houseless and homeless, but cared for by the kindness of the Queen. Here they were seen by five Indian chiefs, who at that time visited England, together with several American Colonels, to solicit additional aid against their enemies in Canada. Moved by the destitute state of these Germans, one of the Indians by the spontaneous motion of his own generous heart, "presented to the Queen a tract of his land in Schoharie, New York, for the use and benefit of these distressed Germans."

The annals further say: "About this time, Col. Robert Hunter, having received the appointment of Governor of New York, sailing for America, brought with him not less than three thousand of these Germans, or Palatines, to the town of New York, where they encamped several months." In the autumn of 1710, many of these were removed, at the expense of Queen Anne, to Livingston Manor, in the colony of New York. In order to pay their passage, they were there required to raise hemp, and manufacture tar. Though they did not well succeed in this business, they were released in 1713 from all further claims upon them on account of passage money across the Atlantic.

Meanwhile the *present* of land by the generous Indian had not been forgotten. "One hundred and fifty families, willing to avail themselves of the benefits of this present made to Queen Anne for their use, in the spring of 1714, moved through a dense forest to Schoharie, west of Albany, and located themselves among their Mohawk neighbors and friends, the Indians. On their arrival they were wholly destitute, both of food and implements of husbandry. Their sufferings for some time were great. Their neighbors, the Indians, had not laid up any provisions for themselves, and of course had none to spare with which to supply their white brethren. The Palatines, in this new home, made many a meal on groundnuts and wild potatoes."* Fifty miles was the nearest place where flour could be obtained.

The Germans braved their trials manfully, and by industry soon built houses and improved lands. Regarding their lands as a "present," they did not concern themselves about formal titles; and it was not long before "the course of the law," plied, as it would seem, by those who sought profit for themselves, seriously disturbed the unsuspecting and honest Germans in their supposed possessions. "After much vexation, and many fruitless efforts to secure to themselves what was intended for them by the Indian's present to Queen Anne," and worn out and disgusted by litigation, they began to turn their eyes toward "the land of honest habits"—Pennsylvania. They had heard of unoc-

*Rupp's History of Lebanon, Pa.

cupied lands in the valleys east of the Blue Mountains, along the Swatara and Tulpenhocken, and had been kindly invited by Governor Keith, of Pennsylvania, to possess them. A new land of promise had opened to them. Amid warfare and weariness they talked of it by day and dreamed of it by night.

At length they determined to escape from their tormentors, and seek the promised rest. But how shall they reach it? Hundreds of miles of uninhabited wilderness lay between them and the home of their hopes and desires. Pressed by necessity, with willing hearts and "God overhead," the wilderness would become a highway to them! So they went out, hardly knowing whither they went. Led by Conrad Weiser, the celebrated German Indian interpreter, they made their wearisome way through the forests to the head waters of the Susquehanna; there they built for themselves wide rafts, floated down the North Branch, to where Northumberland now is; and thence down the main river to the mouth of the Swatara, where the town of Middletown has since sprung up. Then up that stream as far as their rafts would float, where they located themselves on the fine rich lands of the far-famed Tulpenhocken, a new home among the Indians—in 1723! From these came many of the families, generations, and peoples, which now inhabit the beautiful Lebanon valley.

Thus have we told this interesting tale of the olden time. Now, as we lie, in leisurely meditation, on the brow of this bluff, and look down on the serene waters of the Susquehanna, what a picture presents itself before our busy fancy! We can almost see these earnest refugees with their rude arks, floating upon the river. One hundred and forty years ago! How silent stood these bluffs around! How quiet these valleys! No sound of the white man's industry had yet disturbed these grand old solitudes. Here and there an Indian canoe skipped across the water before them, the red-man looking askance and somewhat timidly at the clumsy flotilla that dared disturb the even surface of their own serene river. We may suppose that the very deer along the banks, and the salmon in the water, felt if they did not speak: "We never saw it thiswise!"

Thus right before us, over this expanse of the river, and though yonder narrower gorge, amid all that was primeval and beautiful along these shores, floated the rude rafts of these Germans, bearing whatever little of earthly goods they possessed, but better than all, industrious hands and honest hearts, toward the land of their future. As we sit here and meditate over this earnest and touching scene, we feel a spirit of prophecy breathing upon our inward being! From among the descendants of these refugees there will yet arise some poet or romancer, who will idealize the story of this pilgrimage of families; and whilst future men shall read his living and moving words, the mystic mist will spread over these bluffs and valleys, and lie in dreamy glory upon these waters; and pilgrims of science, that shall come from other lands, will point out to each other from this very bluff every classic feature of the scene. Then it shall no longer be said that the Rhine is more beautiful than the Susquehanna!

But how changed are the scenes along this river from what they were 140 years ago. The white man's track is now seen in villages and

farm-houses. The North Central Railroad has opened the main channel, and tapped every valley that opens out upon the river. Coal, lumber, and grain, pour out their treasures with the haste of steam; and every returning train brings back from seaport cities all the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. Lovers of the romantic and beautiful fly to these cool retreats from the oppressive heat of summer; and as the train turns bluff after bluff, presenting ever new scenes in this panorama of nature, ladies wave their white handkerchiefs from the car window over the enchanting prospect. Even now we hear the deep bass cadence of the rolling train—nearer and nearer. There! with a blast of the whistle they have turned the base of the opposite bluff. “Long live the locomotive!”—Having thus shouted from the fullness of our heart, and while the last rays of the setting sun are yet crowning and greeting the top of this bluff with smiles of “good night,” we descend. But what we leave behind as beautiful realities, shall long remain as the warp and woof out of which memory shall weave many a pleasant dream.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turned
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword
And brushed away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear—
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot;
O, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost rank
In danger's dark career—
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN OLD FABLE REVIVED.

AN old clock that stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the whole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good," replied the pendulum; it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do?" "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out of it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—'I'll stop.'"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time;

so have we all, and are likely to do : which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you not do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument ?”

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. “Now,” resumed the dial, “may I be allowed to inquire if the exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you ?”

“Not in the least,” replied the dial; “it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*.”

“Very good,” replied the dial; “but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.”

“That consideration staggers me, I confess,” said the pendulum. “Then I hope,” resumed the dial-plate, “we shall all immediately return to our duty : for the maids will all lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus.”

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, “Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves.” This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be “weary in well-doing,” from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to step but one step at a time, and this process continued would infallibly bring us to our journey’s end. Fatigue generally begins and is always increased by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toils, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be borne, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner,

to-morrow morning, or *next* time; but *now*, just now, *this* once, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve, that the next time he is provoked he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment, while there would, at any one time, be very little to do, yet by this simple process continued, everything would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many good resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality;" day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their "works follow them."

Let us, then, whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others, and wounds herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Justice overtakes many a rogue.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged, are little thieves that let in greater.
The boughs that bear must hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge, is fire without light.
And a good newspaper is a well-spring of knowledge.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN CHRISTIANITY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY REV. I. P. DAVIS.

IN considering this subject we have already seen that a man in his ardent love for Christ, may, in giving and doing, go beyond what the necessities of religion may seem to require, and yet not be chargeable with sin—nay, do a good work. Like Mary, we may not only sit at Jesus' feet and hear his words, but annoint Him with precious ointment. It is remarkable that she who did the one of these things was not cumbered with the cares of this world like Martha, and yet did the other. And here we have an indication of what we may do. In all of this we are not to think that while we derive advantage from Him in the one act, we confer favor upon Him in the other; but we are to conclude that if we will but sit at His feet and learn of Him aright, we will feel called upon to bring the rich and beautiful things of the world into His service. Indeed this will be the pious impulse of those who are able to recognize the favors He has bestowed upon them.

And we have seen that the rich and beautiful things of the world *belong* to Him. He made them, and when they were ruined by sin He restored them; for in the work of redemption he not only potentially saved man in the totality of his nature, but rescued even the inanimate world—every thing that had been affected by sin, from the power of evil. Thus all things in the realm of nature—the purely beautiful as well as the useful, have their true meaning and value only in their relation to Christ, who has made it possible for them to be restored to their normal condition, and men are made kings and priests unto God in these things, and we are to show forth His praise and glory through them just as truly as if our faculties and the courses of nature had been developed through countless ages without the taint of sin. Every thing in science and art is to be laid upon the altar of God by man, and offered up, not, we repeat, as the incense of merit, but as a sacrifice of thanksgiving, acceptable to Heaven through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. This is to be accomplished, not by the introduction of any new element of power or glory, as men commonly suppose, but by that which Christ has already brought into the world in his own person—by what is already at hand in the Church—by which Christ has already done, extended and expanded through the activity of His members, by the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost.

And here the Christian may see the solemn duty and high mission with which he is entrusted, even in regard to the things of the outward world. Here is a field of pleasing influence for him, extending from the centre to the circumference of the universe. He cannot stop with what the world calls essentialities, but must feel that even the beautiful must

be sanctified in the service of God. Indeed the man who is merely utilitarian in his ideas of these things will show himself to have no enlarged views on any subject whatever, and you can seldom find a person who in his private affairs and domestic habits ignores every thing that is not absolutely necessary. And here is the inconsistency. If men would allow you to force sumptuary laws upon them, to say that they must wear home-spun instead of silk, and use pine furniture instead of rose-wood; if they would abstain from all luxuries until every fallen being's necessities were supplied, their plea might be heard; but as long as they live as they do, they should ask with the royal one of Israel: "Why should I dwell in a house of cedar while the ark of God rests behind the curtain."

It may be impossible to supply all need before any luxury is enjoyed, and hence we are to know how to want and how to abound. But to be consistent we must be willing to bestow on God's cause any thing that we enjoy ourselves. The Jew was commanded to give the first fruits and that which was perfect to God, and we have a beautiful unconscious prophecy in the fact that the wise men—the representatives of the gentile world, and especially of the wealth of the East, not only worshipped the infant Saviour, but "when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh." In the case of those who gave by God's command, it was a representative act. The tithe was an acknowledgment of the fact that all belonged to God, just as the payment of interest money now is an acknowledgment that the principal may be claimed. So too here, we must recognize the fact that anything we may do toward making the courts of the Lord amiable, for instance, is only a confession that the same spirit is to manifest itself in all that we do. Man's duty in this respect no more ends with building and refitting churches than his duty to God ends with coming to them; no more than the worship of God on Sunday, absolves us from the duty during the rest of the week. It would be a very insufficient matter to scatter churches all over the land, thicker than they are and never so grand, if all outside of them, our homes and places of business, were given to the world, and if when we go out of the sacred portals, we ignored the claims if not the existence of a God.

And here is just the difficulty. Men forget that every thing may be looked at from a christian stand-point; and that a man may beautify his home and cultivate his lot with the heart of a christian as well as with the heart of a worldling. Why should he not? Why should he improve his property to have it admired and hear the world call it his? Why should he have the very spirit of Nebuchadnezzar walking in his palace and saying, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty," when he might as well, like David, build a dwelling on Zion, "beautiful for habitation," and call upon his soul and all that is within him to bless the Holy name of the Lord? For God instituted the family, and intended every home to be a sanctuary where even babes and sucklings might perfect his praise; and he who plants a tree, or adds any little adornment that may help to *make* his home more attractive to his children than all the world besides, that the mere passer by may regale his senses, or that

those who come in after generations may enjoy the shade, does a good work. Men may ask why was all this waste made; but the sweet-briar that breathes its fragrance at the door may be a memorial to the Lord, when the hand that trained it has long been powerless in death.

And thus every lovely sight, and every sweet sound, and every pleasant adorning, in their ten thousand adaptations to the wants and tastes of man, may tell for the glory of God and the amelioration of the world he stooped to redeem. All may be claimed for Christ and brought as so much ointment to be poured out at his feet. And if we are only true christians and look at all things in their relation to Christ, this sensuous world, by which God has surrounded us need not bring us into bondage to our senses. It is so framed that if used aright it will enable us to realize the truth that the invisible things of God "are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." We will carry the thought of Christ into

"The talk

Man holds with week-day man in the homely walk
Of the world's business."

We will see God's glory mirrored in all the beauteous forms of earth, and sea, and sky; how he uses the things of time and sense to show forth the deepest mysteries of His kingdom; we will recognize the fact that the earthly tabernacle is made after the pattern of things shown on the Mount; we will regard the earth as but a reflection of Heaven, and Heaven as but a continuation of earth, and wait in hope for the more glorious revelation that is yet to appear.

But how is this great result to be brought about? We repeat by the power of the Incarnate God working in us. And what and how much are we to do? It would of course be difficult to determine how much each person is to do, but of one the Saviour said "she hath done what she could," and this fixed the rule. Men are to do, alas! not what they often think and *say* they can do, but what they really can do. When the Jew could not bring one of the larger animals to the sacrifice, he was allowed to bring a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons. The widow brought two mites; they were all that she had, and she gave them with a spirit that would have given two worlds, and the Saviour commended her. And, indeed, this falls in with the truth that all of our holy religion is very beneficent in its arrangements. We have in this respect, as in any other, "diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; and diversities of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation is given to every man to profit withal. We are responsible, then, not for not having ten talents, but for not using one. And although we may not be able to pour out as much ointment at the Saviour's feet as others, we are to bring what we have.- So with our talents, our wealth, our influence and our activities. The learned man's masterly eloquence, and the illiterate man's word in season; the rich man's contribution and the poor man's toil to extend religion and make it appear amiable, are all equally acceptable to God if offered in the right spirit and in the name of Christ. Every man may not be able to build by his own munificence a stately cathedral that will stand for ages sacred to the

Triune God, but he can help in his measure somehow and somewhere to erect a little chapel of native stone on the green sward, and embower it with elms or lindens, or plant an ivy by the tower, and this will be well pleasing to God, if he who discerns the spirit that is in man sees, that "he hath done what he could." He may not be able to build a princely mansion, with ample grounds around it, ornamented with trees and fountains and statuary, but he can white-wash his cot and sand the floor, and erect a rustic trellis and wreath it with jessamine. Can do it? Yea, if he is a christian he *will* do it, for you never saw heartfelt religion anywhere that it did not exert a refining influence. So true is it that the grace of the gospel will always manifest itself in the graces of life. And if only all men were true christians and looked at these things with the eyes of christians, the pleasure to be derived from the things around us would not decay and grow less, but the hills near to us and far away, would teem with a beauty that has never yet charmed our vision. Creation so tainted with the atmosphere of infidelity would renew its greenness and its bloom, in part, at first, and promise to glorify its utmost powers at last in new landscapes, new knowledge and new joys. And if it were asked "how much did this or that one do to bring about this great result?" it would be enough to say of each one he hath done what he could.

THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

BY AN INVALID LADY.

"With the permission of the person to whom they were given by the author," writes a friend, "I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed lines, which a few days since happened to come under my observation." The note transferring the poem to the hands of the friend who transmitted it to us has appended these modest words :

"According to request, I have copied the foregoing lines. To the eye of the critic, they will, I am sure, present many imperfections; but that of Friendship will regard with forbearance and kindness, the unstudied effusion of a feeble invalid of *many, many* years standing." The original title of this poem, as sent to us, contained a complimentary allusion to our little work, the "Heavenly Recognition," the perusal of which called forth the effusion, which our friend will pardon us for omitting.—EDITOR GUARDIAN.

Shall we know our friends in Heaven,
 In the mansions of the blest,
 When we enter through the gates of Pearl,
 To enjoy the promis'd rest?

Shall we meet the friends we've lov'd on earth,
In our bright home above;
And love them in that promised land,
With purer, holier love?

Shall we drink of the bright fountain,
That for evermore doth flow;
Shall we walk the golden pavements,
With the friends we've lov'd below?
Shall we strike our harps in concert,
And the glorious anthem roll,
Caught up by angel voices—
The music of the soul?

Shall we bear our palms of victory,
Wearing robes of snowy white,
Shall we bath in streams of purity,
Reflecting God's own light?
Shall we hold that sweet communion,
In the land of light above,
Which we sigh for 'mid the tears of earth,
And hope to find above?

Shall we meet in that Jerusalem,
Where sorrow is no more,
The friends we've lov'd, and long to join,
The pilgrims gone before?
Shall we know their spirit faces,
In that bright and shining throng?
Shall we join their Halleluiah,
The dear Redeemer's song?

Shall we roam beneath the foliage—
That will never fall nor fade;
Shall we taste the fruits of Eden,
In that sweet celestial shade?
Oh, the hope of such reunion!
My weary spirit cheers;
But sweeter still the thought that Christ
Will dry my burning tears!

Yes, we'll know our friends in Heaven,
We may firmly hope and trust,
When we leave our weary bodies
To mingle with the dust—
When we're pass'd the shadowy valley,
Where clouds and mists now loom,
And have found our quiet resting,
In the friendly, peaceful tomb.

May our lamps be trimm'd, and burning,
The promises in view;
May we fight the christian's battle,
And gain the victory too.
And when we reach fair Canaan,
Rejoicing we shall sing—
Oh, grave, where is thy victory,
Oh! death, where is thy sting!

MARIA G.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XLI.—RABBI MEIR AND THE HOMELESS WOMAN.

Seek peace, and pursue it.—Ps. xxxiv : 15.

RABBI Meir was accustomed on the evening before the Sabbath to speak publicly to the people, and edify them. Among the multitude that heard him, there was a woman, who was so enraptured by his address that she listened attentively to the end. Instructed and comforted she then started for her home, expecting to enjoy the meal which it was customary to prepare in honor of the approaching Sabbath. But she found herself greatly disappointed; for when she arrived at the door, she found that the lights had been extinguished, and her husband stood outside the door in a very unpleasant humor.

"Where have you been so long?" he asked in a tone of voice which showed at once that he was displeased on account of her long absence.

"I listened to the teachings of our wise Rabbi," answered his wife, mildly; "and a precious discourse it was!"

"Was it?" replied her husband, with an air which indicated that he desired to be witty. "Now then, hark ye, if the Rabbi pleased you so well, you shall not enter this house till you have spit in his face as a reward for the entertainment he has afforded you!"

His wife was frightened at such senseless words, and believed at first that her husband intended it as sport. She was already glad, at the thought that his good temper was returning to him. But she was soon convinced that it was no sport. The rude man insisted she could only enter the house on the one condition. That she would go and spit in the face of her teacher. As she was too pious to do so wicked a thing to any one, least of all to the pious and learned Rabbi, she was compelled to remain in the street, till some kind neighbor should offer her shelter. This kindness was soon offered her, and she accepted it with joy.

Here she remained for some time; and endeavored in vain to soften her severe husband, who adhered perseveringly to his first demand.

The report of this occurrence spread over the whole town, and at length Rabbi Meir also heard of it. He immediately invited the homeless wife to visit him. She came. The kind man requested her to be seated. Without in the least alluding to the report which was in circulation, he said to her that his eyes were inflamed, and asked her whether she knew of no remedy for his affliction.

"Master," said she, "I am only a poor and ignorant woman; how should I know what would cure your eyes?"

"And yet you can do it," the Rabbi assured her. "Do what I tell

you. Let your spittle drop into my eyes seven times ! That will heal them."

The woman believed that great virtue lay in such an application, and, after some hesitation, did as she was requested. When this had been done, Rabbi Meir said to her: "Good woman, return now to your home, and say to your husband—you demanded that I should spit in the face of Rabbi Meir; I have done it. Yea, I did more; not *once*, but seven times did I spit into his face! Now let us be reconciled again."

The scholars of the Rabbi had observed this conduct of their master, and ventured to reproach him, that he had suffered such an indignity from a woman. They thought in this way to bring his teachings into disrepute among the people.

"My sons," answered the pious Rabbi, "listen: whatever will promote peace and unity among the people, is a disgrace to no man. Only sin and wickedness can degrade us!"

XLII. THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser. PROV. ix: 9.

A wealthy Israelite, who resided far from Jerusalem, had an only son. Him he sent into the holy city, that he might be educated there. In the absence of his son, the father took suddenly ill, and as he saw his end near he made his last will and Testament, by means of which all his property fell to a slave whom he mentioned by name. Only one condition was introduced in this will: That his son might select from his possessions some *one* thing which he desired to have.

Scarcely was the rich man dead, when the slave, greatly elated by the prospect of so much wealth, hastened to Jerusalem, to inform the son of what had taken place, and to show him his father's will.

The young Israelite, on hearing such unexpected news, was filled with sorrow. He rent his clothes, put ashes on his head, and mourned for the loss of his father whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory he ever honored.

Still, scarcely were the first gushings of sorrow passed away, and the days appointed for his mourning ended, when the young man began to reflect earnestly on the condition in which he found himself placed. Born in the midst of abundance, grown up with expectations that after the death of his father he would possess the wealth on which he had so just a claim, he now saw, or thought he saw, all his hopes frustrated, and all his earthly prospects vanish away before him. In this state of mind he went to his teacher, a man renowned for piety and wisdom, and gave him the will of his father to read, expressing at the same time, with bitterness of feeling, the opinion that by this singular act his father had manifested neither good feeling or love toward his child.

"Speak not thus of your father, young man!" said his pious teacher. "Your father was a wise man, and a tender father. In this Testament he gives you the most convincing proof of this fact!"

"In this Testament!" exclaimed the young man. "In this Testament? truly, honored teacher, you do not speak in earnest. I can see no wisdom in it, for it bestows his property upon a slave. Nor can I see in it love toward his son, for it withholds from him his inherited rights!"

"Your father did neither of the two," said his wise teacher. "Just like a good and loving father, he has secured to you his property, if only you are wise enough to take possession of it!"

"How? How shall I do this?" asked the young man, with the utmost surprise. "Truly, I do not understand you."

Then, hear—hear, young man; and then you shall have reason to be astonished at the wisdom of your father. When he saw his end near, and became aware that he must go the way which all mortals sooner or later travel, he thought within himself: "Behold! I must die. My son is too far from me at once to take possession of all I possess. Then my servants, as soon as they find that I am dead, will plunder my possessions, and in order to escape discovery, will keep my death secret from my beloved son. Thus also they will deprive him of the sad comfort of mourning for my death! Now, in order to avoid the first, he willed all he had to his servant; whose interest it would plainly be to preserve it from being scattered. To secure the second, he made a condition that you should be allowed to select *one* thing for yourself out of his possessions. He knew that in order to secure his supposed rights legally before the judge, the servant would not fail to give you notice of the exact conditions of the will.

"Good! good!" exclaimed the young man, interrupting him with impatience; "but what good will all this do me? Will this help me to obtain my inheritance, of which I am unjustly deprived?"

"O I see that wisdom is only a rewarder of age! Do you not know, that all that a slave possesses, belongs to his master? And has not your father given you the power to select from his possessions any one thing you desire? What prevents you then from claiming this servant as your own? and when you possess him, you can lawfully claim all the rest. This, without doubt, was your father's will!"

Then the young man was surprised at the wisdom of his father, and the sharpness of his teacher. He took advantage of the hint, chose the servant as his inheritance, and with him got possession of all. Then he gave the slave his freedom together with a considerable sum of money, and was convinced that wisdom belongs to age, and that ripe judgment comes only with increasing years.

DOING GOOD.

God has written on the flower that sweetens the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers, upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written—
"None liveth for himself."

HYMN OLOGY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE subject of Hymnology, during late years, has attracted new and increased attention. This is the result of a newly awakened and growing interest in the true nature of Christian worship.

It has been more clearly seen, and more deeply felt, that worship does not consist in mere sentiment, self-awakened and vaguely exercised by subjective endeavors, but in a steady surrender and offering of our whole being to the Triune God; that true worship is not "will-worship", but a worship called forth by a gracious power exerted upon our faith by the true objects of christian worship and love—God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, the Holy Ghost the Comforter; by the great facts of redemption, the Birth, Sufferings, Death, Resurrection, Assension, Intercession, and Reigning of Jesus Christ; by the Person and work of the Holy Ghost; and by the Church, with its holy sacraments and motherly nurture. As the genial heavens above, and the gladening earth around called forth the odor of flowers and the songs of birds, so does this glorious firmament of divine facts, acts, sacraments, ordinances, and gracious supernatural powers, over and around us in the Church, evoke from faith the true form and spirit of worship. The earth is bright, warm and wakeful when it is shone upon; in like manner is the heart lively with the spirit of worship, when the divine and heavenly, as revealed in Christ and still present in the Church, are thus also made present to the consciousness of faith. To be apprehended by these, and to apprehend them in turn and yield to their power, is to have the true position and spirit of a worshipper.

A re-discussion of the subject of Christian worship has led to a new interest in it, in all its elements and relations. This begins of course, with the inward and central—as the person and work of Christ and the Spirit, the nature of the Church, the sacraments and ordinances; but by a logical necessity it must extend also to matters comparatively outward, such as Christian Architecture, Church Music, Liturgies, and Hymn-Books.

Accordingly, a number of new Hymn-Books have lately appeared among various denominations. Not mere collections, and still less larger collections, have been desired: rather collections much smaller, if need be, but made with a deeper knowledge of what constitutes the true nature of a hymn suitable for use in public worship—looking less to number and variety, and more to quality.

It begins to be felt that a correct hymnological taste and criticism, based on a right conception of true Christian worship, must exclude from public use in worship all compositions that belong *prevaillingly* to the following classes:

1. Mere doctrinal statements of truth, however correct. This belongs to catechism and confession.
 2. Poetry directly didactic. This belongs to the pulpit, and catechetical or Bible class.
 3. Hymns in praise of virtue, graces, acts of worship, the Sabbath, Sunday-schools, the Bible. We can no more worship these than we can worship relics.
 4. Mere descriptions of religious experiences, feelings, and emotions. These are to be awakened by worshipping God, not by singing of them or to them.
 5. Sentimental Hymns. These have their proper place in other circles of social life.
 6. Descriptions of sins, and classes of sinners. This belongs to the sermon.
 7. Hymns addressed to sinners with the view of alarming, instructing, or exhorting them. This also belongs to the sermon.
 8. Hymns expressive of morbid feelings of despondency, discouragements, and "sorrow of the world." This is not penitence, neither does it produce it, but is a sinful feeding of unbelief.
 9. Hymns telling what we have done, are doing, or intend to do. This falls into the sphere of profession and confession, and belongs to another place.
 10. Hymns of self-examination. Turning the thoughts on one's self is not worship, but only a preparation for it. The helps to self-examination are to be found in manuals of devotion, and their use belongs to the retirement of the closet.
 11. Hymns so directly and formally referring to, and descriptive of, special occasions, as to turn the mind more to the occasion than to the object of worship. This is the defect in the largest number of hymns intended for anniversaries, national holidays, meetings of reform societies, and occasional celebrations of various kinds.
- Other tests of the true hymn might be given; but let any one take only these, and honestly classify under them the contents of our Hymn-Books, and he will be surprised to find how small a number is left. Indeed, this is virtually done by those whose duty it is to select hymns in assemblies for public worship. To test this, let a pastor or Sunday-school superintendent mark all the hymns which he uses during any one year, and he will find, at the end of the year, that not one hundred, perhaps not fifty, are marked as having been used. He will discover that the same hymn has been sung many times; and that an unconscious criticism, an instinct of good pious taste, has silently ignored the large mass contained in the book, as not adapted to the purpose of public worship. Yet this vast amount of mere poetry—it is often not even that—is carried along in our Hymn-Books, the closing one being numbered 1306, or even upwards still! We much doubt whether 300 hymns, worthy of that name, and truly adapted to the uses of public worship, can be found in the English or any other language on earth. Sure we are that the pious taste of Christians generally does not in truth recognize anything like that number by feeling itself truly at home in the devotional use of them.

In our Hymn-Books for children and youth, the tests of the true

hymn which we have pointed out are even still more disregarded. Under the erroneous idea that by such means a more practical influence will be exerted, the didactic, hortatory, biographical and eulogistic prevail in these collections. All manner of lessons are taught, all manner of motives are presented to the mind of the child; forgetting altogether that in the spirit of a child, as also in the devotional spirit of the adult Christian, the heart, and not the mind, prevails. The ruling idea in these collections seems to be, to secure what is regarded as *adaptation*—not, however, adaptation of the hymn to the true idea of the worship of God, but adaptation of the hymn to the child. The hymn is to do something to the child—instruct it, warn it; in short, in its influence and use to terminate on the child, rather than to be the help and channel of its devotions to be offered to God.

The same mistaken zeal for practical adaptation is also responsible for the fact that so large a number of hymns for children are *childish* instead of *childlike*. True piety is childlike. Hymns that express faith, hope, love—directing the whole heart and mind toward the great atonement, and mediation of Christ—when clothed in simple, chaste and tasteful language, are much better adapted to the childlike than any puerile attempts to address the mind of the child by the use of words and phrases in which the sublime is so easily made ridiculous, and the solemn ludicrous.

Hymns for children are never adapted to their true needs when they are such as they must outgrow. The true hymn for a child must be in spirit and contents as suitable to the future adult as to the present child. The childish it will outgrow, but the child-like it will never leave behind. The associations of childhood with the hymn give a savor and a power to it for after life which it can have in no other way. Why give children hymns to be interwoven with their memories, which in later life they must regard in the same light as they then do their toys—the mere fossils of a period forever left behind? The hymns which they learn to love in childhood ought to be the same as those which shall best express their devotions amid the buoyancy of youth, the earnestness of middle life, and the decline of old age.

There is such a thing as the heart of a child apprehending, or being apprehended, by a hymn which its mind may not fully comprehend; like as a seed finds the soil adapted to all its infant needs, even though it has not yet tested, and cannot now appropriate, all the powers that lie in that same soil for its use. We are fully convinced that those are the best hymns for children which have the highest unction of devotion and least of puerile adaptation to the mere intellect of the child; and that it is by no means necessary that hymns, to be suitable to their wants, should be on a level with their own understandings. Were this necessary, could we regard the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Decalogue, as adapted to children, and could it be regarded proper to induce them to commit these to memory early in life? Is not the Bible itself, the very best book for children, full of mysteries and truths that lie fairly beyond their early capacities? Moreover, does not observation teach us a lesson on the point in hand? Let it be noticed whether children from eight to twelve years old are not more fond of those classic hymns which are not only far removed, in their contents, spirit, and language

from the simplicity of nursery rhymes, but which are even lofty in their style, and full of that sublime adoration awakened by the deepest mysteries of faith. Spiritually, even as naturally, children love the sublime, and stand gazing entranced into a flood of glory, without ever asking themselves whether they understand it. The impression made lies in the heart, as the seed in the soil, to be revealed in due time.

St. Paul mentions three kinds of sacred compositions as suitable for devotional use—Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs. (Eph. v: 19, Col. iii: 16.*)

1. Psalms are compositions which celebrate Divine acts, and sacred events, connected with the gracious dealings of God with His people. They are objective in their character; and when they sometimes express a subjective pious sense, it is only as this is awakened and called forth by a grateful review of such acts and events.

2. Hymns grow out of the subjective Christian consciousness. If psalms celebrate what God has done, and is doing, and promises to do, for His church, hymns express what the Church feels in consequence of such merciful love. But while hymns are thus subjective in their character, it is not the subjectivity of the individual to which they give expression, but the subjective consciousness of the universal Church. In the hymn, Herder has correctly said, "must sound the language of an universal confession of *one* heart and faith." The general consciousness of the Church, by a sovereign law of its own catholic life, determines the true hymn, rejecting all that speak not its universal language, as the plastic life of the plant refuses what is not suited to its nature. Hymns which belong to this class take their places naturally and silently in the bosom of Christian love, and go on in their pious mission from land to land, and from age to age, gathering a richer savor by time, and are loved the more because loved by so many and loved so long.

3. Spiritual songs express the subjective feelings of the individual. They are the hummings of the heart in its own personal exercises, agreeably to its own peculiar tastes, and in its own hours of meditative

*This last passage, taken as it stands in our translation, would seem to designate mutual teaching and admonition as the proper purposes of Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs. A different punctuation of the Greeks gives the passage another sense. Conybeare and Howson, in the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," adopting the punctuation of Tishendorf, to render the passage thus: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; teach and admonish one another in all wisdom. Let your singing be of psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, sung in thanksgiving, with your heart, unto God." In their comments on the corresponding passage, Eph. v: 19, where a similar punctuation is followed, the most satisfactory reasons for this rendering, based on the context and scope, are given. On Col. iii: 16, Dr. Clark says: "Through bad pointing, this verse is not very intelligible; the several members of it should be distinguished thus: Let the doctrine of Christ dwell richly among you: teaching and admonishing each other in all wisdom; singing, with grace in your hearts, unto the Lord, in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. This arrangement the original will not only bear; but it absolutely requires it." Thus, neither of these passages bear any witness against the tests of the true hymn which we have presented. But without resorting to this rendering of the passage in hand, it may be remarked that Christians may mutually teach and admonish one another by the use of a hymn that is neither directly didactic nor hortatory, even as they may by devoutly offering together the Lord's Prayer, which is wholly devotional, and only indirectly didactic and hortatory.

devotion. They express privately, and for the individual Christian's edification, what cannot be presumed to be general in a public service of the Church. If suitable beyond individual use, it is only in small, familiar, confidential Christian circles, where the mutuality of feeling may be surely known.

Hymns of this last class, though not strictly adapted to use in public worship, have their appropriate place in a Hymn Book.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

FROM THE GREEK OF CLEMENS OF ALEXANDRIA, WRITTEN ABOUT THE END OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

O, Thou, the wild will's tamer !
 The wandering wing's reclamer !
 Our seaward pathway's framer,
 Hear praise !
 Shepherd, that goest before us !
 Guardian, that watchest o'er us !
 Receive our hymned chorus—
 Our simple lays !

Thee o'er thy saints who reignest,
 Thy foes too who restrainest,
 Who wisdom downward rainest,
 We laud !
 Thou lightenest toil's condition,
 Sin finds in thee remission,
 Thou only soul's physician !
 Our Saviour God !

Lead, Lord of lambs, the lowly !
 Lead, King of saints, the holy !
 Lead, far from sin and folly,
 To thee !
 Love's fountain, ever brimming !
 Way ! Word ! and Light undimming !
 Life breath of infants hymning
 Their choristry !

Ye babes upon the bosom,
 Ye youths in manhood's blossom,
 Sing Christ, and early choose him,
 Our peace !
 Sing guilelessly the Giver
 Of mercy like a river,
 And him, O let us live for,
 Till life shall cease !

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is said that it may be seen in the experiences of European nations that Christianity always flourishes after a war. The reason of this may perhaps not be fully understood. It may be attributable to the purification which war, with all its attendant evils, nevertheless effects. If much good is destroyed, many forms of evil are also broken up. A meadow afflicted with weeds, sprouts, thorns, and sourgrass, is benefited by digging, harrowing, and particaly tearing up the sod; in like manner, though the calm surface of society is much stirred and disordered by the upturnings and overturnings of war, many settled forms, systems, and habits of evil are also shaken in their traditional nests, and thus disturbed, made more ready for the penetrating, assimilating, and transforming leaven-like power of the general christian life.

War has a tendency also to make men feebleness, feel their own individual feebleness, and to bring home to the consciousness of every one that there is on earth, as well as in heaven, a "higher power," from the rule of which none can be free—that it must be submitted to, either as a "reign of terror," or as the well-balanced ordinance of civil law. In a word, it teaches a lesson on law and authority—a lesson which men and nations during long continued peace and prosperity are prone to forget. It breaks the tendency toward the wild caprice of individualism, the elements out of which mobs are made. As it is the means of restoring in the mind of the individual respect for the authority of the civil power, so it works toward the same end in regard to the family and the church.

As a result of all this its tendency is to bind together society in all its departments. It is a kind of rough and terrible tribulation that breaks up the stiff and gnarly places in the social system. Social elements which will not mingle and cohere in peace and prosperity do so easily in sorrow and trouble. Those who never think of striking hands in times of joy, find it natural and easy to mingle their tears in mutual affliction. Those who in youth have stood together in the ranks against a common foe, will in old age still feel as brethren, greeting each other as bosom friends from different ends of the empire. The grasp of the soldier is as sure a key to mutual confidence between those before personally unknown to each other, as the secret grip of the Free Mason, or the Halleluiah of the christian. Thus while soldier is bound to his fellow, all citizens are bound to the soldier in those feelings of gratitude which a self-sacrificing spirit for the public good always inspires. The nation has new memories, new holidays, new strength in the hearts of each citizen, and new love in the hearts of all for each, and of each for all.

War also teaches a lesson on the uncertainty of all that rests on the

merely human, shows that "nations are but men"—giant men, but men still, with all the weaknesses, passions, and sins of men; and consequently but an arm of flesh on which it is not safe for man to lean his ultimate hopes. Thus it has a tendency to make men thoughtful, and to direct those thoughts toward the only enduring foundations as they are found in Him who is the only principle of true and everlasting stability: Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever!

If war brings out the true animus of a nation, either in the form of patriotism or mere wrath and passion, it also reveals and brings to its true expression its latent christian life. It has long been a question whether we are a christian nation. Not whether christianity is prevailingly acknowledged and confessed by our citizens; but whether it is acknowledged or favored by the nation in its organic national capacity. It has not been shown that we are. Our national constitution recognizes God; but only in letter at least, on the deistic ground, and not distinctively as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—the only God of Christianity. The majority of our State constitutions rest on the same basis. All religions are protected, none specially favored. The Sabbath is recognized, but that is no distinctive testimony in favor of Christianity, as one day of rest in seven is also Jewish, and as a period of rest made necessary by man's physical and temporal needs, is pagan as well. Some States forbid the profaning of God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, which certainly comes nearest to an acknowledgment of Christianity; but even this is neither distinctive nor conclusive, as it is only negative, and may by infidels easily be construed on the broad ground of pagan courtesy, which makes it an evil offence to revile any Gods that are revered and worshipped by any part of the nation. Moreover, this even is only found in a few State constitutions, and has therefore no legitimate force for the organic life of the nation as a whole.

On account of this negative status of the nation in relation to christianity it is consistent in our Presidents, Governors, and public officials to refer in their messages to "Providence," the "God of nations," the "Almighty Ruler of the Universe," and such like general terms—careful to recognize nothing of the great *mediatorial* reign of Jesus Christ. Such reference has in a few cases been made by Governors, in reference to "Christianity," the "christian religion," or "christian civilization," to the great satisfaction of christians, and with the silent tolerance of non-christians; but in the majority of cases it has been thought best to defer to the minority of citizens who are not pleased with any official reference to christianity. So that even in our State official recommendations for public days of Thanksgiving, or Humiliation and Prayer, nothing further is generally recommended than the "worship of Almighty God"—which gives all the latitude of the poet's "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." It is plain, then, that in no national capacity have we hitherto as a nation, distinctively recognized, much less favored, the christian religion.

Is it not, therefore, significant that what the nation has not done in its national organic law, it should now do, in the midst of the tumults of the present time of rebellion and struggle for continued nationality. Our present Congress has done it. It has not only acknowledged, but

avored christianity, in its distinctive character. And it has done so in a war bill! Here is section IX.

“And be it further enacted, that there shall be allowed to each regiment one Chaplain, who shall be appointed by the regimental commander on the vote of the field officers and company commanders on duty with the regiment at the time the appointment shall be made. The Chaplain so appointed *must be a regular ordained minister of a CHRISTIAN denomination*, and shall receive the pay and allowance of a captain of cavalry, and shall be required to report to the Colonel commanding the regiment to which he is attached, at the end of each quarter, the moral and religious condition of the regiment, and such suggestions as may conduce to the social happiness and moral improvement of the troops.”

The words in Italics will show that the Chaplain must not only be a christian minister, but he must have been “ordained” to his office, and thus be “regular” in office. Here, then, is a full and distinctive recognition of christianity, with its divinely ordained ministry. Congress has said, for the nation, that an officer, whose availability depends on his ordained official character as a christian minister, shall go forth with every 840 men, bearing the cross aside of the Stars and Stripes.

Whilst war must be regarded as a great evil, the scourge of nations, it is nevertheless consoling to know that God makes “the wrath of man to praise Him,” and sanctifies its all attendant tribulations to the good of His people and the glory of His church.

F U N A T H O M E .

DON'T be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses, lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not have it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influences of a bright little domestic sanctum.

THE WONDERS OF SEED.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, let there be "plants yielding seed;" and it is further added, each one "after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same; and we must still look upon the reproduction of the seed as a miracle.

Is there upon earth a mechanic, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is inclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest seed of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air, invisible to our eyes! Ah! there is a world of marvels and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, their perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness.

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, who has been called the father of botany, recorded about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and at a later period he counted 60,000, then 80,000 and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beach tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his steps tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jounnet relates that in the year 1835, several Celtic tombs were

discovered near Bergerac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies, there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in it, containing a few seeds which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had burnt them, perhaps, 1,500 or 1,700 years before. These seed were carefully sowed by those who found them, and what do you think was seen to spring up from this dust of seed?—beautiful sunflowers, blue corrflovers, and clover, bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago, a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy pit in Egypt by the English traveler, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days, these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living, in the dust of the tomb.

Is not the springing of the seed an emblem of the resurrection of the dead? Accordingly it is mentioned by the Apostle Paul in Cor. i: xv., where, from the springing of the seed, he explains the doctrine of the resurrection in life.

PIETY AMONG WOMEN.

“There are,” says Rev. Wm. Jay, (by way of accounting for the fact that there are more professing Christians among women than men,) “in the case of women, circumstances that materially befriend and promote devotion. Their sphere of action is less exposed to temptation; their natural susceptibility is greater; they are under more habitual restraints; they are called to exercise more self-denial; and the vicissitudes through which they pass, and the perils they may endure, are adapted to awaken dependence upon God.

THE MAN AND HIS LEDGER.

Tare and tret;
Gross and net,
Box and hogsheads, dry and wet:
Ready made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail—will you trade?

Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail;
Every die—
Will you buy?
None can sell as cheap as I!

Thus each day
Wears away,
And his hair is turning gray!
He nightly looks
O'er his books,
Counts his gains and bolts his locks.

Bye and bye
He must die—
But the Ledger book on high,
Will unfold,
How he sold—
How he got and used his gold.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HYMNS AND CHOIRS : Or, the matter and the manner of the service of Song in the house of the Lord. By Austin Phelps and Edward A. Park, Professors at Andover, and Daniel L. Furber, Pastor at Newton. Andover: Warren F. Draper, 1860, pp. 425.

The learned authors of this work are also the compilers of the "Sabbath Hymn Book," published several years ago for use in congregational churches. They here give the results of their hymnological studies which extended over some years. These "results" are valuable and the religious public will gain much from their publication. The work is divided into three parts: the first by Prof. Phelps on "Hymnology and expression of Religious Life;" the second by Prof. Park on "The Text of Hymns;" the third by Pastor Furber, on "The dignity and the methods of worship in Song." This interesting volume embodies more hymnological matter than we have elsewhere found in the English language. Not only those who take a special interest in Hymnological studies, but all pastors and leaders of choirs as well as private christians should read this excellent book. Why do not the authors, who have evidently gone over the field, in addition to this result of their labors, now give to the christian public a complete **THESARUS** of English Hymns after the manner of similar works in the German language. Such a work is much needed, and whoever accomplishes the task will deserve, and receive, the thanks of thousands of christians. The book before us is beautifully gotten up by the Andover publishers; and we have not for a long time enjoyed so rich a literary treat, as that furnished us by the reading of "Hymns and Choirs." Many, many things have we learned about our familiar and beloved old Hymns which we

knew not before. Thanks to the authors for this pleasant and interesting book.

HYMNS AND CHARTS, WITH OFFICES OF DEVOTION: for use in Sunday-Schools, &c. Published by St. John's Church, Lebanon, Pa., 1861.

This Hymn Book contains, I, three forms of Prayer for opening and closing Sunday-Schools, and is also adapted to week-schools; II, about 210 hymns; III, more than thirty Psalms, in the language of scripture, arranged as charts, with the music. The hymns have been selected on hymnological principles indicated in the article on "Hymnology," found in our present numbers, which forms the introduction to the Book, and to which the reader is referred. It is proposed to furnish the Book to Sunday Schools on very low terms by the dozen or hundred. Address the "Secretary of St. John's Sunday-School, Lebanon, Pa.," or "Editor of the Guardian, Lebanon, Pa."

THE INDEPENDENT: Published Weekly at \$2 per annum in advance, by Joseph R. Richards, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.

This is one of the largest and most ably edited religious papers in the land. Its stand point is that of the Congregational churches in the United States.

Our readers no doubt noticed that the last several numbers of the Guardian have been issued later in the month than usual. This is owing to the patriotic fact that a number of "the boys" in the printing office have dropped the compositor's stick, taken the musket and sword, and are off to the wars.

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1861

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THE GUARDIAN
A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

| | |
|---|-----|
| 1. JESUS AND THE BIBLE. BY THE EDITOR..... | 289 |
| 2. MORNING SONG. (POETRY.)..... | 295 |
| 3. THE EARTH'S CENTRAL FIRES. BY THE EDITOR..... | 296 |
| 4. HOLY OFFICES IN THE CHURCH. BY THE EDITOR..... | 298 |
| 5. THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAITOR..... | 300 |
| 6. MARRIAGE..... | 301 |
| 7. THE TRUNDLE BED. (Poetry.)..... | 304 |
| 8. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 305 |
| 9. THE FOUNDATION OF OUR HOPES. BY THE EDITOR..... | 308 |
| 10. THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. (Poetry.)..... | 311 |
| 11. THE AGE OF PERSONAL RELIGIOUS RESPONSIBILITY..... | 312 |
| 12. THE OLIVET OF PRAYER..... | 317 |
| 13. THE DYING NEVER WEEP. (Poetry.)..... | 319 |
| 14. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 319 |
| 15. NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS..... | 320 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| VOL. XI. | VOL. XII. |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
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The Guardian.

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JESUS AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Bible is THE BOOK—the everlasting Testament or Covenant of God. If it be asked more nearly what is its substance—what are its contents?—a thousand answers will be at once returned. One will answer—It is a book of “cunningly devised fables,” gotten up by impostors; another replies—It is a collection of myths, which originated in the childhood of nations, and have gradually assumed the earnest reality and solemnity of facts; another will say—It is the work of wise men, written as a commentary on, and a confirmation of, natural religion; another—It is a system of divine revelation, containing instructions and motives to a moral life; another—It is a book of laws, histories, doctrines and promises, intended as guides to heaven; having all its influence from its adaptation to move the minds and motives of men.

Even when it is agreed upon that its contents are truth, there are still a thousand answers to the question, What is the truth which it contains? One will have its truths measured and moulded by the truths of science; another, by reason; another, by common natural sense; another, by natural instincts and feelings; another, by any and every individual mind.

It comes, therefore, as a very important practical question to us—what is the Bible? What is it independent of, and over—all science, reason, opinion, or the judgments of men? What is it absolutely in itself—as it comes to us, not to be measured and moulded by our minds and hearts, but to measure and mould them; challenging our attention and reverence—as it comes to all men, wise and foolish, high and low, good and bad, as a power over them? What is it, as it knocks at the gate of the palace, the door of the beggar’s hut, the portals of science, the cabin of the slave, the cell of the prisoner—alike and the same to

all? What do we desire to say it is in itself, as we seek to place it in every family, in every hand and in every heart? "*The truth as it is in Jesus.*"

As it is in my science? No, beyond that.

As it is in my reason and sense? No, beyond that.

As it is in my views and desires? No, beyond that.

As it is in my age and country? No, deeper still.

No, no—before and above, and over all these—the truth as it is *in Jesus*—from Him, by Him, through Him and to Him.

We may have and give the truth as it is in science, systems, sects,—as it is in history, traditions, interpretations—as it is in letters, verses, chapters—as it is in packs of paper and parchment—as it is in pulpits, in sermons, in Sabbath Schools, in families, in book cases, on parlor tables—in leather, satin or gold—we may have it in all these ways and give it in all these ways, to all, and yet we may have and may have given, what remains nothing but a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

"Ye have not so learned Christ; if so be that ye have heard Him, and have been taught by Him *as the truth is in Jesus.*" If we will know its contents, we must learn it in Him and from Him.

Jesus is the source and centre of all truth. As the leaves, blossoms, fruit, twigs, branches and trunk of a tree must be traced back to the germ in the seed, so must all that the Bible reveals be traced to its centre and source in Jesus. "I am the truth." In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

There was no truth before Him.

In the beginning, before all worlds and beings, was already the Word. That Word was with God, and that same word was made flesh, and dwelt among men, full of grace and truth.

The revelations of the Old Testament were in and from Jesus. "Before Abraham was I am." The truth was *by* Moses, *by* David, *by* Solomon, and *by* the Prophets, but not *in* them. The holy men of old, who spake in God's name, themselves did not even always understand what they spake, for they searched diligently "what manner of time the *Spirit of Christ*, which was in them did signify." In Christ was the truth absolutely, as source, in them only relatively, as channels and reflectors.

As all the Old Testament truth goes out from Him, so it shows back to Him. He is in it what a life is in a tree; take Him out, and all is a dead skeleton that can utter no meaning. He that has not found Jesus in the Old Testament, has not the key of any of its truths. In his case, as in the case of the Jews, the veil remains untaken away when he reads it, "which veil is done away in Christ."

There is no truth separate from Him.

"I am the light of the world." He is the sun. All other bodies are dark. He only hath light in Himself. What seems to be light in the Pagan world and in the minds of natural men, is only reflected light. In Him is its home. As in the natural world no body shines unless it is first shone upon; so in the spiritual world there is no truth except in the presence, power and light of Him who alone is the truth. All truth is hid in Him—hid from the wise and prudent—hid until it is by Him revealed to such as receive it as little children—revealed in Him—to no one separate from Him.

Since the Saviour's incarnation, there is no truth that is not in Him. Even the Holy Spirit has no new revelations to make, though He is the Spirit of truth. He shall only "lead into truth." "He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall He speak." "He shall take of mine and show it unto you." "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things unto your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." The truth is only in Jesus. He that supposes himself to have learned any truth from the Spirit which he has not before learned from Jesus, deceives himself by a fancy.

The more closely we examine the Sacred Volume, the more will we find that all its contents are truth in Jesus, and that they have no value to us or to the world, except as they are so received, understood and given. All its LAWS are the divine will in Jesus—"in the hands of a Mediator." By Him the moral law was given—"in the hands of a Mediator"—by Him completed—in Him fulfilled. The law on tables of stone, as an outward rule, is an abstraction, a dispensation of death. It was never intended to be complete in that form. It was to be taken up in Christ, and to be made a living law in Him; to be in Him fulfilled. In Him alone is the letter of the law filled out with its proper life and spirit. It is only in Christ Jesus that it is "a law of life"—a living law.

It is only in Jesus that the law becomes a true law to saints. In union with Him, the law is put into their minds, and written upon their hearts. Thus, as John teaches, the law becomes a new law, and yet it is the old, still—it becomes new, in that it has attained its true position, relation, and power in Christ Jesus, and in those who are one with Him in a new life.

So, the ceremonial law is only true in Jesus. To Him it points—Him it typifies—in Him it ends. It would, indeed, be a shadow, if He were not seen as its substance. In Jesus, what seems to our natural sense trivial, in the ceremonies of the Old Testament, acquires a momentous, sublime and solemn meaning. He is the Sun, in the presence of which all the Jewish ceremonies appear in glorious light.

It is the same with the Judicial law of the Jews. It was the discipline of the nation for a coming Christ. It was a school-master to frame and turn the national feeling to Him as its centre and soul. By it the tribes were all bound together unto the hope of Israel. He is the Shiloh of Judah—the central tribe, to whose hand alone the sceptre at last belongs, and to whom the gathering together of the people shall be. To Him shall the nations bow as once did all the sheaves of his brethren to Joseph's sheaf.

As to prophecies—"Of Him gave all the prophets witness." Whatever may be their nearer meaning, and their earlier fulfilments in the events of nations, yet these become themselves again prophetic symbols, whose end and meaning is in Jesus. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." All prophecy finds its meaning in the spirit and position of John the Baptist, crying I am not he, but "Behold the Lamb of God!"

If we examine the history of the Sacred Volume, we find that it also finds its full and final meaning in Jesus. What is it but the account of men who sought Him, who had found Him, or who hated Him. All the

occurrences of sacred History are but the movings and activities of that divine and gracious WILL which has its most central, and its greatest manifestation in Jesus.

If now we follow down the stream of time, and of history, and notice how the true contents of the Bible have been unfolded in the consciousness of the Church, we shall see that all doctrines grow out of, and show back to Jesus. As He stood in the midst of the Seven Golden Candlesticks, so He stands in the centre of all faith, illuminating all by His own light, and animating all by His own life. As a branch cut from a tree is dead, so all truth, all doctrine and all faith is dead, except in Jesus. In Him is the vigor of eternal life—in Him truth is as fresh water from the fountain—in Him the truth is life, and that life is the light of men.

The apostles laid down the broad principle that union with Christ must precede the right apprehension of the truth, which is the same as to say, it is only truth in Him. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." To such, there is a veil over the scripture; and besides, their eyes are not opened to see the wonders of His holy law.

The Bible is not the same to all. It is not to the sinner what it is to the saint. It does not reveal the same truth to the carnal as it does to the renewed heart. They see the same words and sentences; but to the one, its truths are but the *reflections of a natural heart*, while to the other it is the truth in Jesus.

The Bible can only do its work of revealing truth in a living union with Jesus. Proceeding from Him, and so apprehended by faith, His words are spirit and life. Only the heart which is in living sympathy with Him, truly possesses the treasures of the Bible.

There is something in christianity which *precedes* the Bible. It is Jesus. He is before all truth, and all truth is in Him, and from Him.

When he appeared there was no New Testament—it all fell gradually from His lips—it all proceeded from Him. None of it was written before His death—some of it not till near a century after His incarnation. It existed in a living form, in living regenerated hearts. The word in them, and they in Christ. Thus it was, even when it was not yet written, the truth in Jesus.

It was afterwards recorded by them as the outward expression of the truth as it was in Jesus; while it was still published and perpetuated in living hearts. On the parchment it was the letter, in the hearts of the saints it was spirit and life. It was not the truth as it was on the parchment, but the truth as it was in the new life of saints, and through them traced back to Jesus, that had power, and was the deepest manifestation of truth.

Oh, how many have the truth as it is on paper, who have never felt the least power of the truth as it is in Jesus. How many have never been brought into such union with Christ, as to find and feel, that the Bible is the representative of anything beyond what the natural eye, and the natural heart, can perceive. How many there are who have never yet learned the *secret* of the Lord as it is with them that fear Him, to whom alone He will show His covenant.

The seed of the word must have a soil—that soil is Christ, formed in the heart, the hope of glory. The Saviour's parable teaches us that the ground must be prepared for seed. It must fall into good ground. The grain of wheat accidentally wrapped up with an Egyptian Mummy, will be there for thousands of years, manifesting no power of growth or increase. The word of God may be in the houses, hands, brains, memories of men, but it is truth *there*, not in Jesus. It is out of its soil. It is in stony places, by the road side, on the rock, and there it remains alone.

This accounts for the fact that the holiest men, not the most learned, have always entered most deeply into the divine word. Piety, faith, have always been the true interpreters of the Holy volume. "If any man shall do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

This accounts for the fact that the Church is zealous in circulating the Bible in proportion as it is under the true power of the life of Jesus, the Head.

True love and zeal will only give to others what it has learned to understand and value itself. Those ages and countries, in which the deepest piety has prevailed, have also done most to spread truth. They felt the truth, not as it existed in volumes, stored away as a literary curiosity, but as it was in Jesus. To them it had come, and by them it was circulated, with the energy and vigor of that eternal life of which it was the offspring—as the living will of Jesus.

In the first ages, when the Church felt the vigor of its youth running through all its veins, it held forth the word of life with the steady energy, and holy defiance of a martyr's zeal and love. Later, when Northern barbarism, and Southern effeminacy, combined with the colossal powers of existing paganism, poured in upon the bosom of the Church, it was as when a strong man is crushed by heavy pressure. With wounded hands the word of life was held forth in weakness. The inward life beat but feebly through the dark, dead mass.

But time brought forth triumph; and new life gave new impulse to the spread of truth. Jesus appeared anew, and the truth appeared in Him with the energy of a life that beats direct from the heart.

In the ages to which we refer, when on account of the heavy mass of unpenetrated, unsanctified, and unappropriated powers which had fallen in upon the bosom of the Church, anything short of the direct exercise of authority, and the application of external power, seemed too slow a process to meet the threatening emergency—the offices of Jesus in the Church were gradually reversed. Instead of following the order of the commission which is to teach, baptize, rule; the first was gradually neglected, while the last two became prominent, and the very last most of all. Instead of Prophet, Priest, and King, it was King, Priest, Prophet. The pulpit with its prophetic voice became comparatively silent, consequently the altar grew dark, and authority reigned in the exercise of blind and fearful powers. Religion became more an outward than an inward power—rather an exhibition to the senses than a light to faith. Because the Prophet was silent, the Priest grew super-

stitious, and the King arrogant and arbitrary. In that age religion culminated in power—power that lacked light; and on this account left chaotic and lifeless, all that lay beneath it.

Jesus, and the truth in Him, were still in the Church. His promise, “Lo, I am with you,” was not forgotten! Cast down, but not destroyed! History gathered strength. A better age began to dawn—better as it was later. Thus does the stream gather new power farther on its way.

The age that came did not create a new Christianity or a new history, but restored the order of its Factors. It is the honor and glory, as it is the justification of the Reformation, that it restored the order of Christ’s offices to their original, true, and divine order—Prophet, Priest and King. It ignored neither—it retained the pulpit, the altar, the government, in the Church—it proclaimed the truth, offered the sacrifice, and administered the law; but all this *as it is in Jesus*, who was a Prophet before He was a sacrifice, and who only sat at the right hand of power, after He had fulfilled both the offices that preceded this; and who, even now that He reigns as King, does still not cease to be the Prophet and Priest of the Church. We have this confidence, that he who comes to the Prophet and hears Him, as he speaks the truth in Jesus, will not refuse to come to the altar and seek the Priest’s intercessions, uniting his own with His, and then submit to the King to be ruled in heart and life by His holy laws.

This testimony of the better age in favor of the restoration of the Prophetic voice in the Church, has not failed to exert a silent influence even upon that branch of the Church which still holds to the reversed order of Christ’s offices as it existed in the preceding age. This is strikingly illustrated by the fact that since the Reformation the Roman Catholic Church has felt itself moved by the pressure of this testimony to lay hold, to some extent, of the work of circulating the Holy Scriptures. One example must suffice.

Dr. Levander Van Est, Roman Catholic Professor and Pastor at Marburg, in 1817 translated the New Testament into German. This translation, which is pronounced by learned Protestants an excellent one, received the approbation of no less than thirteen of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of Europe in the Catholic Church, and is by them recommended to be used in schools, families, and by private christians. It is published with a most excellent introduction of more than forty pages, in which the general reading of the Scriptures by christians is advocated with astonishing clearness, decision and force. Quotations are produced, long and short, from no less than fifty-four Fathers, Bishops, Popes, Cardinals, and other dignitaries, from Clemens and Ignatius down to Pius the VI, born 1717, and the Pastoral letter of a Salsburger Bishop, 1782, advocating the right and the necessity of the general reading of the Holy Scriptures. Of this translation of the truth as it is in Jesus, the astonishing number of 456,870 copies were circulated in less than five years after its publication! Such was the desire for the Word of Life, created in the minds of the people by that movement which asked for the restoration of the prophetic voice in the church. Such is the deep sense of the Church, whenever it comes to express itself, of the truth, that piety, like plants, cannot flourish, grow beautiful, bloom, and bear fruit, except in the free light of heaven.

Every age and country characterized by living and growing piety is also marked by a zeal for the diffusion of the Word of Life. As in the natural world, in that period of the year when growth and life begin to teem over the face of the earth, the sun begins to rise higher and to shed wider and warmer its beams of light and life; so in the Church, the time when those "that fear His name" begin to "grow," is also the time when "the Sun of Righteousness begins to rise with healing in his wings." When that glorious "golden age," of which the dreamings of earnest pagan hearts in all ages have been the types, shall break in, then also shall those who wave their palms of joy and victory from the mountain of the Lord's house, which is higher than all hills, call to each other: "O, house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk *in the light* of the Lord!"

That time is not yet. Let us, meanwhile, go forth in the spirit of the great commission: "Teach all nations." Let us not forget, on the way, that only as we are in Jesus, can we either know or give the truth as it is in Him. In union with Him, animated by His life and spirit, we may "lift the latch and force the way," into those renovating mysteries of wisdom and knowledge which are in Him. In Him the truth, which we give, will not only live in us, but go forth from us to others with an unction and perennial power which will bow their spirits, open their hearts and quicken life from the dead. Then shall the dark dead letter grow radiant and live in the presence and power of the spirit; and truth, which now lies dead, either in the book or the mind, will waken to eternal life in hearts which already begin to live forever, and thus prove itself to be absolute and eternal "as the truth is in Jesus."

MORNING SONG.

Now backward the night's heavy curtains are rolled,
While the morning looks out from her portals of gold;
The dew-spangled grass, with the birds and the trees,
Keep time to the voice of the sweet scented breeze;
And the squirrel comes down from his snug little nest,
For his gambols and feasts there is none to molest.

Awake, little children, for day is begun—
Arise from your slumbers, come forth in the sun;
But first in your chamber remember who kept
Your bodies and spirits from harm while you slept;
Kneel down where you slumbered all night in His care,
And offer thanksgiving to God with your prayer.

In the glow of the sun—by the light of the moon—
When the arrow of death flieth swiftly by noon,
With his love in your hearts and his Word for your guide
With his grace for your shield, can no evil betide;
Come forth, then, with joy, and his praises repeat,
For his angels have charge of the paths of your feet.

THE EARTH'S CENTRAL FIRES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN Greek the world is called *cosmos*, a word which at the same time means mere *outward ornament*. There is a peculiar propriety in using such a word to designate the earth, in view of the theory generally held by scientific men, that the central part of the earth is a mass of liquid fire. Beautifully ornamented as its surface is, by trees, herbs, grass, and flowers, "the hollow ball on which we live," we are told, "contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. Within the outer crust—the cool temperature of which supports animal and vegetable life, and solidifies the stone, coal and metallic ores, so important to our well-being—there exists a mass of fluid, igneous matter. Some of this matter occasionally escapes at the mouth of the Volcano, or makes its presence felt by an earthquake. But neither the earthquake nor the volcano are necessary to prove that fire exists in the centre of the earth. As we descend beneath the surface, the heat gradually and steadily increases. At a depth of 2,480 yards, water will boil; lead melts at the depth of 8,400 yards. There is red heat at the depth of seven miles. and if we adopt the temperature as calculated from Morven's corrected scale of Wedgeworth's pyrometer, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of one hundred miles." On so interesting a subject some of our readers, who may not have the data at hand, will be interested in reading a brief statement of the history, and present *status* of this theory, and the scientific grounds on which it is predicted. We therefore quote the following from the New American Cyclopædia, under the title, "Central Heat:"

"Since the year 1740, when the first observations respecting the increase of heat encountered with the increased depth below the surface were made by M. Gensanne in the lead mines of Geromagny on the upper Rhine, abundant data have been collected by scientific men in different parts of the world, establishing this as a general fact. The deepest mines of Mexico, England, France, Germany, and other countries, and the deeper artesian wells, and the hot springs ascending from still deeper sources, all lead to this conclusion. The volcanic fires add their testimony to the existence of the intensely heated masses beneath the crust of the earth, and the vast extent of surface agitated when they are suppressed, and relieved by their outlet, seems to indicate an almost general diffusion of the liquid molten masses from which they spring. Not only is the heat found generally to increase with the depth, but the rate of increase has in many instances been determined. It is found to vary in different countries, in some increasing two or three times more rapidly than in others. The average rate is estimated by Kupffer at 1° F. for every 37 English feet; and by Cordier at 1° for every 45 feet. These phenomena, all pointing in one direction, have led to the conclusion that somewhere in the interior the materials of the globe must be

in a state of the most intense heat; and calculations have been made showing at what depth the rocks must all exist as liquid lava, at what the temperature of melted iron would be found, at what platinum would fuse, and at what various matters, solid at the surface, would be volatilized, but for the enormous pressure. Thus has been established the theory of central heat. It is controverted by Sir Charles Lyell, M. Poisson, and other eminent authorities, on these grounds: When substances, as metals, are melted, their temperature cannot be raised a single degree above the point of fusion so long as a piece of the material remains unmelted. The same principle is exemplified in the impossibility of raising water to a higher temperature than 32° F. so long as a fragment of ice remains in it. The principle may be applied to the solid crust of the earth, which could no more remain unchanged, reposing upon the surface of a fluid heated many times above the temperature at which its materials would melt, than a stratum of ice of the same thickness could remain in the same situation exposed to the same proportional difference of heat. The crust that forms upon lava as it cools cannot be instanced in disproof of this statement, for this only forms when the heat is so much reduced that the ebullition has entirely ceased; if this be renewed, the crust soon disappears in the fluid. Were the crust of the globe the result of partial cooling from a state of primitive fluidity, the whole planet must first have cooled down to about the temperature of incipient fusion, and hence the enormous degrees of heat supposed cannot exist within it. M. Poisson 'imagines that if the globe ever passed from a liquid to a solid state by radiation of heat, the central nucleus must have begun to cool and consolidate first.' Were the central portion fluid, tides would be perceived in the mass, sufficient to cause the surface to rise and fall every 6 hours; but no such fluctuations are observed, even in a crater like that of Stromboli, which is supposed to connect with the great central ocean of lava. The phenomena that have given rise to the hypothesis combated by these views do not perhaps require this theory to account for them. Local heat is without question generated by chemical changes taking place among the materials beneath the surface. These give rise to electrical currents, of the power of which to disturb the surface we can form little idea, but judging from their effects upon the limited scale on which they come under our observation, it would seem quite as philosophical to refer to them the phenomena connecting distant volcanic outbreaks and earthquakes, as to call in an aid so entirely hypothetical as that of the molten fluidity of the central portion of the globe."

St. Peter, in speaking of the final dissolution of the earth, makes use of language which would seem to receive new impressiveness on the supposition that this theory is true. He says that in the day of the Lord "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Though this event will be an awful miracle, and is in no way to be regarded as being accomplished by the mere operation of natural causes, yet like all miracles it will be brought about by the powerful workings of the supernatural *in* the natural, not magically separate from, and independent of them. The resources, so far as they will be natural, are thus at hand, and the dreadful catastrophe can be accomplished by the bare "word of his powre."

HOLY OFFICES IN THE CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT is involved in the idea of an office in the Christian Church? How does the one in office differ, in his position and relations, from an ordinary Christian? What is the force and meaning of ordination; and what is, and what has, an ordained person more after that solemn act than before? These are solemn and important questions to all—especially to such as are counted worthy by the Church of being elevated to this responsible position.

In using the word *elevated* we at once indicate, in a general way, the position of one ordained to a holy office. An office is an elevation of the one ordained; a bringing of the person nearer to God! This is indicated by the names themselves which are applied to sacred offices. Bishop, means an *overseer*. Presbyter, or Elder, means a *ruler*. Deacon, means one who *ministers*. In regard to this point these offices are all alike—they are all positions elevated, clothed with authority, influence, and responsibility.

What is the relation of a sacred office to God? We answer first of all: It is from God. It is not from man. Men may designate; but God alone can invest. This is done by ordination. Though done through men, it is nevertheless not from men, but from God. The laying on of hands denotes communication—impartation—from a higher source to a submissive and receptive subject.

Ordination is the same as the old Testament anointing, by which prophets, priests, and kings were invested with office, and at the same time indued with the necessary power and grace. Hence, in the holy Scriptures, there is always connected with ordination, or the laying on of hands, the communication of the Holy Ghost.

The officer ordained is God's organ to men, by the Holy Ghost, who is in him as the power of office. In this Spirit he stands; and by His presence, grace, and power he is enabled to fulfil his office. The Holy Spirit is his official unction. In ordination the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit is pledged to him.

It may be asked, is not the Holy Spirit so pledged to abide with all Christians? We answer, Yes—to make them adequate to *their* sphere and duties. But an office is an higher sphere, with higher responsibilities, and needs the Spirit in a higher measure and sense. Officers need in this respect—and they have it—all that private Christians need; and, in addition to that, they need the grace adequate to the duties and responsibilities of office to which they have been elevated and ordained. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

There are three sacred offices—the higher ministry, the office of

Elder and that of Deacon. How do these stand in relation to each other, and to the congregation?

As they are one in their source of origin—being all equally from God—so they are, in general, one in their object or end. They are unitedly to work “for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Eph. 4: 13.

To each of these offices is assigned more particularly a special class of duties. The minister has the higher functions of the word and sacraments. The Elders have the sphere of government; and in general the spiritual oversight of the Church. The Deacons have more particularly the ministry which looks to the temporal, bodily wants of the congregation—in other words, the care of the poor!

Though these several offices have their special duties; yet they work not separately, but together, to one end. Their functions merge into each other. The higher office of the holy ministry includes all the lower—the minister is also an Elder and a Deacon; so that it is also his privilege, so far as his higher duties allow, to partake in government and visitation of the sick, and ministrations to the poor. So the office of Elder also includes that of Deacon, this higher office including the lower; and he, too, may care officially for the poor. It is well that the ministry of the poor is included in the higher offices of Minister and Elder; since these, in attending the sick spiritually, often find that they need temporal as well as spiritual care.

Though the lower offices do not, in the same way, include the higher, yet it is ever the privilege and duty of the lower to co-operate with the higher. Thus the Deacon is also to exert himself for the peace and order of the Church; and, in his attentions to the temporal wants of the poor, ever to attend also to their higher spiritual wants; and so also is he to co-operate with the minister of the word and sacraments in every proper way for the general good of the Church. The Elder is also to enter with living sympathy into the work belonging to the office above him; and he has duties in common with the minister. “The office of the elders and the ministers of the word are fully the same, only that the elders do not perform the service of the word and sacraments, and they are with the ministers the guards and defenders of the whole congregation.”

Thus these officers, though each has a special sphere, are in the end one—as in their origin, so in their aim and end.

This being the relation of these officers, it will at once be seen that their hearty and full co-operation is highly important to the peace and prosperity of the Church. Those bearing these holy offices ought to be as the heart and the hands of one man. Their work being a united work, it requires their united, harmonious labors and prayers.

We see also the importance of each class of the sacred officers being faithful in their sphere. The duties in each sphere are enough for the officers in that sphere; and can, therefore, not be devolved upon others. The apostle found that they could not “leave the word of God and serve tables”—attend to the poor. Acts 6. Nor could they take the government of the Church, to preserve order and peace; hence they felt the pressing necessity of the offices of Elders and Deacons. So Elders, who with the Ministers, govern and attend to the spiritual wants of the sick,

cannot preach on the one hand and attend to the poor on the other. Nor can the Deacons rule, attend to the sick and preach. As each office has its own special duties, how important is the faithful attention of each to the duties of his office. It is only in this way that all the duties of each and all can be attended to, and all the wants of the Church met.

THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAITOR.

On the 14th day of June, 1801, sixty years ago, at Gloucester Place, London, at the age of 61 years, died Benedict Arnold, the first American traitor. Like the traitors of the present time, he was employed and trusted by his country, received promotion and honor at its hands, and then because a check had been temporarily put to his ambition, basely betrayed the nation that had reposed confidence in him. His fate was that of all traitors. Cursed by the country he had betrayed, he was scorned and despised by the nation to whom he had dishonorably sold himself. At last unhonored, unpitied, unloved, he died in merited obscurity, and his name has become a synonym for the basest treachery, wherever the English language is spoken. The following acrostic on the name of Benedict Arnold, containing the fiercest invective on his treason, is ascribed to the pen of his cousin, Oliver Arnold. It is unsurpassed in bitterness :

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,
 Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a mind,
 Night's sable veil your crime can never hide,
 Each one so great 'twould glut historic tide.
 Defunct, your cursed memory will live
 In all the glare that infamy can give ;
 Curses of all ages will attend your name,
 Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll,
 Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul,
 Nature looks shuddering back with conscious dread
 On such a tarnished blot as she has made.
 Let hell receive you, riveted in chains,
 Doomed to the hottest focus of its flames.

"FEAR nothing and hope all things, as the Right
 Alone may do securely ; every hour
 The thrones of Ignorance and ancient Night
 Lose somewhat of their long usurped power,
 And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver
 With a base dread that clings to them forever."

MARRIAGE.

ANY causes which hinder men from marrying are certainly matters of social, moral and religious interest. It is said that marriages both in England and America are not now as frequent as they used to be, and that some of the most immoral features of French "civilization" are becoming naturalized, if not in our own country, at least in England. It is certain that "going to kousekeeping," is more a matter of deliberation than it used to be, for it is not now thought prudent to undertake it on the small incomes with which our forefathers began their domestic life as married men. There is more delay in marrying than there used to be, because men now want more money than formerly to meet what are now thought the necessary expenses of the change.

A discussion has been carried on with some smartness, if not brilliancy, in the *London Times* lately, which has thrown some light upon the social causes that may prevent marriages. These can be so readily connected with religious remedies and moral results that they are worth notice.

The causes on the female side resolve themselves into great expectations on the part of mothers; finesse with suitors who are rich; and the discouragement of men who are without wealthier inheritance in prospect. On the side of the men, they are backward because they know they cannot meet these expectations; or if they are rich, they are disgusted with the pertinacity with which they are pursued by match-making mothers, who think it a point of honor to marry off their daughters to rich men. Seven mothers, represented by one of their number, write to the *Times* to say that they have between them twenty marriageable girls, whom they have educated in the most careful manner, with a view to their formation of alliances with wealthy husbands. They think these daughters, in every respect, qualified to make good wives and mothers, provided they obtain partners rich enough to afford them fine houses and equipages, and those luxuries which fashion considers to be necessaries of life. These twenty paragons are, however, all unmarried yet; some of them are past expectancy; and after a campaign of several winters and summers, under the ablest maternal generalship, they are now beginning to be regarded by their mothers as "forlorn hopes." It is evident the mothers have no suspicion of anything lacking in themselves or their daughters, and it is almost painful to observe the unconsciousness of any wrong, with which they confess that marriage, and marriage alone, was the object they had in view in educating their daughters. Toward that event every line of instruction, every effort after proficiency or perfection in any accomplishment, were made to converge. A rich and distinguished husband, if possible; but a rich one any way, is the object for which matrons plot, and maids submit. Morals, manners, personal appearance, the honor or religion of suitors, are all subordinated to wealth. Hardly any one has not had to deplore some sacrifice of girls to gold, who, if they consented to it, must be admitted to deserve their fate. It is notorious that in certain circles any

conclusion of the matrimonial campaign, through cities, hotels, and watering places, which the mother who manages may suggest, the daughter's feelings, if she have any, will succumb to ; and she will bow her head beneath any unequal and golden yoke, with the docility of Horace's heifer.

No ingratitude is blacker, no offense in ante-nuptial morals is more unpardonable by a managing mother, than that a girl who is supplied with rich suitors should presume to choose a poor one who would please herself. There is a way of representing this very natural conduct on the part of the girl, which gives a kind of religious pathos to the mother's grief. It is said to be filial disobedience. But the real ground of sorrow is that the daughter has perhaps preferred a poor man whom she loves, to a rich man whom she was urged to marry. It must be confessed, however, that the education they sometimes receive, and the traditions of their set, have had a wonderful influence on young ladies ; and they acquiesce, and school their feelings so submissively into the acceptance of a rich husband that mothers seldom have to deplore filial disobedience to an order "to marry money." How often do we hear of men of ability, character, good morals, and all good grace to grace a gentleman, tabooed, because they are poor, by maids and mothers ; while the rich man, whose dullness and vice are scarcely relieved by any brightness or virtue is received with open arms by women who are doomed to find his dullness constant, and his repentance variable and very ineffective. We can all remember the scandal of the great "Diamond Wedding" in which January and May were united ; and the *sæva indignatio* of fashionable mothers with marriageable daughters rose almost to a shriek, when the lady Clementina Villiers chose a plain and poor captain in a marching regiment, for a husband,—a prince, as in her sister's case, being possible, and dukes being known to be ductile.

We have not in our country matrimonial prizes of this high rank, but it is a matrimonial maxim among us that bankers' sons are to be looked after. And even the heir of a merchant may be drawn on to marriage as easily as a glove by delicate manipulation.

The days, however, of managing mothers, and daughters got up for marriage, are apparently over ; social gatherings begin to be deserted by men, who would marry if let alone ; but who do not like to have wives thrown at their heads, or forced upon their notice. Men without much money find themselves overlooked, or only tolerated as useful and amusing. And men with means are disgusted at being pursued and petted, and appropriated *usque ad nauseam*. Both fly from society, so called, to their coteries or clubs, and leave 'society' to raw striplings and the regulation misses, made up to order. Men have begun to find out, from the history or observation of marriages only too notorious, that the women they meet with in fashionable circles, are not those who can give them the best guarantees for happiness, prudence and domestic peace ; and they are as shy of such temptations, as managing mothers hold out to them, as an experienced trout is of a gaudy fly upon a sunny day.

This may seem only a ludicrous result of the conduct of fashionable mothers, but there are grave points of morality and social well-being

underlying this state of things. If men are deserting society, society will have to come back to the men, recognize that their complaints or grievances are just, and re-set its hours, habits, entertainments, and the education of females, so as to suit their sober tastes, and meet their reasonable, and even economical wishes. We fear the need of reform in the matter of education especially, is greater than fathers and mothers suppose.

The education of girls is confessedly showy rather than solid ; they are brought up with notions and habits too extravagant for men of ordinary means to marry them ; and even rich men find their resources attenuated by the demands of a fashionable partner. Constant gratification of every wish, not to say caprice, in girlhood, lack of habits of economy, obedience, or subordination, the foolish custom of petting and pampering women, which is quite a different thing from respecting and loving them, are but bad preparations for a state of life, which involves self-denial ; and where one must obey, as an inevitable condition of the happiness of both. A mode of training girls in which selfishness and self-will are hardly restrained, and in which regard is had to accomplishments rather than character, is not well adapted to make girls good wives, or wise mothers, able to rule their children and households well in godliness and honesty. It is true that a sincere affection and respect on the part of the wife for the husband will render her facile and effectual adaptation of herself to her husband certain in the long run. But when mothers, such as the seven we have mentioned, favor the practice of marrying, not for love, but for money—love, the universal solvent of all domestic troubles being absent, it requires no prophet to predict what will be the wretched fate of such parents and their children. If, then, the habits of society, which women regulate, and the education which girls receive be hindrances to marriage ; if the pursuit of rich men by mothers and maidens, be thus self-defeating, and the neglect of poorer men of honor and integrity be not conducive to unions of affection, it is to be hoped that matrons will read the signs of the times wisely, lest men desert the haunts of “society” altogether, and betake themselves in their search for wives to those quiet homes, which yet are left us, where women of orderly habits, moderate expectations, and domestic virtues may be found, fit to adorn any station as wives or matrons. Whatever real weight may be assigned to these hindrances of marriage, and causes of unhappiness and vice, after it has been contracted, let us not forget that cases illustrative of female extravagance, caprice, and guilt have already risen to the surface of society, which may not improperly be referred to defective parental training. We need not go back to ancient days for examples, though we may for language in which to indicate how *conjux regit virum et niti do fidit Adultero*. Whatever hinders honorable marriage and affects the moralities of married life, lessens social happiness, and increases profligacy and corruption of manners.

Dos est magna parentium
Virtus: et metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas:
Et peccare nefas: aut pretium est mori.

THE TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane,—
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot:
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said—
Never can they be forgotten,—
Deep are they in mem'ry driven;
"Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!
Father! who art in Heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father,
O do Thou bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XLIII.

HOW WE MUST HONOR THE LAWS.

As once a King drove past a toll-gate, he commanded his servants to pay the toll. It appeared strange to the servants, that they were directed to pay the toll by the King, to whom all the toll belonged, and they expressed their wonder to him. The King answered: "From me, the ignorant who travel shall learn to pay their toll." This King, say the Jewish sages, imitated the examples of the most holy God Himself, for He says: "I the Lord love judgment, and hate robbery for burnt offering." And it is His will that His children be like me, and keep their hands from unrighteousness.

XLIV.

THE FOX IN THE GARDEN.

"There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt. But those riches perish by travail; and he begetteth a son, and there is nothing in his hand. As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return as he came, and shall take nothing of his labor, which he may carry away in his hand."

This lesson, which the royal sage, in Eccl. v. 13—15, communicates, the learned Rabbi Geneva illustrates in the following parable:

A fox, once on a time came near to a fruit garden; and from without he saw the tall trees laden with fruit. Whereupon he was greatly rejoiced, as he thought within himself how excellently well they would suit his taste. But a high wall prevented him from getting in. A long while he sought for an inlet; and when at last he found one, it was too small to admit his body.

As his manner is, he bethought himself for sometime after some stratagem. He fasted three days, became very thin, and was then able to creep in through the hole he had found. He now partook in full measure of the excellent fruit of the garden. When he had satisfied his appetite it occurred to him that he might be discovered, and in that case his robbery might cost him his life. He then went again to his place of ingress, in order to flee from the garden; but to his great alarm he found that it was impossible for him to escape, as he had again greatly increased in size!

"I am in a great strait," said he to himself. "Should the owner of the garden come, and call me to account, what would become of me? I see that nothing but fasting anew will enable me to get out again!"

With great reluctance he fasted again three days, and thus got out of it, exclaiming as he ran away from it: "How beautiful art thou, O, garden, and how sweet and agreeable are thy fruits! Still, what good have I of them? What have I gained by all my labor and cunning?"

Man comes naked into the world—naked he must go out of it; and nothing will he take with him, for his toils and pains, but the fruits—of his well-doing!

XLV.

TRUST—WHOM?

Be friendly towards all men; but trusts scarcely one among a thousand.—SIRACH.
It often happens to the avaricious robber that his robberies cost him his life.—
PROVERBS.

Rabbi Jehoshuah, besides praise-worthy kindness of heart, possessed also a great deal of worldly prudence. When, once on a time, he had very kindly entertained a man who had performed daily labor for him after his work was done, he assigned him a place in his house where he might tarry for the night. In the night the ungrateful man gathered up whatever of value he could find around him, with a view of carrying it away with him. But as the host had taken the precaution to remove the stairs, the thief fell down not very softly, so that next morning the Rabbi found him lying on the floor scarcely able to breathe. "Worthless man!" said he to him, "what have you been doing?" "I did not know," he answered, "that you had taken away the stairs." "So also, you did not know," replied the Rabbi, "that already yesterday, in spite of your professions of honesty, we took precautions against you!"

XLVI.

HE THAT WILL NOT TAKE A HINT MUST TAKE A HIT.

Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.—PROVERBS XXVI: 5.

Rabbi Akiba was once invited to eat with a certain man. The host, who did not wish to be counted among polished men, supported one side of a plate so as to bring it to its level, by thrusting a piece of bread under it. The Rabbi took the piece of bread which was used as a prop and ate it; when the host, not taking this gentle hint in regard to the improper use that had been made of the bread, undertook to reprove him thus: "Rabbi, do you find no bread upon my table except this piece which is to prop up the plate?"

"I supposed," said Akiba, "that you possessed some delicate feelings, so that warm water would be sufficient for your tender skin, but now I see that even boiling water does not burn you?"

Bread, the precious gift of God, as the wise teach, should be used as such, and not be mis-used for common purposes.

XLVII.

A PIOUS MAN LOVES TO DO GOOD TO HIS BODY.

He that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.—Prov. xi: 17.

Once, as Rabbi Hillel accompanied his pupils some distance on the way when they were departing, and they asked him what he now intended to be engaged in, he answered: "In fulfilling one of the Lord's commands."

"What command?" asked his pupils.

"I will refresh myself by a bath."

"And this you call fulfilling a divine command?"

"Of course! Is it not regarded as a good work in any one to keep from grease and dust an image of an earthly King which is set up in a public place by frequently washing it? How much greater must be our reward when we are careful to promote cleanliness on our own bodies, since God, the King of kings, has been pleased to make known to us that he has created us in his own image."

XLVIII.

COURAGE OF THE PIOUS.

A pious Israelite stood in deep devotion and offered up his prayers. A Pascha came that way and greeted him; but he did not return the greeting until he had ended his prayers.

"Trifler! ignorant man!" ravingly exclaimed the Pascha, "are you not commanded in your law to save your own lives. What, if on account of your insulting want of respect toward me, I had severed your head from your shoulders! Who would have called me to an account for it?"

"Permit me, before you condemn me, to ask you one question. If you were about being presented to a great King, would you heed the greeting of a common man?"

"No!"

"But suppose you were to do it, what would the consequences be?"

"I would no doubt incur the ill-will of the King."

"Then, judge yourself!—In the presence of a King, who with all his greatness is still merely flesh and blood, to-day here, and to-morrow in the grave, you do not venture to return a greeting, how could you expect it of me, while I was standing in the presence of the Holiest and most Blessed, before the majesty of the King of kings, who is and shall be forever."

Then the pascha expressed his satisfaction with this remark, and the pious Israelite returned in peace to his home.

It is only those that have done nothing who fancy they can do everything; and it is only the blockheads who imagine they know everything.

THE FOUNDATION OF OUR HOPES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IF we lose our health or our fortune, we can sometimes have it restored again. If we lose friends, we can sometimes gain them back. If we miss the road in a journey, we can retrace our steps. If we make mistakes in early life, we can correct them by the better judgment of riper years. But to live and die deceived in our hopes of another life, is a deception fatal forever! Hence God calls upon us in the language of entreaty and warning, "be not deceived."

It is possible for us to make sure work. The way is so plain that a way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein, if he gives heed to his steps. We have many infallible standards by which to try our hopes. "We have precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little." If we are deceived it is because the God of this world has blinded us; and because we will not come to the light.

Men are wise and cautious in everything but religion. In everything else they guard carefully against deception and imposture. You cannot easily cheat a man in the purchase of a farm. He knows what kind of water, what kind of stone, what kind of timber, what kind of soil, are signs of good land. Offer a man a horse for sale and he will walk around him cautiously again and again. He knows all the signs and marks of a good horse. Give a man a bank note, he turns it, smooths over it with his fingers, holds it up to the light and looks through it; if not satisfied he runs for the Counterfeit Detector and looks whether any counterfeits of that stamp are afloat. We once knew a man who always carried a counterfeit detector in his hat to protect himself against deception in money. In specie the man of business is equally cautious. "It is not all gold that glitters," he cries; he sounds it, examines its color, weighs it, compares it with some standard detector. Ah! the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. With regard to earthly things wise, prudent, and cautious, but with regard to eternal things, careless, inconsiderate and absolutely mad!

All understand how to be wise and cautious in worldly things, and in this respect need no caution or instruction. Permit us then to utter warning against being deceived in regard to spiritual things. This is of infinitely greater moment, and consequently claims our higher and more solemn attention.

To become acquainted with our own hearts is a difficult matter. We cannot properly judge our own hearts, because we are naturally disposed in their favor. Every man will think as well of himself as he possibly can. It is evident, too, that every one if left to himself will think of himself more highly than he ought to think. Hence it is very

hard for us to know our hearts in their true character, for we will always think them to be better than they truly are. The wisest and best way to know them is to refer to experience and scripture. We know from experience that our hearts have often deceived us. By following its dictates we have brought upon us many hours of deep and bitter repentance and sorrow. They have led us into bogs of pollution, and shame, and sin, where our souls received stains which streams of burning tears cannot wash away, and for which groans of penitential sorrow cannot atone. Stains which demand the tears, agonies and death of a divine Redeemer to remove, or they must burn and smoke upon us, lit by the righteous indignation of heaven, forever ! If our hearts have so deceived us in the past they are sufficiently subtle for the work still, and will do it again in future, and may do it finally and forever. Let us become wise by experience, and be warned by the follies of the past to avoid the dangers of the future.

The scriptures bear the same testimony to the deceitfulness of our hearts. Solomon, who wrote his proverbs from experience, declares that "He that trusteth to his own heart is a fool." "There are many devices in a man's heart." That is, it tries many and various stratagems and devices to lead us according to its wicked purposes and desires. Again he says, "the heart of the sons of man is fully set in them to do evil." And again, "the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead." This may indeed be spoken of unregenerate hearts, it may be said, but not mine. But this is the question ; whether your heart is regenerate or not. In this you may be deceived. And that you are likely to be, cannot perhaps be more evident than from the fact that you refuse to apply to it the testimony of scripture and search it by its light, with an ardent and cautious jealousy. Your heart may deceive you even by making you believe that it is not deceitful. For to this Jeremiah adds his unerring testimony, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." And he then asks, "who can know it?" It is put in the form of a question to make it as strong as possible. As for instance when it is asked "who is God but the Lord?" the question is intended to show us that no one is. That He is certainly alone Lord. So when it is asked of the heart "who can know it?" it is intended to declare in the strongest possible terms, no one can. God endorses the truth in the same passage by declaring He alone can know the heart of man. "I, the Lord, search the heart, I try the reins."

With such a heart may we not be deceived ; and may it not be crying peace, peace, when God has not spoken peace, and thus secure at last our fatal and eternal overthrow. Hence St. Paul exhorts most appropriately, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."

To this deceitful traitor in the camp must be added one without. This increases our danger. The devil, our great Spiritual adversary, who is the arch-deceiver, is in league with our hearts, and aids in the fatal deception. We do not make sufficient account of this fact. The devil, though unseen, has not ceased from going to and fro in the earth

and from walking up and down in it. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood," merely—this would be a warfare sufficiently formidable in itself—"but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." He is repeatedly called "the prince of this world." Paul calls him the "prince of the power of the air, the Spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.

He is not only powerful, but subtle. In reference to his subtlety he is called "the old serpent." He is said to clothe himself as an angel of light, in order to approach unsuspectedly and betray. He is the father of lies, and remains still a lying spirit. He is not only thus powerful and subtle, but he is active. He "goeth about" in the earth like a fierce lion, seeking whom he may devour. He worketh in the children of disobedience. He is not without means to entice. He uses "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Thus he leads multitudes captive at his will into perdition, in the church and out of it. In that multitude are many members of the church who have said "*Lord, Lord,*" and even some from the holy ministry who have "prophesied in His name and in His name cast out devils, and in His name done many wonderful works." Multitudes are thus deceived—"For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

To this must be added the spirit of the world in the midst of which we stand on trial. If our first parents were betrayed and deceived in Paradise, how much more easily may we be in a world like this. The very atmosphere of Paradise was holy—there God visited them, and no doubt angels too, in the cool of the day. There was the beauty of innocent holiness to delight them. There were holy dispositions within them to draw them to God. God had done everything to make them happy. The garden was planted with every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food. And all around them in their abode of innocence and peace,

Joy like morning dew distilled,
And all the air was Love.

If in the midst of such circumstances the tempter could succeed in deceiving our first parents, in what greater danger do we stand in the very element of sin. The spirit of the world in the midst of which we live and move is opposed to God and holiness. Besides, every stream that allures us to follow, and on which it is natural for us to float, leads into the great gulf of death. Things which are seen are brought to outweigh things which are not seen. Present enjoyments are argued against those which faith proposes only in the future. All things continue, says Satan, as they were when your fathers fell asleep. Where is the promise of his coming? Live while you live, and let the future be sufficient for its own evils. Thus the soul is soothed into carnal quiet, and floats deceived into the jaws of death.

To oppose this spirit of the world, to stand out in bold and holy relief to it, and bear a decided testimony against it, is something that few find the fortitude to perform. The Devil suggests to them that if they are Christians they ought not to be singular and separate from the

world, but that they ought to accommodate themselves innocently and pleasantly to worldly persons in order to win them. This is done; but instead of winning the world for Christ, they are won to the world. Unconsciously adopting its maxims and policies, and imbibing its spirit, they are led away deceived, of the fact of which, perhaps, their death-beds or the day of judgment will convince them.

The experience of many bears testimony to the fact that there is great danger of being deceived. There have been many who have lived for years under the impression that they were Christians, and yet are afterwards convinced that they were not.

We have all known persons who believed themselves to be Christians, who notwithstanding had their foundation shaken so as to feel entirely unsafe while they rested on it. This is sometimes the case during the special solemnities in the church. They tremble when they think how secure they had lived in a religion without faith or fruits; without joy or zeal; without penitence or prayer; without gratitude or peace. How often have such confessions been made.

Sick and death-beds have likewise often revealed false hopes, and convinced persons that they were deceived. There is a religion which will answer to live by, but will not do to die by. There have been many who considered themselves Christians in health, and were considered such by others, who were not willing to die with their hopes. They found death to be a trier of the spirits and hopes of man. Are there not many who when only sickness overtakes them, become disturbed, and pray as they never prayed before; which shows that their religion has not overcome the world and the fear of death. If such has been the case, it may and still will be; and if it has been the experience of others, it may be our own. On such insecurity no one that is truly wise will risk his eternal interests.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,
Sits on His glorious throne.

O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull or darksome night;
For every soul shines as the sun,
And God Himself gives light.

Jerusalem! God's dwelling place!
I love, and long to see,
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee.

Jehovah, Lord! now come, I pray,
And end my grief and plaints;
Take me to Thy Jerusalem—
Place me among thy saints.

THE AGE OF PERSONAL RELIGIOUS RESPONSIBILITY?
AT WHAT AGE SHOULD CHILDREN ENTER INTO FULL COMMUNION WITH
THE CHURCH?

BY THE EDITOR.

WE are to learn lessons not only from our Saviour's words, but also from the acts of His life. What He did, as well as what He said, is recorded for our instruction, and should be devoutly studied.

What is mentioned as transpiring when He was twelve years of age must be regarded as only the more significant and instructive when we remember that this is the only mention made of Him between the time of His return from Egypt—when He was probably about five years of age—and His entering upon the public duties of His mission, in the thirtieth year of His age.

During His infancy "His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover;" but it is not said that they took the "holy child Jesus" with them. But "when He was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast;" and on this occasion took Him with them.

This visit of the youthful Jesus to the Holy City, the Temple, and the feast, has its reason in an established religious custom in the Jewish religion. At twelve years of age Jewish children were allowed to take part in the celebration of the sacred feasts. At that age the child entered upon a new degree! They were then called "Sons of the law," because they were, from that time forward, bound to observe all the requirements of the law, and allowed to study the Mishna and Talmud. Before that time they were wholly in the family, under the care and instruction of their parents, and taught the simplest lessons of piety and obedience. But now, without being freed from the restraints of parental authority or the duty of hearing and heeding parental instruction, they nevertheless emerged from the family into the wider and more advanced circle of the synagogue and temple service. Besides the instruction and nurture of the family, they were now also entitled to the instruction and care of the Rabbies and priests, or public teachers of the Jewish church, and could participate in the public festivals and solemn ceremonies of the temple. This accounts for the fact that our Saviour was found "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." He was not out of His place; but just where His age, and the new degree of "Son of the Law," to which His age now entitled Him, made it proper for Him to be.

The end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth year was for Jewish children an important turning point. A solemn transition in their life took place at that time. The solemn responsibilities involved in their being, at that time, in a great measure, passed from their

parents upon themselves; and the duties of the family were, in a great measure, assumed by the synagogue and church.

It was the period when, for them, personal responsibility and personal accountability began in solemn earnest. By necessity they must now be gently pushed out beyond the family into the wider and more open and public spheres of life, to enter upon their own personal mission, to work out for themselves and for God, the solemn problems of personal responsibilities to themselves, to others, to the Church, and to God.

That this kind of personal accountability connected itself with that age appears in various Jewish customs. In regard to the reception of proselytes, or converts from paganism, the rule among the Jews was that: "Boys under twelve years of age, and girls under thirteen, could not become proselytes, till they had obtained the consent of their parents," and in case of a refusal on the part of their parents the consent of the officers had to be obtained. (Calmet, Art. Proselytes.) This shows that previous to their twelfth year their accountability was still recognized as vested in their parents; but after that period it rested in themselves.

If a proselyte had any one in his family and under his control as servants, he could require them to be circumcised or baptised before they were thirteen years old, on his own responsibility, not asking their consent; but those who had attained that age he could not compel; but if they were obstinate, and would not embrace the Jewish religion with him, he could put them away from his family and thus relieve himself of all responsibility in regard to them.

Each of them by means of circumcision (boys) or baptism (girls) "received, as it were, a new birth; so that those who were their parents before, were no longer regarded as such after this ceremony; and those who before were slaves, now became free." Thus they passed from the relations of the family into the relations of the church—born a second time—born from the family into the church—born not by the act of the parent, but by the act of the church—born by an ordinance or sacrament of the church into its own holy family and fellowship.

It appears that the transition spoken of was located—no doubt according to circumstances—at any time during the thirteenth year. As instruction suited to the case was associated with it, the full transition included, perhaps in most of cases, the whole year. "At the beginning of the fourteenth year, they were capable of choosing their own tutors, and of acting legally, in the disposal of property." As this was an important season it was usually attended with the following formalities: "The father called in ten men of respectability, told them the age and proficiency of his son, and his anxious desire to be henceforth freed from all responsibility. He then, in their presence, and that of his son, offered up a prayer to God, expressive of his thanks that he was freed from the burden of his son's education, and his earnest desire that his son might reach a good old age, full of faith and good works." (Brown's *Antiq.* vol. II, p. 167.)

All this shows what a solemn period this was in the life of a Jewish child; and how the responsibility and accountability of the parent, at this age, was rested upon the child's own mind and heart. How it emerged from the family bosom, turning its face toward the Jewish na-

tion and church, in both which it now began to act a personally responsible part.

At this age Jesus went the first time to Jerusalem, was lost in the holy city from his parents, and found among the doctors, receiving lessons of life from their lips! How significant is all this! How beautifully does it indicate the fulfilment in Himself of what has been shown to have been religious custom and ordinance in the bosom of Judaism. The family lost Him, the temple found Him. He drops away, for a while, from the circle and care of His parents, and is found among the venerable and learned public and official representatives of the Jewish religion and church.

There were several things which worked together to awaken, in a marked degree, the sense of personal accountability in Jewish youth at this age of transition in their life.

They were in childhood instructed in the fact that this was a turning-point in their life. Their constant treatment reminded them of it. Thus, the children, of both sexes, were required, up to the age of thirteen, to have their heads covered—a token of subjection. From that age forward, boys could uncover their heads, but were required to keep their feet covered—while the girls had still to have their heads covered. (Brown's *Antiq.* vol. II, p. 166.) Thus their covered heads were to them a constant daily token of the fact that they were under family care and restraints, and indirectly reminded them also of the time when this badge of entire subjection to other wills should be exchanged. When we remember how naturally the youthful mind looks forward to its self-responsible age, and, being unacquainted as yet with its dangers and cares, how eagerly it desires its approach, we may be assured that Jewish children had this period of coming life distinctly fixed in their minds, as a time of interesting transition.

Then, too, it was the time when they should be allowed to take part in the public festivals of the religion of their fathers. There was about the temple services and the great festive assemblies of the Jews, a holy charm—a half-poetic character, highly attractive to the glowing imaginations, and buoyant spirits of youth. To be permitted for the first time to join the festal caravans that poured forth from the valleys of the holy land—to go with the tribes to the holy city—to see for the first time that goodly city and its glorious temple—to mingle for the first time in the jubilations of the great occasion of Israel's highest joy—this, we may well suppose, was the golden dream of Jewish children through all the slowly moving days and years of impatient childhood. And all this awaited them at the end of the twelfth year!

Then there was something in the privileges to which the occasion and the time opened up to them, well calculated to awaken in them the sense of personal accountability. With proper instruction and training preceding, they were now old and mature enough to understand so much, at least, of their relations and duties to God and man, as would beget in them a strong sense of personal accountability. This would be vastly, and in a great measure suddenly, increased by their being brought into immediate and personal contact with the public worship of their religion, and their personal participation in its exercises and privileges. Seeing with their own eyes, hearing with their own ears, feeling

with their own hearts, and comprehending with their own minds, more clearly and fully the nature and impressiveness of those solemn acts of worship, in regard to which they previously had only incipient instructions from the lips of their parents, would awaken their religious consciousness with great facility and power. What had before grown in silence and slowly towards this end, would now at once break out into its bloom and beauty, like a flower in its season.

Have we not an illustration of this in the case of our Saviour himself as connected with His first visit to the Holy City when He was twelve years of age? During His stay in Jerusalem, and in His conversation with the doctors, He had evidently made a discovery in regard to Himself which he had not learned from His parents. When His parents had returned seeking Him, they gently called Him to account in regard to His tarrying behind. His answer was, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." "My Father"—He had obtained a strong consciousness of His relation to His heavenly Father. "That I must be about my Father's *business*"—here is revealed a strong sense of His personal mission. Personal responsibility and personal accountability dawned on Him as never before. His whole answer to His parents reveals in Him a sense of transition from the earlier narrower limitations of the family into the open mission of life. His sense of responsibility had now outgrown its exclusive relation to His earthly parents, and sought to know and to meet its accountability to the heavenly Father, and the mission lying before it. That this was an original, or new discovery of accountability, which He had not known under the tutorage of His parents, but now first acquired in the temple, is evident from the fact that it is said of His parents in reference to His reply: "They understood not the saying which He spake unto them." Though He returned with His parents to their home in Nazareth "and was subject unto them" as before, yet His life had made a transition, and the sense of His mission had been lodged in His mind and wrought there as never before. When He is twelve years old He recognizes (Olshauser's Com. vol. II, 252) God as His Father, and feels the urgent impulse of personal accountability, and is anxious to be about His Father's business..

Now, shall not these remarkable facts as elicited from Judaism be instructive to us? Shall not this habit of the ancient typical religion in marking the period of personal responsibility and public concern and interest in religion, be of significance to christianity; especially as it is thus recognized and confirmed by a remarkable fact in the youthful life of our Saviour! Shall it not indicate to us that that is a period in the life of our children full of momentous and solemn interest to them—a period when the previous training and nurture of the family should be met and assumed by the church, to be sealed, carried forward, and completed in her wider, warmer bosom, and by her greater and better grace? Shall it not indicate that as the period when the earthly mother shall hand over the child to the spiritual mother, the church, which is the true Jerusalem from above, and the true mother of us all. Is not this the time when the earthly father shall formally give over his child to the heavenly Father—when the earthly family shall surrender its members that they may become members of the family in Christ Jesus. Is not

this the time when the child shall be taken to the temple—when it shall be lost, as it were, to its parents, but be found sitting among the pastors or teachers of the church, hearing them and asking them questions—being catechised. Is not this the time when children should discover, from such instructions, for themselves, their personal conscious relation to their heavenly Father, and feel that, as personally accountable beings, they must be about their heavenly Father's business.

So it has evidently been regarded. Hence at an early period of the church children that had been baptized became catechumens at an early age. Bingham says in general terms: "As for the children of believing parents, it is certain, that as they were baptized in infancy, so they were admitted catechumens as soon as they were capable of learning." (vol. I, p. 431.) Calvin says, also in general terms, that "it was an ancient custom in the church for the children of christians" to receive confirmation "after they were come to *the years of discretion*." Afterwards he defines the time more nearly by saying it was "at the *close of childhood, or the commencement of adolescence*." (Mer. Review, Ap. 1860, p. 279.)

All these notices as to the time of their confirmation point plainly to the same age when among the Jews they became "Sons of the Law"—twelve to thirteen.

This same custom as to the time when children became catechumens, and the time of their confirmation, and full union with the church, was pursued by the reformation churches from the beginning. "The earliest age at which confirmation was administered in the Evangelical church was from the beginning, from twelve to fourteen years." (Herzog Ency. vol. III, p. 114.) This has been and is still, as is well known, regarded as the proper age for confirmation in the Reformed Churches of Germany. It was also universally practiced at an earlier period in the Reformed, as well as Lutheran Churches of our own land. In later years, under the false idea that a more excellent way had been discovered, parents and children have been encouraged to defer this solemnity to a later age.

It is but a solemn testimony in favor of the true and ancient practice of the church when the rubric at the beginning of the confirmation service in the Reformed church, says: "The baptized children of the church should become catechumens as soon as they are old enough to commit to memory the answers in the catechism, and be benefited by the Pastor's instructions. In no case ought their attendance to be delayed beyond their fourteenth year."

May we not see, from what has been said, how, in the practices of christianity, what seems, to superficial reflection, as a mere custom, having its origin in mere accident, caprice, or arbitrary decision, has in fact a far deeper ground, and a far better reason for its existence. This should teach us to interfere with old customs with modest caution, lest what is sacred and valuable be foolishly set aside. Old customs are not necessarily foolish; what our fathers revered and practiced is not just for that reason useless, and only worthy of being cast out and trodden under foot of men.

There is an old family mansion. The life of the present aged occupant itself reaches far back into the last century; and his father and

grandfather before him occupied the same old homestead. The old man dies. Now the sacred depositories of the old mansion are thrown open to the young descendants of the family.

The burial decently over, we will suppose them taking a survey of things, and hear their opinion as to the value or sacredness of the articles they find, inside and outside of the mansion.

The first proposal perhaps is to remove the antique slab in the gable wall that dates from the erection of the paternal mansion—for, are not its inscriptions antiquated? The old knocker must be removed to give place to a new one; for they scarcely know or care that the device on it is grandfather's coat of arms. The ancient and solemn clock in the corner, into whose face generations have gazed, while years and lives passed away, may be sold for a trifle, which will help to buy a small one for the mantle. At length they come to the examination of the drawers of the old Secretary. There, among other things, they find an old sword which is of no account, though an ancestor carried it in the War for Freedom—it is cast away among the old iron! Here are old parchments—what use are they?—though they are the commissions of ancestral military offices. They go among the worthless paper! So the work of vandalism goes on, till the old mansion is cleared of everything once sacred in the eyes of ancestors, and long preserved by careful hands.

This is a parable which has its fulfilment, in too many instances, in the sphere of religion. Old christian customs are swept away with ready hands, without any sense of the true ground on which they rest, or the precious legacy of good which they bear, and would fain transmit into the ungrateful hands which know neither to receive nor use them. A better day will return to the church, when this spirit of miserable radicalism shall be exorcised, and the spirit of the young shall be imbued with a deeper reverence for old customs and sacred things.

THE OLIVET OF PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM HEYSER, ESQ.

SURROUNDED as we all are by trials, oftentimes sharp and strong, 'tis truly grateful to the oppressed, whose mental powers, it may be, have been taxed to their utmost tension, to withdraw from the world, to breathe a pure air, and spend an uninterrupted hour in calm and peaceful contemplation.

There are spots on earth, free from intrusion, eminently suited for such seasons as this, when wearied nature seeks a higher and holier sphere, to dwell on richer scenes and purer joys than earth with all it contains can yield.

"Mount Olivet" was such a spot, rich in its verdure—grateful for its shade—it was the chosen retreat of the blessed Son of God. The stillness of the evening hour, rendered even more still this sacred spot from His presence and the advancing shades of night as they gathered around its holy base. The falling dews, and the fragrance exhaled from blooming flowers, conspired to render it a sacred spot to Him.

It was there the deepest pulsations of His soul were stirred as He looked forward and contemplated the future history of man! There the pure and fervent breathings of his heart flowed forth in warm and holy aspirations to heaven! There could almost be heard amid the stillness of this sacred spot, the inward workings of His soul, as He prayed for man's redemption!

The place, its solitude and the sublimity of the subject which engrossed His heavenly mind, was well calculated to call forth the loftiest aspirations of His soul! No higher example of christian duty do we need.

There are spots which should be an "Olivet" to God's professing children, from which by faith to contemplate their future inheritance; and where in the calm and quiet of the hour, the inward longings of the soul should go forth laden with the perfume of acceptable prayer, not only in behalf of those we love, but for the perishing around us.

There is nothing better calculated to subdue the inward corruption of our nature, and secure an humble trust in God, than to retire daily to our "Olivet;" there, under the refreshing dews of God's grace, to pour forth the deepest, and the most fervent desires of our souls. What more refreshing to the thirsty soul, than thus to hold sweet communion with the Lord, free from the gaze of the world?

Night may indeed have gathered around us its sable mantle, still we may enjoy that inward light, which is but the reflection of that brighter light—a beam from heaven—which cannot fail to leave its impress upon the countenance, as we descend from the Mount. None but God's children can understand the communication of that inward spiritual power which Christ imparts to the believer when he enters upon his "Olivet," to meditate and enjoy its silent and mysterious influence. It is there we can drink from the fountains of grace so necessary to our spiritual strength, in order to contend with the powers of darkness around us.

An "Olivet" is necessary to every child of God. He cannot live without it. It may be on the mountain top or in the quiet vale; it may be in our chamber or on the attic; it may be in some other spot retired from the gaze of man. Verily, it is good to be alone with God.

Peter found his on the house top; John found his on the barren isle of Patmos; Daniel, his in his chamber; Elijah, his on Carmel; Paul, his in the cabin of the storm-tossed ship; Moses had his on Nebo, where he enjoyed a sight of two Canaans. Even so may God's children have a clear view of the Canaan above.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

'Tis said the dying never weep;
 It is because the chill of death
 Insensate makes them to this earth,
 With every parting breath?
 It can not be—they call for friends;
 Ask by a father to be prest,
 And long to lay the drooping brow
 Upon a mother's breast.

Why do the dying never weep?
 Oh! they have reached their point of time
 That is for aught like earthy tears
 Too wondrous, too sublime;
 Their spirit-eyes new beings mark;
 And on their ears the future's sea
 Already, through the shadows, waft
 The voices of eternity!

O say, why should the dying weep?
 Weep with such angel-throngs around!
 Weep when their brows shall be so soon
 With the Immortal crowned!
 It is the living that should weep—
 The living yet to wear their chains—
 But not the dying with that call
 To God's eternal plains!

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

“GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST.”

WHAT THEY SAY OF OUR GUARDIAN.

It would be an easy matter to gather a little chapter of nice things which our cotemporaries say of our Magazine. It will not be out of place to give the following from a late notice of *THE MISSIONARY*, published in Pittsburg, by Rev. W. A. Passavant: “There is more thought, music and life in this modest monthly, published in a quiet inland Pennsylvania town, than in nine-tenths of the puffed and widely-advertised magazines of the Eastern cities.”

“DAS ALT SCHUL-HAUS.”

This poem, published in the September No. of the *Guardian*, has produced quite a fine sensation. It has been copied into a number of papers; and we have received numerous applications for copies of it. We cannot, of course, break the files of the *Guardian* to accommodate such occasional demands.

Those are safest who are regular subscribers to the *Guardian*; for in that case they are supplied when anything good is published in it—which is sometimes the case! “An intelligent and venerable layman in the West, says *THE MISSIONARY* of Pittsburg, thus alludes to this remarkable poem, published in a late number:

“The poem contained in number 292 of *The Missionary*, ‘Das Alt Schul-haus an der Krick,’ has created quite a sensation here. My wife asked me, ‘have you read that piece?’ ‘No, not yet.’ ‘Oh!’ says she, ‘you will be highly amused. I have laughed over it very much, for the expressions are just such as I make. The paper was sent for by several persons. I know of one who has taken a copy of it, and probably others have done the same. On me it had a double effect. It amused me on account of its quaint expressions, but at the same time affected me almost to

tears. The oftener I read it, the more it appears to me to equal some of Burns' poems, in its deep pathos and admirable naturalness. Some of the expressions, however, I could wish to see more in accordance with the dialect, and I think the printer, in copying it, must have made some mistakes. If it did not take up too much of your time, I might feel inclined to point out some dozen words which ought to be changed in order to make it fully 'Pennsylvania German.' I venture upon this criticism, because I consider myself a tolerable scholar (?) in the peculiarities of that dialect, having resided several years among people

who scarcely ever expressed themselves in any other."

WHAT A WORLD OF LIFE!

What a city that immense London is! Mr. Gough, in his Lectures on London life, states that the population is increasing at the rate of one thousand per week, or in the average of six for every hour in the twenty-four. The city is sixty miles in circumference, and has five thousand miles of paved streets. Land in the vicinity of Cornhill and the Exchange has been sold for five millions of dollars per acre.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCHUL-GEWÖRNE FÜR JEDEN TAG IN DER WOCHEN: Prayers for Schools; for every day in the week. Also a collection of prayers for children. By Rev. S. K. Brobst, Allentown, Pa., 1861. 32 pp.

This is a timely publication; and just the book to place in families where the German language prevails. The prayers for use in schools are well adapted for that purpose, and it is hoped that they may be extensively used. The author correctly says in his preface: "Our churches are not merely teaching places but houses of prayer as well; and this our school houses ought also to be. Our youth ought to be under the influence of christianity not only on Sunday, but also on week-days, and hence by the side of our Sunday-schools we need also christian weekday-schools. It is an encouraging sign of the times that many persons in the German counties of Pennsylvania have expressed the wish that the children, according to the good old custom, might be taught to sing and pray in the public schools." The author desires that this little work may contribute to this end. May it be as successful as, on account of its value, it deserves to be.

THE LUTHERAN ALMANAC FOR 1862.
(German.)

This is another of Rev. Brobst's pub-

lications. It contains much information of interest to the members of the denomination for whose use it is more immediately intended. We are especially pleased to see in it many good old customs revived and recommended; not merely because they are old, but because they are sacred and good, and should never have been set aside. Lutheran families who buy this almanac, will find that they have bought much useful matter with it for a few cents.

CHILD'S CATECHISM: By Dr. P. Schaff.
(German.) Chambersburg, Penn'a.
1861.

After we had read this little book it mysteriously disappeared, so that we cannot refer to it in our notice. We were, however, much pleased with it. It is simple in its arrangement of matter, as well as in its language; and it goes over the whole ground generally covered by such works. Each answer is sustained by suitable scripture passages. The author has also introduced brief but very suggestive notes, well adapted to aid the teacher. The whole is divided into fifty-two sections, so as to furnish a lesson for every Sunday in the year. It is an admirable book for the family, and, especially for Sunday-schools where the German language is used.

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THE GUARDIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known by its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D. whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately allure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance and cultivate the home-feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto: "Life—Light—Love."

The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

The Guardian contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the church, who will procure subscribers for The Guardian. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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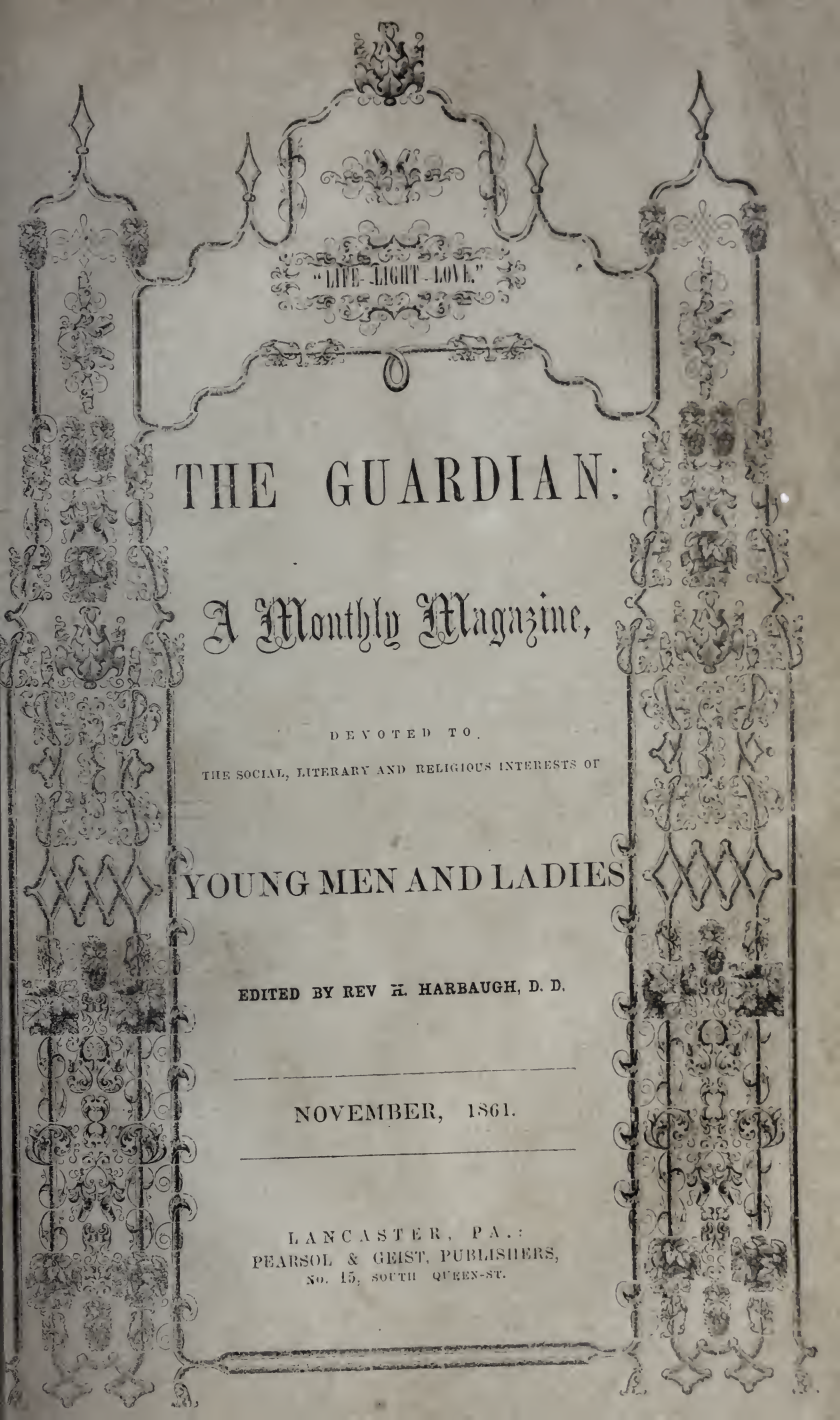
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THE GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO,

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

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CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. THE AGE OF PERSONAL RELIGIOUS RESPONSIBILITY..... | 321 |
| 2. HAEMWEB. (Poetry.)..... | 326 |
| 3. DR. DODRIDGE'S DREAM..... | 329 |
| 4. THE SEA..... | 331 |
| 5. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 333 |
| 6. ECONOMY. BY THE EDITOR..... | 335 |
| 7. SELF-DECEPTION IN RELIGION. BY THE EDITOR..... | 33 |
| 8. NOVEMBER (Poetry.)..... | 341 |
| 9. THE SILENT MINISTRY OF THE HUMBLE..... | 342 |
| 10. PLURALITY OF WORLDS. (Poetry.)..... | 343 |
| 11. THE INNUMERABLE COMPANY OF ANGELS..... | 344 |
| 12. EARLY INFLUENCES..... | 349 |
| 13. BENEFIT OF FARM LIFE..... | 350 |
| 14. EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS..... | 351 |
| 15. NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS..... | 352 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| | | | | |
|------------------------|-----|--|------------------------|---|
| VOL. XI. | | | Wm. Wagner..... | 1 |
| Geo. Hoffer..... | \$1 | | Rev. J. V. Eckert..... | 1 |
| VOL. XII. | | | Mrs. Leah Brahm..... | 1 |
| Geo. Hoffer..... | 1 | | W. J. Kasroth..... | 1 |
| Rev. D. H. Reiter..... | 1 | | VOL. XII. | |
| Elizabeth Hersh..... | 1 | | Geo. Hoffer..... | 1 |
| Amanda Christman..... | 1 | | Amanda Christman..... | 1 |

The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—NOVEMBER, 1861.—No. 10.

THE AGE OF PERSONAL RELIGIOUS RESPONSIBILITY?

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

IN a previous article we have shown, that sacred Jewish customs, illustrated by a significant fact in our Saviour's youthful life, and confirmed by the practice of the christian church through venerable ages, agree and combine in indicating the age of twelve to thirteen years, as the age of full personal accountability in regard to a profession of religion, when each one for himself ought to assume the vows previously made, and the responsibilities previously borne by parents. If what evidence has been drawn from these considerations should still seem to any one to fall short of an authoritative and positive teaching, the view which is at least strongly implied in the facts presented, may be confirmed by yet other considerations.

It may be shown that the wisdom of the practice is established and confirmed by the peculiar needs of the young before and connected with that age, as well as, on the one hand the good effects which attend the practice, and on the other hand the evil consequences which follow when it is neglected or set aside.

It is plain that children before the age of twelve are capable of receiving, and of being benefited by religious instruction. It is also plain that, however, necessary and valuable that instruction is which they receive in the family, it is not always—perhaps not often even—all they need. It is not to be denied that in some cases even the disposition to give it is not wanting. In other cases the capacity to give it, as it ought to be done, is not at hand; and in still other cases, owing to necessary temporal cares, the necessary time is not found to be at command.

This deficiency, it is true, is met to some extent by the institution of day Schools. But even in these useful nurseries the teacher is not always better qualified for the solemn work than the parent himself; and even when nothing is wanting in the qualifications of teachers, the course of instruction in a promiscuous school cannot always be made sufficiently systematic, careful, and complete, to meet all the requirements of the case.

However useful a well regulated and well conducted Sunday School may be, it must be evident to a reflecting mind, taking an intelligent view of all the high and solemn interests involved, that the church cannot discharge all her duties toward her baptised children through its sole instrumentality. In the earlier days of the church, when the day-school was connected with the congregation, and the teacher was in the habit of daily catechising, and of imparting daily religious instruction, this was not regarded as sufficient to meet the wants of the case. Catechising, both by Elders and Pastors, was superadded.

The pastor ought to have some opportunity to instruct in a regular way the baptised children of his flock. If he has not, how shall he fulfil the injunction given to pastors alone, and repeated with double solemnity: "Feed my lambs." How better can this be done than, after the mind and manner of the church of all ages, to admit them early to the catechumenate; and there to train their young minds and hearts with a direct reference to their confirmation at the close of the period of their childhood, which, as Calvin says, was the custom of the church from early times, and which custom the Reformation churches followed.

The fresh activity of the memory which belongs to the last years of childhood, points out that as the period specially adapted to the catechumenate. With the transition to early youth the capacity for memorizing decreases. There are two reasons for this: First, by a law of the mental nature memory becomes less ready, vigorous, and tenacious as the judgment ripens; no doubt, because the mind, becoming more self-reliant with the maturing of the judgment, leans and depends more on its own thinking and consequently less on what it can remember from other sources. A second reason is to be sought in the fact that the opening of youth opens up also at the same time numerous avenues through which diverting influences gain access to the mind, filling it with cross-currents, and thus enfeebling its powers of concentration. Whatever may be the cause or causes, the fact is well known, and confirmed to every one by his own personal experience. Previous to the time indicated the memory acts with great singleness, and shows a wonderful power of acquiring and retaining. This is the accepted seed-time of grace, when the soil of hearts is mellow, and opens with beautiful spontaneity to receive the seed of the word that is sown upon it.

Not only is the memory at this age thus susceptible to the good seed, but in the absence of its sowing, just as open to the seed of destructive tares. If not otherwise directed and employed, with what astonishing readiness and avidity does the memory of childhood take in and retain all kind of low and useless formularies. Where the Commandments ought to be stored in the memory, lie all kinds of enigmas, puns, and puzzles. Where the Creeds ought to lie housed in the mind, you will find stories of giant-killers and all that tribe of emptiness. Where you

ought to find lodged the Angelic Hymn, the *Te Deum*, or other classic Hymns, you will find a perfect storehouse of doggerel songs and sentimental poetry. We may sleep, while the minds of our children lie as an open field of susceptible soil, but the enemy will not fail to sow his tares. Nor once sown, can they be rooted out. Though some good seed may be sown later, both will grow together till the great harvest; and ever will the tares, first sown, assert their unholy advantage to the abiding injury of the good seed, which contends in painful conflict on the same soil.

We know full well that in later times, a tendency exists, under the influence of a supposed new and better wisdom to set aside and depreciate the old custom of committing religious formularies to memory. Memory has been regarded as the lower, and judgment as the higher faculty,—against which we have no objection to make. But this being so, it is also true that memory is the faculty that is first active; and even though partly superseded by the developed judgment, is still important—yea, indispensable—that the memory should furnish the material on which the later judgment is to act, and which it is to use in its own proper work.

It has been contended especially that children should not commit to memory what they have not first clearly understood. But this is just as false as to say that we ought not to eat what we have not first digested. We eat that we may digest, and so we store the memory that the ripper judgment may have whereon to nourish and strengthen itself—and especially *that* faith in the life of which alone judgment can come to right and true decisions.

It must be borne in mind also that the facts and objects of religious faith are necessarily, in their very nature, mysteries to be received, not first by knowledge, but by faith. They are first to be believed, and then to be learned and understood, more and more; whilst the highest powers of judgment, and the last attainments of the understanding can never fully exhaust them. Christianity has its mysteries. It is “like a tree whose roots and crown reach into the unfathomable depths and heights of eternity.”

It is these very mysteries lodged in the memory and held and cherished in connection with the sacred associations of religious worship, which are the seeds of life, having power to gather up and hold in pious vigor the deepest and loveliest religious instincts of the soul, and to cultivate a spirit of reverence and devotion. These remembered truths, with the influence they exert on mind and heart, become thus the strongest safeguards against unbelief, apostacy, and sin. Blessed is he who has his quiver well stored with these arrows of defence against evil and danger.

“A kind God,” says one, “has herein shown His wisdom and love, that he has made the memory a granary in which seed grains for the future are laid up and preserved.” They are there to grow whenever the proper conditions and surroundings shall be brought to bear on them. The ignorant man may regard these seeds as a dead and useless deposit, but the wise know that at the right time they will certainly put forth and unfold the powers of life which are in them. Let any passage be lodged in the memory; as, for instance, “call upon me in the day of trouble,” and it may lay dormant for years; but the actual coming of

trouble on the soul will immediately call it up, and apply it to its legitimate purposes of consolation.

Though seed be buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope ;
The precious seed can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

“During the seven plenteous years, Joseph gathered and laid up for the seven years of famine to come ; when the evil time has once come, and want presses, it is too late to gather.”

Not only in the one particular of the memory, but in general, the period to which we refer finds the entire being in its most plastic, pliable, and impressible state. Earlier in childhood there is not sufficient earnestness of life to take abiding impressions ; hence so little of early childhood ; and later, diverting influences also set in too strongly. It would be an oversight, which would do much to call in question the divine source of christianity, did it not make provision to take earnest advantage of this interesting and promising period in the life of childhood.

Moreover, this impressible state of the mind and heart is the more hopeful, since it is precisely at that period when the Holy Spirit puts forth His silent, but most decisive and effective activities in the hearts of baptised children.

The Holy Spirit sustains a different subjective relation to the baptised from what He does to the unbaptised child. If not, what is the use of Baptism ? But as Paul could say to the unbelieving spirit that asked, “what profit is there in circumcision ?” “Much every way,” so, much more, can we answer in regard to the still greater grace of Baptism.

The holy scriptures warrant the belief, and every watchful parent and pastor knows it to be true, that there is in those who have been baptised, stronger and more wakeful religious instincts—a better redeemability—a nature or basis more susceptible to the call and approach of grace—stronger, more regular, and more decisive spiritual motions, than is found in the unbaptised. There is in them that to which St. John refers, when he says, “His seed remaineth in them”—the seed which will respond to the presence of the conditions of grace, as naturally and surely as latent seed, unseen and silent in the bosom of the soil, will answer, by motions of life and signs of growth, to the warm spring sun beaming on it, and the genial breath of the south playing over it.

We have frequently found in the case of the unbaptised, even when they have been exercised by strong inclinations towards religion, a strange, almost hopeless and fatal inability to accept the vocation and offers of grace—a feebleness in laying hold by faith on the warrants of the gospel—a, to them, enigmatical indecision and powerlessness of will to commit and surrender themselves to a full and final obedience to the faith and call of the gospel, even though their own judgment and intelligent convictions strongly urged them in that direction. That which they sought and would fain have laid hold of and embraced, floated before them, near them, around them, like an unsubstantial, intangible spectre—inviting, but at the same time ever mocking and eluding their embrace, like the shadows that come and go in dreams,

but which there is no power to appropriate and possess. A mysterious semi-transparent veil seems to reveal, but at the same time also to conceal the objects of faith, behind which they observe as obscure mist-images what, like St. John, they would fain hear, and see, and with open face look upon, and with their hands handle of the word of life. And still, and ever, after their best and most sincere endeavors, "remaineth the same vail untaken away;" and not until, "they shall turn to the Lord" by obedience to the covenant of holy Baptism, "shall the vail be taken away."

The absence of such disposition and susceptibility to grace in the heart of the unbaptised, and its presence in those who have received the grace of that ordinance, will not seem to us a strange and unaccountable thing when we call to mind what we are plainly taught in Holy Scriptures, namely, that the promise connected with baptism insures to its subjects the communication of the Holy Ghost. It is distinctly said in regard to the gift of the Holy Ghost: "Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him;" while to the covenanted it is said of Him, "but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." (St. John, xiv: 16, 17.) And again it is as distinctly said to those who submit to baptism: "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost"—and it is added that this promise is to us and to our children. (Acts ii: 38, 39.)

Shall we not then believe that the Holy Ghost is peculiarly active in the hearts of baptised children. Shall we not regard that child-piety, which so often and so beautifully manifests itself in the hearts, words, and lives of children in pious families, as the work of the Holy Spirit of all grace? His work at that period of the life of childhood is only the more effectual as He has less resistance to contend with; since there is not yet at hand in great degrees the stern and stubborn bias of fixed habits, nor the formidable development of opposing passions. On the contrary there is a trusting, confiding disposition, which is readily sanctified, advanced, and elevated into a gracious faith; and there are innocent longings after ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which are readily sanctified by the spirit's power, and made to centre and fasten on Christ, the one fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely.

In the cultivation of this earliest, sweetest childhood-piety, the Holy Spirit needs, as in all other circumstances, the aid of the Word. Through this instrumentality He works. He enlightens and sanctifies through the truth. Hence, how necessary it is that just at this period the church should do its work of instruction; and thus prepare the way of the Spirit, till in the solemn rite of confirmation and public profession, it shall, in God's stead, claim them publicly for His service, bless them in His name, confirm them in His holy covenant, and impart to them, by the laying on of hands, in larger measure the Holy Ghost, by whose help alone they are able to fulfil their vows, by leading holy and unblamable lives, to their own full and final salvation, and the glory of His victorious grace.

H A E M W E H .

I.

Ich wees net was die Ursach is'—
 Wees net warum Ich's thu':
 En jedes Yohr mach Ich der Weg
 Der alte Haemath zu.
 Hab weiters nix zu suche' dort—
 Ke Erbschaft un ke Geld;
 Un' doch treibt mich das Haem-gefuehl
 So stark wei alle Welt;
 Nord start Ich ewa ab, un geh'
 Wie Owa schon gemelt.

II.

Wie naecher das Ich komm zum Ziel,
 Wie sterker will Ich geh',
 For Eppes in mein Hertz werd letz
 Un' thut mir kreislich weh.
 Der letschte Hivel spring Ich nuf,
 Un' ep Ich drowa bin
 Streck Ich mich uf so hoch Ich kan
 Un' guk mit lushta hin
 Ich seh's alt Stehaus durch die Baeme,
 Un' wot Ich wer schon drin.

III.

Guk wie der Kuecha Schansthe schmok'd—
 Wie oft hab Ich sel k'sch!
 Wann ich draus in de Felder war,
 A Buwele yung un' kle.
 O senscht die Fenschter-scheibe dort?
 Sie gueke roth wie Blut;
 Hab oft considert,—doch net g'wist,
 Das sell die Sonn so thut;
 Ya, manehes wees en kind noch net—
 Wan's det, wers a' net gut!

IV.

Wie gleich Ich selle Babbie Baeme
 Sie stehn wie Brueder daar;
 Un' uf em Gippel—g'wis Ich leb!
 Hocht alleweil e' Staar!
 S'Gipple buegt sich-guk wie's gaunsched—
 Er hebt sich awer fescht.
 Ich seh sei rothe Flugela plain
 Wan er sei Fettere wescht:
 Will wetta das sei Fraule hot
 Uf sellem Bame a Nescht!

V.

O, es gedenkt mir noch ganz gut,
 Wo selle verry Baeme,
 Net groeser als en Welshkorn-stock,
 Gebrocht sin warra Haeme.

Die Mamme war ans Grandats g'west,
 Dort warra Baeme wie die;
 Drie Wiplein hot sie mit gebrocht
 Un' g'sat: "Dort plantzt sie hie."
 Mir hens gethu—un' glabscht dus now—
 Dort selle Baeme sin sie!

VI.

Guk!—wirklich Ich bin schier am Haus!—
 Wie schnell get doch die Zeit!
 Wann m'r so in Gedanke geht
 So wees m'r net wie wiet.
 Dort is der Shop, die welshkorn Crib,
 Die Cider-press dort draus;
 Dort is die Scheur, un dort die Spring—
 Frish quillt das Wasser raus;
 Un' guk! die same alt klappbord Fens
 Un's Taerle vor em Haus.

VII.

Alles is still!—sie wissa net
 Das Epper Fremdes kommt.
 Ich denk der alte Watch is Tod,
 Schonst wer er raus gejumpet;
 For er hot als verschinert brullt
 Wan er hot's Taerle g'hoert;
 Es war d'a Travlers greislich bang
 Sie werra gans verzehrt:
 Ke g'fohr—er hot paar mol gegautzt,
 Nord is er um gekert.

VIII.

Alles is still!—die Tare is zu!
 Ich steh—besinne mich!
 Es rappelt doch e wenig now
 Dort hinna in der Kuech.
 Ich geh net nei—Ich kann noch net!
 Mei Hertz fuelt schwer un krank;
 Ich geh e wenig uf die Borch
 Un hok mich uf die Bank—
 Es seht mich niemand wan seh heul,
 Hinter der Trauwarank!

IX.

Zwe Blaetz sin do uf derra Borch,
 Die halt Ich hoch in acht,
 Bis meines Leben's Sonn versinkt
 In stiller Todes Nacht!
 Wo ich vom alte Vater-haus
 S'erscht mol bin ganga fort,
 Stand mei Mamme weinend da
 An sellem Reigel dort!
 Un nix is mir so heilig now
 Als grada seller Ort!

X.

Ich kann sie Heut noch sehna steh
 Ihr Schnuptuck in der Hand;
 Die Backa roth—die Auga nass—
 O wie sie doch do stand!

Dort gab Ich ihr my Ferrewell,
 Un' weinte als Ich's gab,
 S'war's letzte mol in derra Welt,
 Das Ich's ihr gewa hab!
 Before Ich widder komma bin
 War sie in ihrem Grab!

XI.

Now wan Ich an mei Mamme denk,
 Un' mane Ich det sie seh,
 So steht sie an dem Riegel dort,
 Un' weint weil Ich wek geh!
 Ich seh sie net im Schockle-Stuhl,
 Net an kem annere Ort—
 Ich denk net an sie als im Grab—
 Yuscht an dem Riegel dort!
 Dort steht sie immer vor meinem Hertz
 Un' weint noch liebeich fort!

XII.

Was machts das Ich so dorthie guk,
 An sell End von der Bank!
 Wescht du's? Mei Hertz is noch net tod,
 Ich wees es—Gott sei dank!
 Wie manchmal sas mei Tatty dort
 Am Sommer Nachmittag:
 Die Handen uf der Schoos gekreitzt—
 Sei Stock bei seite lag.
 Was hot er dort im stilla denkt
 Wer moecht es wissa—sag?

XIII.

Veleicht is es e kindheits Traum,
 Das ihn so sanft bewegt;
 Oder is er e Yungling jetzt,
 Der schoena Planna legt!
 Er hebt sei Auga uf yuscht now,
 Un' gukt weit ueber's Feld,
 Er seht veleicht der Kirrchof dort,
 Der schon die Mamme haelt!
 Er sehnt veleicht nach seiner Ruh
 Dort in der bessere Welt!

XIV.

Ich wees net soll I nei in's Haus—
 Ich zitter an der Tehr!
 Es is wol alles foll inside,
 Un' doch is alles lehr!
 S'is net meh Haem wie's emol war
 Un kans a mimme sei;
 Was naus mit unsere Eltere geht.
 Kommt Ewig nimme nei!
 Die Freude hat der Tod geernt,
 Das Trauertheil is mei!

XV.

So geths in derra rauhe Welt
 Wo alles mus vergeh!
 Ya, in der alte Haemath gar,
 Fuehlt m'r sich all alleh!

O wan's net fuhr den Himmel wer,
 Mit seiner schoene Ruh,
 Dann wer's m'r do schon lang verlaed,
 Ich wisst net was z' thu.
 Doch Hoffnung leuchtet meinen Weg
 Der ew'gen Haemath zu.

XVI.

Dort is en schoe' schoe' Fater-haus;
 Dort geht m'r nimme fort;
 Es weint ke gute Mamme meh
 In sellem freude' Ort.
 Ke Tatte sucht meh far en Grab,
 Wo was er lieb hat liegt!
 Sell is ke Elend-Welt wie die,
 Wo alle Luscht betruegt;
 Dort hat das Lewa ewiglich,
 Ueber den Tod gesiegt.

XVII.

Dort find m'r was m'r do verliert
 Un' palts in Ewigkeit;
 Dort Lewa unsere Tode all
 In licht un' ewiger Freud!
 Wie oft, wan Ich in Truwell bin,
 Denk ich an selle Ruh,
 Un wot; wan's nur Gott's Wille wer
 Ich ging ihr schneller zu,
 Doch wart Ich bis mei Stundle Schlaegt,
 Nord sag Ich—Welt Adieu?

 DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

AFTER an interesting conversation with his friend, Rev. Dr. Samuel Clarke of St. Albans, in reference to the state of the soul immediately after death, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest. In his slumbers he dreamed that he was taken suddenly ill, grew worse, and died.

In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a splendid aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was naught to be seen below, save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself filled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms becoming more and more indistinct, and gradually melting away from his sight.

Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movement, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together, in an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance. Its form rose brilliant and distinct. They were at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him to a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said that he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and during the interval before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction.

The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection, he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw, upon the canvass, that angels, though unseen, had been his familiar attendants, and sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts, and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable, had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of the descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love, as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy, far beyond all that he had imagined.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord had arrived, the door opened, and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having himself drunk, presented it to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken, than all uneasy sentiments vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of the summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation, "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved; rich and glorious is thy reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit, and slid into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view.

The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his grateful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

THE SEA.

WATER is as indispensable to all life, whether vegetable or animal, as is the air itself. From the cedar on the mountains to the lichen that clings to the wall; from the mastodon that pastures on the forests to the animalcule that floats in the sunbeam; from the leviathan that heaves the sea into billows, to the microscopic creatures that swarm a million in a single foam-drop; all alike depend for their existence on this single element, and must perish if it be withdrawn. But this element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. All the waters that are in the rivers, the lakes, the fountains, the vapors, the dew, the rain, the snow, come alike out of the ocean. It is a common impression that it is the flow of the rivers that fills the sea. It is a mistake. It is the flow of the sea that fills the rivers. The streams do not make the ocean, but the ocean makes the streams. We say that the rivers rise in the mountains and run to the sea; but the truer statement is, that the rivers rise in the sea and run to the mountains; and that their passage thence is only their homeward journey to the place from which they started. All the water in the rivers has once been in the clouds; and the clouds are but the condensation of the invisible vapor that floats in the air; and all this vapor has been lifted into the air by the heat of the sun playing upon the ocean. Most persons have no impression of the *amount* of water which the ocean is continually pouring into the sky, and which the sky itself is sending down in showers to refresh the earth. If they were told that there is a river above the clouds equal in size to the Mississippi or the Amazon; that this river is drawn up out of the sea, more than a mile high; that it is always full of water, and that it is more than twenty-five thousand miles in length, reaching clear round the globe, they would call it a very extravagant assertion. And yet not only is this assertion substantially true, but very much more than this is true. If all the waters in the sky were brought into one channel, they would make a stream more than fifty times as large as the Mississippi or the Amazon. How many rivers are there in the sky? Just as many as there are on the earth. If they were not first in the sky, how could they be on the earth? It is the sky that keeps them full, then the sky must always have enough to keep them full; that is, it must always be pouring down into them just as much as they themselves are pouring down into the sea. It is computed that the water which falls from the clouds every year, would cover the whole earth to the depth of five feet; that is, if the earth were a level plain, it would spread over it an ocean of water five feet deep reaching round the whole globe. The sky, therefore, has not only a river of water, but a whole ocean of it. And it has all come out of the sea. The sea, therefore, is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring up into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into it. It is this

which keeps the ocean at the same level from year to year. If it were not sending off into the air precisely as much as it received from the rivers, it would be continually rising on its shores, and would finally overflow all the lands of the earth.

And now if the sea is the real birth-place of the clouds and the rivers; if out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven, then instead of being a waste and an incumbrance, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breasts come the resources that feed and support all the population of the world. All cities, nations, and continents of men, all cattle and creeping things and flying fowl, all the insect race that people the air with their million tribes innumerable, all grasses and grains that yield food for man and beast, all flowers that brighten the earth with beauty, all trees of the field and forest that shade the plains with their lowly drooping, or that lift their banners of glory against the sky as they march over a thousand hills—all these wait upon the sea, that they may receive their meat in due season. That which it gives them they gather. It opens its hand, and they are filled with food. If it hides its face, they are troubled, their breath is taken away, they die and return to their dust.

Omnipresent and everywhere alike is this need and blessing of the sea. It is felt as truly in the centre of the continent where, it may be, the rude inhabitant never heard of the ocean, as it is on the circumference of the wave-beaten shore. He is surrounded, every moment, by the presence and beauty of the sea. It is the sea that looks out upon him from every violet in his garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon his passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the rustling ranks of the growing corn; from the bending grain that fills the arms of the reaper; from the juicy globes of gold and crimson that burn amongst the green orchard foliage; from his bursting presses and his barns that are filled with plenty; from the broad forehead of his cattle, and the rosy faces of his children; from the cool-dropping well at his door; from the brook that murmurs by its side, and from the elm and spreading maple that wave their protecting branches beneath the sun, and swing their breezy shadows over his habitation. It is the sea that feeds him. It is the sea that clothes him. It is the sea that cools him with the summer cloud, and that warms him with the blazing fires of winter. He eats the sea, he drinks the sea, he wears the sea, he ploughs and sows and reaps the sea, he buys and sells the sea, and makes wealth for himself and his children out of its rolling waters, though he lives a thousand leagues away from the shore, and has never looked on its crested beauty or listened to its eternal anthem.

Thus the sea is not a waste and an incumbrance. Though it bears no harvests on its bosom, it yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are salt and wormwood, so that it cannot be tasted, it makes all the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

XLIX.

THE CROWN OF OLD AGE.

“Why should not men honor him who honors God?”

“On the head of the wise and virtuous gray hair is a beautiful crown.”

THREE aged men celebrated together their Jubilee, and related to their children how they had come to grow so old.

One, who was a teacher and a priest, said: “Whenever I went out to teach I never suffered the length of the way to trouble me. Never did I pass by youths with an assuming air; and never did I lift my hands to bless without actually blessing and praising God. Therefore have I become so old.”

Another, a merchant, said: “Never have I enriched myself to the injury of my neighbor. Never did his curse go with me to my bed; and of my possessions I have always gladly given to the poor. Therefore has God bestowed on me length of years.”

The third, a judge among the people, said: “Never have I taken bribes. Never did I depend arbitrarily on my own judgment; and in straits I always sought first of all to conquer myself. Therefore has God blessed me with old age.”

Then came their sons and nephews to them, kissed their hands, and decorated them with flowers. The patriarchs blessed them and said: “As your youth, so your old age! Your children will be to you, what you are to us—a blooming crown of roses for our gray hairs.”

“The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.”

L.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”—Prov. xxvii: 1.

“The fear of the Lord prolongeth days.”—Prov. x: 27.

On the occasion of a circumcision, the guests, among whom was a son of Rabbi Schimon Chalaptha, were treated with precious wine seven years old; and when this drink was praised, the host interrupted the conversation, and said: “How will this wine be praised when it shall be furnished at the WEDDING of this, my son; for I have fully resolved to keep some of it for that happy occasion?”

Not till midnight did the festive company disperse; and Rabbi Schimon also, who lived in a neighboring village, reckoning on his unusual

bodily strength, only entered on his homeward way at this hour when spirits were wont to be abroad. On the way an apparition presented itself to him; and behold! it seemed to him as if he saw the Angel of Death, who called himself a messenger of the Holy One, stand smiling before him. On the question why he smiled, he answered the son of Chalaptha: "Does the talk of men, as to what they intend to do in the future, deserve anything else than to be laughed at? The confident resolution of him, in whose house you administered circumcision to-night, will hardly be carried out. True, he has determined to preserve of his wine for the marriage of his son; but only thirty days longer will his son's life be extended!"

"If this is your opinion you are certainly right in smiling; but since you are acquainted with the length of human life, show me also how long I have yet to live." This wish the Rabbi expressed.

"My power," said the Angel, "does not extend over thee, nor over any such who are pious like thyself. The arbiter of life and death often lengthens your days, on account of your usefulness; for the fear of the Lord prolongeth days; and precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. (Ps. cxvi: 15.)"

LI.

ALEXANDER AND THE QUEEN.

"Be careful that you secure nothing that will rob you of what you have already in possession"

"Be not hasty to contend, for you know not what to do in the end, when your neighbor shall shame you."—SIRACH.

Alexander, the Macedonian, whose mad ambition knew no bounds, whose lust of power could not be satisfied by streams of blood, had brought countless peoples under his yoke, laid waste the most beautiful portions of the earth, filled the land with misery, and yet he was far from being content with his power. Still he sighed evermore for new conquests, and was without rest, as ambitious as ever.

When he had returned from India, he determined now to penetrate into the interior of Africa. He communicated his purpose to some Hebrew women, who were just at that time in his camp.

"You cannot go thither," said they, "there are fearful mountains between, barren and unfruitful, and not to be ascended!"

"I do not ask whether a thing is possible or not," replied the fretful king, "you know how I am accustomed to overcome difficulties; I wish only to know the direction which I must take!"

"Take then," was their wise counsel, "take several Lybian asses which are accustomed to wander in the dark; tie them together with pliable cords, and take the ends of them in your hands; then drive and follow them!"

Alexander did as they advised, and entered upon his way. When now they had passed through dreary deserts and barren regions, they came at length into a fruitful country, which was principally inhabited and governed by women. Already was Alexander in the act of storming the principal city, when a woman, distinguished among those who

accompanied her by her noble form and exalted bearing, came earnestly toward him. She greeted the King reverently, and asked him what might have brought him into her distant land?

"I am come to war, and to conquer," he answered proudly.

"Great King!" answered the wise heroine, "How? You wish to war with women? Are then all men dead, since you desire to spend your bravery against women? Believe me, to conquer us is more easily attempted than accomplished. Moreover it becomes a wise man to consider the consequences of an undertaking, before he commences it. Now then, suppose you conquer us. Will it bring you any honor? Will it not afterwards forever be said: The mighty Alexander has slain several helpless women? But should fortune decide against you, and should we gain the victory, with what shame and ridicule would then your honor be tarnished! Would it not then be said: The great King, the conqueror of the world, was at last repulsed and miserably beaten by women? Leave us then in undisturbed possession of our country, and turn your mighty arms against worthier foes."

Alexander was overwhelmed by her bravery, and still more by the justness and force of her remarks. He asked only for permission to have an inscription cut over the gate of the principal city, thus:

"I, ALEXANDER, THE FOOLISH, HAVE CONQUERED MANY NATIONS, TILL I CAME AT LENGTH INTO THIS COUNTRY, WHERE I HAVE LEARNED WISDOM FROM WOMEN!"

ECONOMY.

BY THE EDITOR.

A MOST useful lesson are we all learning in these dark times of war, and prostration of business. At least we ought to learn it; and all that are wise will not fail to learn it. It is economy.

It may not be easily learned. Not because it is in itself a difficult matter, but because we have been so long without any exercise of it. Extravagance has been the habit of all, high and low, rich and poor, during the late prosperous times. Conveniences were sought to a degree at which their very possession became an inconvenience; and excesses of luxury were alike a calamity to the body and the purse. To turn back from such evil ways requires an effort; but it must be done.

It is wonderful to think how little one actually needs. During the prosperous times we often heard persons express surprise at the fact that large families were sustained by the wages of one single head of the family, and that while his wages were only moderate. It is all explained by the simple fact that only necessities were desired and purchased. When a family has sufficient wisdom and grace to be content with what is actually needful, a comparatively small income will honestly and honorably support a large family. This excellent wisdom must at present be desired more than fine gold.

It is something to know that we may and can practice economy. It

is not only manly but christian to do it; and the consciousness of having been able to do bravely in pressing circumstances brings a pleasant after feeling as a kindly reward for the good act. To be self-dependent, even amid self-denial, is infinitely better than to be dependent on others in the way of obligation for debts owed or for favors received.

When we once seriously and earnestly begin by economy to lessen our expenses there is no difficulty in discovering points where it may be done. A hundred places where curtailment of expenses may be made without any actual loss at once present themselves. One dress less for the wife and daughters, and one coat less for the father and sons. The omission of two meat-meals less in the week. The luxuries of the table, or the dessert, of which General Washington never partook, may be altogether suspended, with a gain to health of even more value than the amount saved in money. As little traveling as possible. No tickets to concerts and shows. Talking parties may be had, but eschew eating parties, unless you have humility enough to accommodate your guests with what is necessary, and not with that which is designed to make you notable and them sick. Such are a few items to begin with; and your success in the practice thus far will inspire you with a zeal which will make you enthusiastic to go still farther, in which your own newly stimulating inventive genius will adequately aid you. A kind providence has filled the land with plenty; and there need be no suffering. We have the greatest reason to be thankful; and it is a small thing for us to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, by the exercise of that economy which will make our path passable, if not smooth.

Let the idea of "making money" as the phrase goes, be at once laid aside. Speculating sharks who watch to increase their stores by the embarrassments of others, may think of this; and wiry politicians may set themselves leech-like on the wounded and bleeding body of the government; but honest and honorable men will be amply satisfied if they can get what they need, and not sink and lose what we have. Or if even losses must be sustained, no one ought to complain who can weather his way through the stagnation of the times without getting into debt.

It is only a brief period that this watchfulness and self-denial will be absolutely required. A better time will return with the advent of peace. And it is a comfort to believe that the terrible ordeal of war will teach us many a useful lesson. The national sore, that has long festered, is completely broken open; and its fearful discharges of corruption will certainly leave the body in a healthier state. The country will flourish anew after its regeneration by fire; and as soon as swords shall once more be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, the wilderness and solitary places shall again become glad, and fields now covered with carnage shall blossom as the rose, and the abundance of peace shall rejoice our hearts from one end to the other of our happy land.

Till then, we beg you, kind reader, be brave in meeting present exigencies in whatever form they come. Let not despondent thoughts trouble you. Instead of putting away hope and courage, put away luxuries, extravagancies, and vanities. Live economically, be kind to all who are worse off than yourself, trust in God, and be ready for every duty.

SELF-DECEPTION IN RELIGION.

BY THE EDITOR.

THAT there is great danger of being deceived, appears from the warnings of scripture against it. The warning of the Apostle is not an empty alarm: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Be not deceived." Again, "Be not deceived." To the Galatians, he says: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." Our Saviour also said to His disciples "Take heed that ye be not deceived." Again St. Paul says to the Ephesians: "Let no man deceive you with vain words"—and to the Thessalonians: "Let no man deceive you by any means." And St. John, who seems to be all love and no suspicion, echoes the same solemn warning: "Little children, let no man deceive you." And again, the Corinthians are warned: "Let no man deceive himself." Our Saviour declares that in the last days, if it were possible, even the very elect would be deceived. If God warns in this manner, we ought certainly to look around us cautiously and examine our hopes, and title for heaven. "*Shall* a trumpet be blown in the city and the people not be afraid?"

Again, we may judge of the danger of being deceived from the fact that the bible declares that many shall ultimately appear to be deceived. "*Many* shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works." They did certainly expect to enter. They even argue with him: 'Lord have we not done so and so, which certainly entitles us to the kingdom.' And it is certainly not a small mark of being a servant of God when one is a prophet in His name, is enabled to cast out devils, and do many wonderful works in His name. And can one who has been permitted to exercise such gifts be deceived? Yes; for says Christ, "then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." They did not only regard themselves christians, but christians possessing distinguishing gifts, and standing consequently in special favor. But fatal deception! Unspeakable horror! to be thrust from the very gate of heaven into hell; to hear the word "depart," fall upon the soul, when it stands at the gate of heaven, clad with the highest hopes, and in expectation of the highest joys! The bitter fruits of being deceived. The Saviour says, that those whose sad misfortune this will be at last, are "*many*."

This will also be the sad misfortune of all those who shall cry out at last, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved." They all expected in some way or other to get to heaven, but the day of wrath overtook them. Out of ten virgins there were five that found the door closed upon them, and stood knocking and crying in bitter disappointment, "Lord, Lord, open to us!"

Is it not evident from all these considerations that there is great danger of being deceived? Is it not evident that one may go through life sure of a heaven which he shall never see, and appear at last at the gate of death with a hope that shall perish, and a joy which shall set in night forever! How appropriate and solemn is the warning, "Be not deceived."

Very many deceive themselves by wrong views of religion theoretically. They adopt errors in doctrine. It may be said there is nothing very seriously dangerous in this, for doctrine cannot save us. This is true; but neither can ignorance and error save us. Besides, doctrine is practical. And if our actions are not determined by the views we hold, by what are they determined? According to a man's faith are his works. Error in doctrine will therefore lead to error in practice. It was held by some fanatical errorists of the Reformation period that "it is no difference what a person believes so that his actions are right." But this takes something for granted that is not possible: that is, that correct actions can exist without correct doctrine. Hence says the Saviour: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free;" and hence also Timothy is exhorted to hold fast the "form of sound words" which he had learned. Hence also, Paul exhorts the Colossians to "let the word of Christ dwell in them richly in all wisdom." For the same reason Paul declares that he and his companions did not cease to pray for them and to desire "that they might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." And in order to show the inseparable connection between faith and practice he tells them the reason why they so pray and desire, viz: "that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work."

It is evident then, that error in doctrine stands connected with error in practice; and that those who make a mistake here may fatally deceive their own soul. Hence the people, in the Epistles, are frequently warned against the influence of false teachers. They were not to receive them into their houses under penalty of becoming partakers in their sins. So firm were they to adhere to the true doctrine, that they should not even listen to an angel from heaven if he attempted to preach any other doctrine. The history of the world teaches that thousands have built their hopes on sand, and thus secured their own eternal overthrow by listening to, and being led away by false doctrine. That the same danger still exists is evident from those frequent warnings of our Saviour and His apostles, to beware of false prophets. They are declared signs of the last times. They shall say, lo here! and lo there! and shall deceive many; and if it were possible the very elect would be deceived by them. We need but look around us to see that error is rife in the earth. Every new thing is believed; nearer ways to heaven are discovered; the land-marks which our fathers have set, are removed; the holy beacon light of truth, which has been the guiding star of the church for ages, is obscured by the misty imaginations of fleshly man. But "be not deceived." Remember "what is new in religion is not true, and what is true is not new." There are no doctrines born in these last days, neither are there any discovered that were not known before.

Again, there are many deceived by wrong views of *practical* religion.

Practice is the evidence of religion. Where it is not practised it does not exist. Christianity is a life; and where there is no action there is no life. A great many are deceived by having wrong views of the kind of practice which religion must necessarily produce. They are satisfied with the fruits of their religion, though those fruits are something entirely different from what religion when genuine will produce.

Thus some are deceived in trusting in faith without works. They believe, and think that because they believe, they will be saved, though their faith produces no works. They live from year to year, and their hearts are as cold and their lives as dead as the creed in which they trust. They do not remember that faith without works is dead. It is the faith of devils; not even as good as that of devils, for they "believe and tremble." Their faith, though as orthodox as the Bible itself, is powerless; it cannot deliver the soul from the power of sin; it neither works by love nor purifies the heart, nor overcomes the world. They trust in it, and are deceived; and will find themselves at last, when they ought to rise by the power of a new life, bound by Satan fatally unto death. They are not possessed of that faith which is victory! How many are there of such in the church. Their faith does not make them differ in conduct from the men of the world. It does not make them pray more; does not make them more thankful; does not make them more consistent, benevolent or self-sacrificing. Does not change them at all. Their faith is dead, and they are deceived!

These are those who trust in a faith without works. There are others again who are equally deceived, whose religion is works without faith. They are active and zealous; but this activity and zeal is not the fruit of faith. It is produced by some other motive. Perhaps it is done to merit thereby the favor of God; or at least to be some consideration towards procuring this favor. They seem to think that Christ did a part of what was required to save them, and they must do the rest. Thus they disparage or deny the merits of Christ and build upon their own; or at least on their own and Christ's conjoined. Of such the apostle complains: "They have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God."

Though they do it not to get a reward in another life, they may still do it to gain a reward in this. Thus they may do it to be seen of men. Their works are then produced by pride instead of by faith, and of course are again worthless. Or they are influenced to be active by party spirit, which is often the case. They are anxious that their own opinions under some peculiar form shall spread and be adopted. And thus they become the zealous representatives of those opinions, altogether from motives of sectional interest. Often in this way is the zeal of the ancient Pharisees manifested. They compass sea and land to make a proselyte to their own opinions and party; but whether he is afterwards tenfold more a child of hell than he was before is no concern of theirs. Thus merit, pride, or party spirit, is put in place of faith; and looking to their actions, rather than to the source of their actions, they mistake religion in its true spirit and are deceived. "Whatsoever is not of faith," though it be tongues of men and angels, gifts of prophesy, and

knowledge of mysteries, "is sin!" "For without faith it is impossible to please God."

Religion does not consist in either of these two things—viz: faith and works; nor in both separate from each other; but in both harmoniously and gloriously united. United like cause and effect; like a stream and its fountain; like a tree and its fruit; like life and action.

Many are deceived by making religion subordinate to the world. Alas! how common is this error; and how many are floating with it into the gulf of death. Such persons acknowledge the necessity of religion; but look upon it as something incidental, that is to be attended to by the way. This is to have its part among a thousand other cares. But so as not to take up a prominent part of care and attention. It is not to interfere with the love of the world. It is not to encroach on time. It is to be no, or at least but small, expense. It is to be no restraint on the spirit of speculation and the all engrossing subject of profit and loss. It is to be no curb on passion; it is to be no hindrance to a free rush into earthly pleasure. In this way it is to be carried along as a thing of use in death, but not in life. Oh how full of such is the church! All are deceived.

The Bible clearly declares that religion must either be all or nothing. Every thing must bend to it. It is an all-absorbing, all-conquering interest. It is to go before and shape all our doings. It is a question which is not only to enter largely into the calculations of life, but it is to be the very life of all our calculations, labors and cares. Our time, our business, our wisdom, are all to be regulated with reference to it. It is to stand first and highest. As the sheaf of Joseph to which the sheaves of his brethren bowed and did obeisance, so to it all other interests and cares are to bend.

The Bible most clearly declares that he who does not thus give it the throne of his affections, cares and thoughts, is not in possession of it; and if he flatters himself with a hope of eternal life he will stand deceived in the end. If there is one who now reads that has made religion his chief and highest concern, let him listen tremblingly to the words of Christ: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple" (Luke xvi: 26, 27.) The greatest miser would give all he had for his life, or the life of his friends, if he loves them. But these too he is to regard less than religion. Where is the spirit of the martyrs? Who would stand at the burning stake and testify in favor of his faith by offering up his life amid curling flames! And yet he that shrinks from this test cannot be the Saviour's disciple.

The requirement to make all things subordinate is reasonable. If God is the highest good, He ought to be supremely loved. If eternal life be more valuable and more desirable, if it be more gloriously blessed than this present, then a preparation for it should claim our greatest attention. Besides, if anything is regarded a greater good than God, and receives greater attention than He, then that is our idol enthroned in place of God. But God is jealous and will not share his honor with another. Solemn truth, and yet how many are there to whom religion

is far from being the first concern. Such are deceived ; their religion will not stand the ordeal of death, and the judgment.

Many are deceived by wrong views of religion in another way. They do not make the concerns of religion subordinate to other matters, but equal. They marry their religion to the spirit of the world in harmonious conformity. They want to attend to both supremely. They want to be in the church, but in the world also. God and mammon are to sit on the throne together, and are there to divide their honors. They do not desire to be cold, neither will they be hot, but luke-warm, which is an offensive mixture of both. They do not wish to be in Canaan, neither will they be out of it altogether. So like Issachar they couch down between the borders. This marriage, though equal at first, does not remain so long. For the world gradually gets the mastery. He sees, perhaps, that the scales are sinking on the side of the world ; so he endeavors to balance them again, not by taking out from the side of the world, but by putting part of the world over into the side of the church.

In order to make himself comfortable in his worldliness, and make his religion plausible and consistent, the standard of religion is lowered. The law and the testimonies are displaced by carnal maxims and policy. Public opinion, a warped and blinded judgment, or a seared conscience, are made the standards by which piety is graded. And when the truth has become of non effect on account of fleshly traditions, then commences the business of "measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves." Thus he flatters himself in his own eyes until his iniquity, as well as his religion, is found to be hateful to God. Having thus like the wicked King carried the holy vessels of Jerusalem into Babylon, he begins to drink iniquity like water and revel in wantonness. But he is deceived ! And his refuge of lies will at last be disturbed as was Belshazzar, not by a hand writing on the wall, but by the voice of the judge himself : "Thou hast been weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

N O V E M B E R .

THE fitful flaws sail over the river
For ever away, for ever away ;
The scattering oak-leaves whirl and quiver,
Tossed by the wind away.

The bare boughs wave to the bare wild sky,
Gray against solemn gray ;
The dim waves break on the dim shore nigh,
And the shore and the waves are gray.

Take my heart in your mighty arms,
Wrapt in a mantle gray ;
Bind it, O spirits, with angel charms,
And bear it away, away.

THE SILENT MINISTRY OF THE HUMBLE.

BY A LADY.

LET us remember that no created thing has its end in itself. Every thing around us is to conduce to the glory of God, and the happiness of man. God has written this truth upon everything—the smallest as well as the greatest—upon every flower that blooms and every star that shines, upon the atom that floats in the sunbeam and upon the sun itself, which when unseen and unremembered wheels worlds around us as if every ray of glory were an arm of Titan honor. And man, the crowning glory of creation, a child of the Heavenly Father's love, the brother of his kind, the priest of nature, has a mission with these things which he cannot ignore. If a christian, he will try to *make* all things tend to the praise of God. The love of Christ will constrain him. Yes, here is the living, continuous, inciting power, the love of the Loving One constraining us. And then it makes no difference how humble the sphere in which we are called to work. Instead of aspiring to the great places of the earth we will be satisfied to fill the lowliest ones. Instead of waiting for great opportunities to accomplish the work of years in a single hour by some bold stroke or magic power, we will be happy to perform aright the many little duties that go to make up the sum and substance of human life. For it is not by the brilliant achievements of the few, but by the apparently lesser acts of the many, through life-long processes, that the most lasting good is effected. If woman, for instance, instead of wishing to lead armies like Joan of Arc, or preside over the destinies of nations, were only intent upon making home happy; instant and constant in doing what her hands find to do, she would most surely fulfil her mission upon the earth. Kind looks, kind words everywhere and always—a constant inquiry in all the relations of life: "How may I know and do that which will promote the comfort and happiness of others?" these are the many little golden threads that go to make up the warp and woof of our existence. And not only she who gives a cup of cold water, but she who plants a flower that the glory of God may be promoted, does a good work. These are things to which all may aspire, and which no one of true greatness of soul will affect to despise."

Happy are they who thus know their duty and receive grace from on high to perform it. For although they do good for good's own sake, and not in the spirit of hirelings, they will have their reward. The work at times will call for sacrifice and toil; there may be much to make one grow weary and faint by the way, but it is still true that to be active and useful is to be happy. The smile of God is the peace of the soul, and the consciousness of treading the paths that he has marked out distills upon the heart a perpetual benediction. And there is no one

of His creatures beneath His notice ; no place so obscure that his blessing will not reach it. The same sun cheers the modest daisy in the hidden valley, that warms the pampered dahlia in the garden of beauty. The simple country girl that dresses her hair by the side of some winding rivulet, a child of nature and a child of God, enjoys more unalloyed pleasure in her thatched cottage home, than the Parisian belle, before her gilded mirrors and amidst the jeweled heads and blazing chandeliers of the world's gay metropolis. The latter may know of nothing but the wire and paper flowers of man's invention—flowers that imitate the beautiful and the true, but have no freshness for the burning brow, no perfume for the fainting soul. But every rose that blooms for the latter is of God's own planting. It may not be without a thorn, for He has told us that it would not be well. Like earth's fairest flowers it may seem to fade away, but it will renew its bloom in the Paradise above.

There is something in the very consciousness of the *reality* and permanency of the pleasures that blossom along the path of humble, toilsome duty, that nothing can equal. The sympathies of friendship and the endearments of love, which fidelity will win for us, are elevated, and sanctified and stamped with the impress of immortality. And although it is written, "no cross, no crown," yet the cross has become the symbol of salvation, and the crown will come, bright, blood-bought and enduring. We should be willing to bear the one if we may only wear the other.

Let the world then say of the ointment of pious effort poured out at Jesus' feet, "Why was all this waste made?" still the memorial will not be in vain. The tears and beaded sweat will be transmuted into jewels, and adorn the head, the very hair of which was once employed in [what seemed to be a menial duty. The reward will come to her of whom he has said, "She hath done what she could."

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

I know not if those wondrous orbs of light,
Which gaze upon us like immortal eyes,
And with their sweet looks cheer the darkling skies,
What time the shadowy hours lead on the night,
Their courses keep, impenetrably bright,
For worlds and beings of another birth
Than we and ours, or only shed on earth
Infinite loveliness and deep delight ;
Either were fit ; but though, beyond all sight,
Glorious they fill immeasurable space,
Enough, that when He sought earth's ruined race,
His heralds they along th' empyreal height,
And they his glittering pavement, when He strode
His path triumphant home through heaven's resplendent road.

“THE INNUMERABLE COMPANY OF ANGELS.”*

DOES it not create joy in our hearts to think and know that joy is near? How soon may we be introduced into that sainted and angelic company! It is but a thin veil which now shuts us out!—yea, a half-transparent veil, behind which the eye of faith sees the solemn movements of the worshippers to and fro—a veil tremulous with the breath of heavenly songs, filling the hearts of waiting worshippers on this side with the sweet vibrations of sympathetic bliss. We catch the spirit of their worship; and, in moments of elevated faith, almost forget our captivity, and attempt, though feebly, to hum after them the easiest strains of the heavenly song.

We speak of rising to the high argument of their worship, as if that were the only way in which unison with them in their worship were possible. Must we rise to them? Cannot they stoop down to us! Did celestial voices never undulate in the air of earth? Do angelic and sainted beings never join the assemblies of the Church below? Do they never bend in upon a band of worshippers, with faces silent and solemn, and forms only a little more etherial than air!

It is evening. In yonder sequestered room, “where prayer is wont to be made,” is assembled a company of devout Christians. The follies and sins, the din and bustle of busy streets, are heard only faintly and from afar. All is solemn quietude within, and the very air seems holy. Look over the assembly, forgetting their bodies, and it will be seen that their hearts are altars of incense. God is there! “He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.” Jesus is there! “Where two or three are gathered together there am I in the midst of them!” The Holy Spirit is there! “He shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you for ever!” Are there any disembodied saints, and any angels there? See! the Pastor arises, opens the Bible, and reads to that worshipping assembly of saints: “Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.” Heb. xii: 22–23.

He addresses them thus: How solemn is this place! This is the house of God. This is the gate of Heaven. Here angels and spirits of saints made perfect are present; for ye are come to these, says the text. Think this not strange, my beloved. Once when Daniel was praying, “while he was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched him about the time of the evening oblation.” If one angel could come to Daniel in prayer, could not “an innumerable company of angels” come into this assembly of worship? You are come to them—they are come to you!

*From “The Heavenly Home,” by Rev. H. Harbaugh. Page 332–342.

The Apostle exhorts the Corinthian Christians to observe strict decorum in their assemblies "because of the angels." Just as we are more reverent and guarded in our conduct and words in the presence of superiors, so ought we to remember, in our worshipping assemblies, that higher spirits are there, and act under the feeling that they are present. The best critics draw this meaning from this passage, and it is by far the most natural sense.*

If this evening there is one unregenerate person present, and he shall repent, there will be "joy in Heaven in the presence of the angels." Why will there be joy there? Will it not be because some one of the unseen visitors to this assembly from the heavenly place has borne the news thither?

The Apostle says of the angels: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"† If angels are unembodied beings, or, which is more scriptural, endowed with bodies of a very refined and ethereal texture, what should hinder us from believing in their silent invisible presence? What should hinder us from believing that they descend to join our worship, as we attempt to rise to theirs? If they visit the earth at all, and minister to the saints, where more reasonably might we expect their presence than in the assemblies of the saints, where the triune God is worshipped, where Heaven kisses the earth, where there are "heavenly places in Christ," where many hearts in unison are engaged in that worship which is preparatory to that of the Church above, and where, as the Scriptures plainly declare, "we come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect?"

Thus Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

If these celestial visitors thus come to our assemblies, it is as idle spectators—or is it not rather for the double purpose of animating our worship, and of joining in it? If evil spirits have the power of thrusting themselves in, with a view of corrupting the purity of our service, by injecting improper thoughts, inspiring improper feelings, and dis-

* The woman ought to act decently in church, and therefore to be covered, because of the angels, who are present in the assemblies of the saints; it being the opinion both of Jews and Christians that the ministering angels are there present.

PATRICK LOWTH, &c. COM. IN LOCO.

† This passage has reference directly to ministering acts of angels to the heirs of salvation DURING, OR IN, THEIR RELIGIOUS SERVICES and devotions, consequently to their presence in worshipping assemblies. This is more clear from the original than appears in the common translation. The word translated "ministering," is a Greek word, which means, in ecclesiastical writers, "PUBLIC function in the religious ministry; the discharge of a public religious duty." Scott says it means: "Filling the office of priesthood, or magistracy, or other important service, connected with religion or religious worship." It is the word from which our English word Liturgy is derived. They are spirits, then, who enter, with their ministering helps, in warm, felt, spiritual unison and animating response, into the worship and services of the heirs of salvation. Their presence gives spirit to the Liturgy of the assembled saints.—The other word "minister" in the original, designates an office consonant with the above, and lends its aid in fixing upon the word first referred to, the sense above attributed to it.

tracting the intensity of our devotions, why may not pure spirits have a similar access to assembled hearts, for the high and holy purpose of making the place heavenly, and giving to our worship a spiritual character? Yes, they are here! How practical is this thought! How animating is this reflection! How delightful and soul-inspiring is this assurance!

So saying, the Pastor took the Hymn book and read:

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne!

They all sung solemnly, humbly, joyfully; and each one felt that there was a depth of sublime and holy meaning in that couplet which they had never seen or felt before. Every heart bowed and worshipped in humble reverence, as if it were before the throne in Heaven, "because of the angels"!

I must be permitted, in conclusion, to present a beautiful incident, which will be found not irrelevant, and which may serve to throw light upon several passages of Scripture that bear incidentally upon the subject before us.

A number of devout persons in a certain seaport town fell upon the pious idea of furnishing religious privileges to the sailors and other laborers along the wharf. They fitted up a room, consecrated it to that purpose, and employed a Minister to preach, and conduct divine worship there. This Pastor was a learned and pious man. He commenced his labors of love; but only a few of those for whom he preached came to his service. He continued for some time with courage, in the hope that his audience would increase. Still it remained small. "Fit audience" even he had not, as the poet desired, though he had "few." His heart became gradually more and more discouraged, every time he returned to his chapel and found that his audience was still the same little company. At length he began to think that his time and strength were almost as good as wasted there. He thought of how much wider the circle of his influence might be in some other field of labor, and he began seriously to meditate on the propriety of throwing up his small charge in order to seek a wider sphere of usefulness.

One evening, in twilight's meditative hour, he sat in his study, his thoughts busily engaged upon the subject of resigning his charge, and of recommending, to those benevolent persons who had employed him, the abandonment of their well-meant but useless enterprise. His heart alternated between hope and discouragement. Now his affection for the small company that attended his services shed a momentary ray of encouragement upon his heart, and now again the fact of the fewness of their number, and no increase, passed like a dark shadow over his soul. Whether, as in the case of the sorrowing disciples, his troubles mercifully overcame the keen anguish of his waking thoughts, so that he "slept for sorrow," and sleeping dreamed, or whether it was some deep scriptural truth that welled up from the depths of his introverted spirit and embodied itself in shape and form before him—whether this, or that, or something else still, who knows?—he saw, or thought he saw, a form of saintly or angelic loveliness enter his study door, and placing itself in friendly attitude before him.

"What casteth thee down, and troubleth thy spirit?" said the mild visitor before him.

There was an approachable openness in the appearance and mien of this visitor, which encouraged the disconsolate Pastor to enter into conversation with him upon the subject of his troubles. So he felt freedom to reply.

"All hail, kind friend! thy question and thy countenance promise relief, and I will tell thee the source of my sadness. My soul is weary and discouraged in my chapel by the sea, because so few come to my services."

"Thou art in error, because thou seest only with mortal eyes; and thou art cast down without cause. THERE ARE MORE THAT HEAR THEE, AND JOIN IN THY WORSHIP, THAN THOU SEEST, OR KNOWEST OF! I, and those that are with me, are among thy auditors, and give unheard response to thy prayers!"

"How, my lord?" said the earnest Pastor.

At this the mysterious visitor handed him an open book, with his finger directed to a passage, and said: "How readest thou?"

The Pastor took the book and read: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (2 Kings vi: 16, 17.)

"What meanest this?" enquired the Pastor, with evident surprise.

"Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not—but, nay, it is not my mission to reprove thee. "It means," said the messenger, "that when the servant of the prophet looked with his natural eyes, he saw only the horses and chariots of the Syrians which had come to take Elisha, lying encamped around Dothan, and he was discouraged and afraid; but when the Lord opened his eyes, and gave him the capacity of spiritual sight, he saw that the mountains and hills around Dothan were also covered with an unseen army—with 'horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.' You need but the same gift of spiritual sight, to enable you to see that there are more in your small assembly than the few flesh-embodied sailors which thou seest with bodily eyes!"

"My heart beats with joyful surprise!"

"Read again," said the visitor—and he gave him the open book the second time.

The Pastor read: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God. (Eph. iii: 8, 9, 10.)

"I feel again to ask, what meaneth this Scripture?" said the Pastor, and yet there openeth itself to me, from it, what seems a mighty sense!"

"Hast thou now the key?—It means," continued the visitor, "that

the holy Apostle had 'knowledge in the mystery of Christ,' 'which from the beginning of the world had been hid in God'; and that one of the designs which God had in view in making known to him and 'to all men what is the fellowship of this mystery,' was to reveal unto 'principalities and powers in heavenly places, *by the church*, the manifold wisdom of God.' In other words, the various orders of the heavenly world are to learn, from the church, mysteries of wisdom, which they knew not of before!"

"My heart trembles with holy awe at the magnitude of my office!"

"Read once more," said the visitor, opening the book for him the third time.

The Pastor read: "Which things the angels desire to look into." (1 Pet. i: 12.)

"There fall, as it were, scales from my eyes," said the astonished Pastor. "Yet, kind visitor, permit me once more to ask your explanation of this passage, the meaning of which, I now see plainly, I never fully undertood."

"It means, that the glorious plan of salvation, into which 'the prophets have inquired and searched diligently,' not themselves understanding fully the deep meaning of their own prophecies concerning it—that this wondrous plan is a subject of study among angels and other heavenly orders—that they, like the prophets, do not as yet fully understand its depths, but have a desire to look still more deeply into it. You, oh! you, dear Pastor, understand more of it than prophets did, and more than angels do; for they cannot know its richness by experience, the only way that it can be known fully.

They never sunk so low,
THEY ARE NOT RAISED SO HIGH;
They never knew such depths of wo,
Such heights of majesty!

Be not surprised, therefore, when I tell you, that when you come into your little church of sailors, you come also 'to an innumerable company of angels,' who encamp there, unseen by fleshly eyes, as they once did upon the hills of Dothan, and desire to look into that fellowship of mystery which you are making known, in such plain and simple power, and with such holy unction of experience, to those few sailors in the chapel by the sea! Be assured, then, that *there are more that hear thee, and join in thy worship, than thou seest or knowest of!*"

"I magnify mine office!" exclaimed the Pastor, in holy astonishment and joy. The thrill of his own happy feelings roused him from his reverie, or slumber, and brought him to himself again.

The visitor had fled! The impression remained. The instructor was himself instructed, by "one like unto the Son of Man!"

The next Sabbath he went again to his sailor-chapel, with an humble, tender, and encouraged heart. It seemed to him that the place was more solemn than before, and his soul was filled with the awful and glorious sense of what he had learned in the vision. He conducted the service with the solemn recognition of what he now felt to be his invisible auditors, opening with the hymn,

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne!

THE WORSHIP OF HEAVEN.

O for a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph, spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh, young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers or wrong notions of their parents, without a headache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind or heart; quite otherwise, God be thanked. But children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour or wrong, or at best prematurely old and turning inward on itself.

B E N E F I T O F F A R M L I F E .

The men who have left their mark upon the ages in which they have lived, have done a great and noble work for the race, have been, with few exceptions, men of noble physical mould. The foundation of their greatness and of their fame was laid in the patient training of their physical powers. Such men were Washington and most of the worthies who were associated with him in the struggles for our liberties. Such were Clay and Webster and many of their cotemporaries in our national Senate. Their early days were spent upon the farm, and the thoughts of their declining years were given to the improvement, and the cultivation, and the embellishment of their respective homesteads. Ashland and Marshfield will long be scenes of pilgrimage to the husbandman as well as the patriot.

The whole tendency of farm life, is to develop the body healthfully and symmetrically. The child is not pent up in the narrow back yard of a city dwelling, nor turned into the thronged and filthy streets to pursue his sports. His eyes open first upon green fields and fragrant meadows, and his first footfall out of doors is upon the matted grass beneath the shadowy trees of his rural home. He drinks in health from every breeze, and all the scenes around him call forth that playfulness which performs so important an office in our early training.

So this leads us to speak of the influence of farm life upon the home virtues. No occupation can be more favorable to the cultivation of those qualities which are the charm of the domestic circle. The farmer is much more at home than is possible with any other men. How many are there in our cities who only see their families at evening or on Sundays? They live for their business; and this, from its location, takes them from home early and late. How many, for the same cause, forsake housekeeping and huddle into boarding-houses and hotels, where the charm and beauty of the family as God instituted it are entirely lost, and the children fall under a thousand unfriendly influences that would never touch them at home. With the best arrangements wealth could command in the city it is well nigh impossible to keep children under the influence of their parents, so that they may have a distinct family character, and bear the moral as they do the physical image of their progenitors. Parental influence is dissipated amid the varied social influences to which they are subjected from their earliest days. Then what perplexities harrass the man of business in the city—his capital often invested in profitless enterprises, exposed to the depredations of dishonest men, betrayed, cheated, and ruined by knaves and bankrupts. From the very character of his business he has to trust far more of his available means to the integrity of his fellows than the cultivator. His debts are often scattered over a wide extent of territory, and collections are not only expensive but exceedingly uncertain. But his commercial credit depends upon this uncertainty, and he is often compelled to fall back upon nothing, a ruined man.

INTERCOURSE WITH SUPERIOR PERSONS.

It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as if everything like obstruction and malformation had been trained away. What have they to conceal? what have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents or skill they chance to possess, namely, on their sincerity.

EDITORIAL SEED-THOUGHTS.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING MAY BE LOST."

LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.

The familiar legend of the Wandering Jew, so celebrated in poetry and romance, originally ran as follows:

"Cartaphilus was porter to Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea. He saw the JUST ONE arraigned in the hall—clothed with purple, crowned with thorns, mocked, buffeted, spit upon; he heard the people choose a murderer in preference to the Messiah; he heard the words of Pilate, 'Take ye Him and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him;' he saw the soldier drag forth the 'Man of Sorrows,' and, in bitter hatred and bold scorn, this Cartaphilus struck Him with his fist, and bid Him go the faster to the cross: 'Go faster, Nazarene; why dost thou tarry?' And so the legend tells us the Nazarene looked round upon him, and said, 'I, indeed, am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come!'

"Matthew Paris tell this story, but it was current before his day. The Wandering Jew was reported to have been seen by many persons in various ages, and in different countries, and was represented as a very devout man, for it appears that he was converted to Christianity very shortly after the ascension of our Lord, and that he spent his long life in making known the truth of the Gospel, and in distributing whatever money he possessed to the poor.

"The legend probably originated from an old tradition of the Church, that one of the disciples was especially set apart for pilgrimage on earth until the consummation of all things. This tradition was founded on the words of our Saviour addressed to Peter, on the latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved: 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?' In consequence of this expression, we are told that the 'saying went abroad among the brethren that that disciple should not die;' but it is strongly pointed out that the expression itself might bear a very different signification."

THE SIGHING OF THE PRISONER.

The unsatisfying nature of mere worldly success and distinction was touchingly confessed by Goethe in the following autobiographical retrospect of his long and brilliant career:

"I have often been praised as an especial favorite of fortune; and I will not myself complain. But at the bottom there has been nothing but trouble and labor; and I can well say that in my whole five and seventy years I had not four weeks of real pleasure. It was the eternal rolling of a stone, that had always to be lifted up again for a new start."

Had the great poet sought peace and rest where St. Augustine did, he would have found it. To all who have followed a similar *IGNIS FATUUS* in the dismal swamps of earth, without finding it to be a true light into the paths of peace, we commend the words of that once wicked, but afterwards great and good Church Father: "Thou, O Christ, art the only rest of the soul, and the heart is without rest till it rests in thee!"

A WORD FOR ALL.

We know not who is the author of this brief but timely paragraph. It is, however, worthy the earnest thought and meditation of every minister, student and Christian. Let it be copied, committed

and practically illustrated in the life, and the result will be most blessed.

"Every day deny yourself some satisfaction; your eyes—objects of mere curiosity; your tongue—everything that may feed vanity or vent enmity; the palate—dainties; the ears—flattery, and whatever corrupts the heart; the body—ease and luxury; bearing all the inconveniences of life, (for the love of God,) cold, hunger, restless nights, ill-health, unwelcome news, ingratitude of friends, malice of enemies, calumnies, your own failings, lowness of spirits, the struggle in overcoming your corruptions: bearing all these with patience and resignation to the will of God. Do ALL THIS AS UNTO GOD, WITH THE GREATEST PRIVACY.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME, AS IT IS IN THE SPHERE OF NATURE AND THE CHURCH. By Rev. Samuel Phillips, A. M., pastor of the First Ger. Reformed Church, Chambersburg, Pa. Springfield, Mass. Published by G. & F. Bill. 1859. pp. 376. Finely Illustrated.

The public has already pronounced favorable judgment on this book. A very large number of editions have been sold since its first publication, and it is still finding its way into hundreds of families. That a book treating of the family, in a way so earnestly practical, and so theologically sound, should be so widely distributed is an omen of much good. Mr. Phillips writes gracefully, vigorously, and fluently; and in this book he gives us a vast amount of solid and truly christian matter. Every chapter gives evidence of extensive research and earnest thought. We are specially pleased with his chapter on "Christian Baptism," as related to family life and nurture. A better time will come for the Church and State when the christian principles unfolded in this book shall come to imbue the families of the land.

The Book has been gotten up in several forms. The copy before us is Octavo, finely illustrated, and will be an

ornament as well as an honor to any parlor table or Library. May it continue to be popular.

Mr. Phillips, at the close of this volume, promises another volume on "The Historical Development of the Christian Home," in case his present work should find favor with the public. As this condition has been met by the popularity of his first effort, we look confidently for the promised volume, on a kindred subject—The present work sells at \$1.25, the Duodecimo Edition; \$1.75 the Octavo. It can be had of the Author, now at Carlisle, Pa.

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1861

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THE GUARDIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

The Guardian has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to be known its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. Truth and Right are unchangeable—error and wrong are always the same. It will remain under the editorial management of its founder, Rev. H. HARBAUGH, D. D., whose name of itself the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of a high tone and general interest which characterizes this family magazine.

In commencing a new year, we design making various improvements in the typography of the work, which will make it still more attractive. The January number will be printed on *new and beautiful* type, and *fine white paper*, with a *new and neat ornamental cover*, and embellished with a *beautiful emblematic steel* engraving. In a word, we are determined to make the Guardian one of the handsomest, as it has always been one of the best and cheapest family magazines in the country.

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The Guardian has no denominational or party bias. It interferes not with controversies either in Church or State. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties—the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will hold its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Hearts surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future as we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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YOUNG MEN AND LADIES

EDITED BY REV H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

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CONTENTS OF THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. THE WISE MEN'S VISIT TO THE INFANT JESUS..... | 353 |
| 2. NOT MINE, BUT THINE. (Poetry.)..... | 362 |
| 3. HEBREW LEGENDS..... | 363 |
| 4. THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT..... | 366 |
| 5. A TRUE TALE WITH A SOLEMN MORAL. BY THE EDITOR..... | 369 |
| 6. ABSENT FRIENDS..... | 371 |
| 7. CHRISTMAS..... | 372 |
| 8. VENTILATION..... | 376 |
| 9. AUTUMN. (Poetry.)..... | 377 |
| 10. ORIGIN OF THE MISSIONARY HYMN..... | 378 |
| 11. THE STORM. (Poetry.)..... | 379 |
| 12. THE CLOSE OF VOLUME XII..... | 379 |

RECEIPTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

| X. | XII. |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Richard Hatten.....\$1 | Wilson J. Linn.....1 |
| Wilson I. Linn.....1 | L. B. Balliet.....1 |
| XI. | Helena Best.....1 |
| Richard Hatten.....\$1 | E. H. Diefenbacher.....1 |
| Rev. W. J. Mohr.....1 | Jesse Kuhn.....1 |
| Wilson I. Linn.....1 | Lorenzo Ruggles.....50c |
| Lorenzo Ruggles.....50c | Wm. Wills.....50c |
| XII. | J. T. Preston.....1 |
| Miss Annie E. Cook.....\$1 | Maria Young.....50c |
| Rev. W. J. Mohr.....1 | Harriet Raiser.....1 |
| Jno. W. Mish, Esq.....1 | XIII. |
| Olivia J. Mease.....1 | Wm. Wills.....50c |
| John Miley Esq.....1 | Maria Young.....50c |

The Guardian.

VOL. XII.—DECEMBER, 1861.—No. 12.

THE WISE MEN'S VISIT TO THE INFANT JESUS.

ST. MARK ii: 1-12.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. LANGE, BY THE EDITOR.

[This excellent exposition of the interesting visit of the wise men from the East to the new-born King and Saviour, will be acceptable to our readers at a time when we are again looking forward to the coming Christmas.

ED. GUARDIAN.]

JESUS Christ at his appearing is disowned, undervalued, and persecuted by the theocratic city, by those representing the theocratic, prophetic, priestly and kingly offices; but confirmed and glorified of God through signs from heaven, through wise men out of the heathen world, through His wonderful deliverance by means of an Egyptian Asylum, and the secrecy of his infantile life in the obscurity of Galilee.

The great conflict between the appearance of the true theocratic Christ and the degenerate outward temporal position of the theocracy, unfolds itself forth through all periods of time. *Judaism rejects Him: the heathen world accepts him*, (the Orient and Egypt.) Jerusalem knows nothing of Him, and is alarmed at the report of His presence; the High-priests and Scribes with orthodox scriptural learning designate the town in which He should be born, and disregard the announcement of His birth as if it were a legend; Herod seeks to destroy the child, first by stratagem, then by bloody assassination; the flight of Jesus is marked (?) by the martyrdom of the infants of Bethlehem; and only by His concealment in pagan Egypt, and the half-heathen Galilee, is He preserved for His divine mission. On the other hand His free witnesses and protectors are poor parents, Joseph and Mary, and several heathen Magi; His unconscious partners in suffering are the children and mothers in and around Bethlehem. God, however, glorifies Him in the

most manifold manner over the disregard of the temporized theocracy, as the true heir of the theocracy, so that the contents of this section are a real vindication of His divine mission. All witnesses for Him: 1. His birth in Bethlehem, or the divine word of promise, the scriptures. 2. The wondrous heavenly star, or nature. 3. Heathen wisdom in its nobler character, even though surrounded with illusive fancies, directed by the providence of God, or the movement of history. 4. The unconscious sleep of sinners, and their fearful waking at the sound of His name. 5. The believing instincts of the unbelieving world, which, in its torpidness is constrained to point to Bethlehem. 6. The faith of the Magi breaking forth from astrological errorism. 7. The victory of christian sincerity over the cunning of the world under the monitions of the divine Spirit. 8. The martyrdom at Bethlehem. 9. The sacrificing devotion of the holy family, the relatives of the Lord. 10. The wonderful deliverance of the Lord, and the preservation in the same heathen land where Israel went out. 11. The growing up of Jesus in the concealment and lowliness of Nazareth. 12. The entire, astonishing preservation which was vouchsafed Him through apparently the most insignificant means, namely, through prophetic dreams.

Bethlehem. Hebrew—House of Bread. Bethlehem of Judea, to distinguish it from Bethlehem in the tribe of Zebulon. (Josh. xix: 15.) "Our Bethlehem-Ephrata (Gen. xxxv: 16, 19) lay in the tribe of Judah, (comp. Judges xvii: 9; xix: 1; I Sam. xvii: 12) six miles in a southern direction from Jerusalem." The older name of Bethlehem was Ephrata, and designated evidently also its vicinity. The village was the principal seat of the house of David (Ruth i: 1, 2); it was fortified by Rehoboam (II. Chron. xi: 6), yet remained an unimportant place (Micah v: 2), and is not even mentioned in the Hebrew Text in the Book of Joshua and Nehemiah xi: 25, as among the villages of Judah. Its insignificance gave occasion to Micah to make his grand contrast, in which we have presented one of the most distinct messianic prophecies, v. 6. At present Bethlehem is a populous town in a well cultivated region of country. "Bethlehem itself lies on a moderate hill sloping from east to west, had about 100 poor dwellings, which are in part hewn in rocks, and 600 inhabitants capable of bearing arms, partly Turks and partly Christians. But when in 1834 the town took part against Ibrahim Pasha, he caused the Mohammedan quarter to be laid waste; since then only Christians reside there." Robinson ii: 381. It has 3,000 inhabitants.

In the days of Herod the King. Herod surnamed the Great, is intended. He was the first of the Idumean (Edomite) stock, which, subject to Rome, for a time, after B. C. 40, governed Judea. (Joseph. Ant. xiv: 1-3; de bello jud. i: 8, 9.) Herod the Great was a son of Antipater, whom Cæsar had placed by the side of the Maccabean Prince, Hyrcanus II., as Procurator. As a youth of fifteen years, Herod received from his father the government of the province of Galilee (Joseph. Ant. 14: 9, 2.) Later, as a General-in-chief of Cælo Syria, he vanquished the Maccabean Prince, Antigonus, son of Aristobulus, who sought to regain the government. The Roman triumvirate, Antonius, created him and his brother Phasael tetrarchs. But Antigonus dispossessed him; he fled to Rome, where, through the favor of Antonius, he

was appointed King of Judea by the Roman Senate. He had, however, first to conquer for himself by storm, with the help of Rome, the chief city, Jerusalem, and was fortunate also, after the fall of Antonius, to ingratiate himself firmly in the favor of Augustus. For his later history compare the article Herod in Weiner and Josephus. His far-reaching significance more immediately appears in the fact that he founded the supremacy of the Idumean dynasty, the supremacy of the Idumean Herodians, on the ruins of the Asmonæan or Maccabean house. Through fanatical arrogance, and servile surrender to the ultra legal religious spirit of party, the glorious Maccabean house had fallen, (as by a similar ultra church policy several Byzantian dynasties, also the Stuarts in Britain, and the Bourbons in France,) whilst the Edomitic house of the Herodians, through a cunning worldly policy, were able for a long time, amid the most difficult circumstances, to sustain themselves. This policy consisted in this, that the Herodians flattered the Jewish pharisaic party by the building of the temple and various demonstrations of bigotry, whilst at the same time they courted the Roman power and the Grecian world through fawning, and accommodation to heathenism. But the same Herod, who had extinguished the Maccabean priestly royal house in its last heirs, then also sought at once to stifle in its birth, the real eternal kingdom of the house of David. Still it cannot exactly be said that with him the external sceptre of Judah first passed over from the line of Judah to a strange house; for on the one side Maccabeans were also of another lineage, that of Levi. On this account, also, the Maccabeans in the person of Simon received the transmission of the princely power only so as not to exclude the rights of the Messiah. (I Maccab. xiv: 41.) On the other hand the Idumeans had already, for a century, been Jews, since the Maccabean Hyrcanus had compelled them to be circumcised. The Herodians, however, continued still Idumeans, circumcised, half-heathen, and externally civilized barbarians; yes, according to patristic accounts (see the citations in Winer, p. 481, note 5) they were even of pure pagan Philistine descent from Askalon, and had come as captives to Idumea. Though the Asmoneans had then still exercised their authority in the consciousness that the kingdom belonged to the "future prophet," Herod knew nothing of such an acknowledgement of the Messianic hope, or rather he knew of it only with superstitious fear, and with the desire of extinguishing it. And so far he was in reality the purloiner of the sceptre of Judah, independently of the true sense of the prophesy. (Genesis xli: 10.)

Herod died in the fourth year before the beginning of our era, shortly before the Passover (Josephus Ant. 18: 9, 3) according to which, therefore, our period of Christ's birth must be dated at least about four years farther back.

Wise Men. Magi. The origin of the name is to be found in an exalted cast of priests among the Persians and Medes, who constituted the private council of the King, and exercised themselves in astrology, medicine, and hidden natural science. They are often mentioned by the ancients: by Herodotus (I: 132) Diogenes, Leaertes (I: 1-9), by Aelian, Porphyry, Cicero, and Pliny. There was also an order of Magi at the court of Babylon in the time of the Chaldean dynasty, (Jer-

xxxix: 3) and Daniel became chief among them. (Dan. ii: 48.) Later, according to oriental habit, the name was applied in general to all who devoted themselves to astrology, interpretation of dreams, secret science of nature, and such like. (See Winer's *Real Lexicon*.) At the time of Christ the Syrians, Arabians, Greeks, and Romans also gave themselves to this magism and used it in the service of their own selfishness and ambition, abusing the longings and superstition of their times, as may be seen from the case of Simon against Peter, and of Elymas against Paul. But these Magi belonged yet to the earlier and purer stages of the system. They were "wise men from *the East*," Magi of the orient. The expression "from the East" may be connected with the preceding substantive: Wise men from the East came; or, with the following verb: Wise men came from the East. In favor of the first connection is the fact that thus only does the word Magi, or wise men, receive its true weight. The eastern region, whence they came, is not, cannot be more particularly defined. Justinian, Tertullian, and many others (see Meyer) have thought of Arabia: Chrysostom, Theophlact, and others, of Persia. Others still have spoken of Parthia, Babylon, and even Egypt and Ethiopia. In any case, however, their coming points us to the East, and the Evangelist seems to desire us to understand that they have come from the location of the original Magi, from Persia or Mesopotamia. In endeavoring to answer the question how they came to the knowledge of the Israelitish messianic hope, too much stress was laid in earlier times, on the one hand, on the uncertain historical notice of them; and so, also, on the other hand ascertained historical facts have been too much ignored. Suetonius, namely, relates in his life of Vespasian (IV.) that an ancient and well-defined expectation was spread throughout the orient that at that time rulers of the world should come forth from Judea. Tacitus expresses himself in a similar manner. (His. v: 13.) It is, however, likely (see Giesler, *Church His.* vol. I, p. 47) that both founded their opinion merely on a passage in Josephus. (De Bello. Jud. vi, 5, 4.) In the passage referred to, Josephus in a false way has referred the messianic prophesy to Vespasian, who from Judea or from the orient had attained to the rule of the world. (See *Life of Jesus*, vol. II, p. 105.) On the other hand it is a world historical fact that the Temple was celebrated far in the East, (see Giesler, vol. I, 46,) that in its time Jews were already scattered through all the world, and that everywhere they had gained proselytes among the most receptive and noblest minds, to which class also those Greeks belonged of which John makes mention. (Chap. xii: 20.) Here we must also bear in mind that the ten tribes of Israel for the most part remained back in Parthia, although with them, it is true, the messianic hope might not yet have been definitely formed. The three fold gifts presented to the infant Saviour have without ground been made to designate three Magi; and since the fifth century by a wholly arbitrary exegesis, it has been concluded from Ps. lxxii: 10; Is. xli: 7; xi: 3-10, that they must have been kings. Even Tertullian already suggested this idea. Chrisostom was of opinion that there were twelve Magi; Epiphanius supposed fifteen.

The church of the middle ages united the commemoration of the so-called three holy Kings (called Casper, Melchior, and Balthasar: other

names are also mentioned) with the churchly festival of Epiphany (Jan. 6). The festival of Epiphany first rose in the Eastern church, where it opened the cycle of the christian festivals, and was more immediately devoted to the baptism of Christ. As the Eastern church adopted the Christmas festival from the Western church, so the Western church adopted the Epiphany festival from the Eastern church (a similar exchange came to pass in relation to the organ and bell). The first trace of the festival of Epiphany in the Western church is found in the last half of the fourth century; according to Ammianus Marcellinus, the Emperor Julian celebrated it at Vienna A. D. 360). As early as the time of Augustine this festival in the Western church was made to sustain a relation to the first revelation of Christ to the heathen, the substratum of which was the worship of the wise men from the East in the passage before us. Hence the name, Festival of the three Kings. Gradually, however, three things were connected with the festival: 1. The baptism of Christ. 2. The first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. 3. The first miracle in Cana (John ii: 11) to which later another was added—a reference of it to the miraculous feeding of the five thousand. The legend, as is well known, is associated with the Dome at Cologne, and a variegated web of ecclesiastical and popular customs.

The number and the worldly standing of these Magi are unknown to reliable history. We know, however, that there were several, that they were notable and wealthy persons, and journeyed, it would appear, with a stately retinue, so that their arrival at Jerusalem must have attracted attention. But that the Magi were heathen, and not Jews, is evident from the general connection in the text, from the marked and designed antithesis, and especially from the question: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" This is therefore also the received opinion of the majority of commentators.

We have seen His star. This can not at all be regarded as referring to a comet (Origen and others), a meteor, or even the apparition of an angel, (Theophlact.) The comet is to the ancients but seldom a favorable sign; the meteor flames and dies; the angel appears and speaks. Of an entirely new star, which might have then appeared and vanished, we have no intelligence. Astrology is always concerned with constellations, in which, however, one star among the rest gives to the whole its peculiar significance. "The celebrated astronomer Kepler has shown that in the year 747 after the founding of Rome, a very remarkable three-fold conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn took place in the sign of the fish: that in the spring of the following year the planet Mars was conjoined with them; and he has shown it to be probable that another extraordinary star may have been joined with these three, as this was the case in 1603. Kepler regards this conjunction as the star of the wise men. The chronologist Ideler has farther carried out his view. Wieseler remarks, that according to a notice of Muentzer it is set down in the Chinese tables, that a new star appeared at the time which corresponds with the fourth year before Christ. All chronological notices that relate to the birth of Christ, according to the calculation of Wieseler, designate that He was born in the year 750 after the building of Rome (four years before the birth of Christ according to the common chronology) and most likely in February. The conjunction referred to,

however, took place in the years 747 and 748, and thus two years earlier."

If we consider here that Herod directed all children (boys) in Bethlehem from two years and under to be slain, the supposition that the principal star of that constellation is meant, receives the strongest confirmation. Gerlach: as Christ drew to Himself the fishermen by a miracle of the fishes, the sick by healing their diseases, the scribes through explanations of the scriptures, and all His hearers through parables from their daily surroundings and business, so God drew these men of star-wisdom to Himself by condescending to their natural wisdom.

But how could the providence of God employ astrology, a false science, in order thereby to lead the Magi to the knowledge of the truth? First of all we must distinguish between the astrology of the ancients and that of later times. The first was the heathen womb of astronomy, in the same way as alchemy was the mother of chemistry, yea, as war has given birth to popular rights. Science is, in its germ, a longing after faith. The knowledge of the harmonious order of the starry heavens, especially the science of the stars, points to the one spiritual central sun, the creative ruling Word. Thus the deepest power which drew and led these Magi to Bethlehem was not their astrological investigations, but their historically mediated hope of the Messiah of the Jews. They were men of longings, believers according to the measure of preveining and preparing grace. Hence their astrological science was serviceable to their longing faith, not a hindrance. On this account, also, the divine providence could enter into their false pre-suppositions, and cause the appearance of the heavenly constellations to fall in and work together with the witness of their hearts that the Messiah is now born; and this the more, since the general truth that the entire world of stars points to Christ, and the special truth that the greatest events in the kingdom of God are accompanied with great festival events in the life of earth and the siderial world, lay embosomed in their error. Thus all worldly wisdom, in whatever way it may be a mixture of truth and error, becomes to the nobler souls a power drawing toward Christ. For in this case the error is merely the shell, the truth is the kernel. Thus the star was for those wise men a sign; for us, however, it is a symbol that the entire system of nature, especially the world of stars, and all knowledge of nature and science in its truth, under the leadings of God, leads to Christ. As to the instrumentality of the star in showing the way, we must in reference to this, use the symbolical sense. The wise men found the way from the East to Jerusalem by historical knowledge under the pre-supposition that the King of the Jews must be born in the chief city of Judea. The way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem they found by local information, specially according to the direction of the scribes and Herod. For their hearts, however, the star remained their guide on the way, and especially since the same star which they had at first seen in the East in its *rising* (for so the singular *en te anatole* must be taken, as the designation "in the East" would require the plural, and the *anatole* corresponds with the *techtheis*) on the horizon, now stood exactly in its zenith over Bethlehem, where the tabernacle of the Messiah was already known to be through the shepherds. To their be-

believing minds the star stood as a festive light directly over the longed-for but yet dark and humble abode. Let us notice, however, how the astrological pre-supposition is itself refined to a pure faith. First they do not find in Jerusalem the new-born King of the Jews. Secondly they find an old worldly-minded tyrant on the throne of Judea. Thirdly they find all the representatives of the Jewish religion unconcerned and unbelieving, together with the holy city. Fourthly they are directed to poor Bethlehem. Fifthly in Bethlehem to the humble house. Sixthly they find not a child two years old, but a new-born infant amid the saddest signs of poverty, with two homeless persons, of which family the head is a carpenter. All these stumbling stones must be removed merely by the testimony of the received word of Scripture and of the spirit in their hearts, through the exalted appearance of Mary and the Holy Child, and through the confirmation of the shepherds.

And are come to worship Him—by prostrating themselves with their faces to the earth—the manner of showing reverence, homage, and submission. (Gen. xix : 1 ; xlii : 6, et cet.) Here, however, the expression, as often, receives the meaning of worship in the general sense, since it pertains not to a political, but to a religious homage.

Herod was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. They were frightened in both cases certainly in the sense of the fear of evil. In Herod this evil fear was more immediately a political fear of the supposed new pretender to the throne ; in any case, however, it was at the same time a religious and moral fear for the power of religion, before the judge of the people and of the world, which for him lay in the thought of the Messiah. So also the inhabitants of Jerusalem feared, not merely because they dreaded the cruelty of Herod, but with him they had a foreboding of the spiritual conflict and judgment. According to Lightfoot and Berthold they merely feared the unhappy times which were to precede the Messiah and the messianic kingdom, the so-called *dolores* Messiah. These, however, could only constitute one particular in their entire indefinite consternation. Jerusalem does not go to Bethlehem : according to this characteristic fact is its fear to be judged. Gerlach gives prominence to the following circumstance : “ Shortly before the Pharisees prophesied to a relative of Herod that her descendants would obtain the royal honor, and that Herod and his house would lose it, whereupon Herod caused several of those Pharisees to be executed. When such a tyrant was alarmed, his whole royal city must necessarily have been frightened with him.

And when he had gathered, &c. The question here arises whether an extraordinary session of the Sanhedrim is intended, as is generally thought, or merely the calling of a theological council. Since the question in hand required merely a theological answer, the last is likely, especially since the third class of the Sanhedrists, the Presbyters, are not mentioned in the classes assembled. The word chief-priests comprehends partly the actual directing high-priest, (Lev. xxi : 10) partly those who had previously held this office, (for at that time this honor often changed persons according to the arbitrary will of Rome, Joseph Ant. 15, 3.) and likely also the leaders of the twenty-four classes of priests. (I Chron. xxiv : 6 ; II Chron. xxxvi : 14 ; Joseph. Ant. 20, 8, 8.) The Scribes formed a particular class of the Sanhedrim, yet only

in part. On account of the union of politics and religion in the Old Testament theocracy, they were jurists and theologians at the same time, the expounders of the law, and hence called by Luke, lawyers, and teachers of the law. They belonged mostly to the school of the Pharisees. They did not come forth solely from the class of copyists and readers of the law, but the earlier prophetic office was at the same time continued in them according to its character in later times. In the case before us the question had reference only to the theological designation of the place where Christ should be born. Still the reason which induced Herod to propound this question was well known to the Scribes.

For thus it is written by the prophet. (Micah v : 2.) The passage is quoted in a free way from the Septuagint. In the Hebrew text the prophet says : But thou Bethlehem Ephrata, too little to be among the thousands (central places of thousands : a. e. subordinate divisions of tribes) of Judah, from thee shall go forth unto me one who shall be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth (origin) are from the beginning of time, from the days of eternity. In the Sept. it is : And thou Bethlehem, house Ephrata, too little to be among the thousandships of Judah, &c. The citation changes Ephrata into country of Judah. Ephrata it would seem signifies country (inheritance) as Ephraim, double-country. Ephrata was the country by way of prominence, namely the country of Judah. When therefore it is said : Thou, too little ? out of thee ? &c. Thou art not only not too little to be the seat of thousandship in the single tribe of Judah, but thou shalt become the birthplace of the King of all Israel, even of the eternal King. Finally when Among the thousands, is translated Among the princes ; we need not suffer ourselves to be led astray by a literal adherence to words, namely to assume (with Meyer) that the Evangelist or his translator had exchanged thousandship (place) with thousandship-prince, for, according to the sense, reference is here also had to a thousandship-place, which is merely personified to prince. The Rabbins also explain this passage as referring to the birth of the Messiah ; and the whole context is in favor of its messianic significance, as well as the mysterious reference of the Ruler, and most of all, the circumstance that this future Messiah of Bethlehem is set over against the present reigning house of David.

Shall rule—shall pasture, as it is in German : an ancient conception of government. It is evident from this passage that the expounders of Scripture at that time acknowledged the words of Micah as messianic. So also did the Chaldean translator, Jonathan. The later Jews have sought to ignore this testimony, and applied the passage to Hezekiah or Zerubabel.

Privily. The feature of political mistrust. Here it is to be noticed how the astrological error into which the Magi fell, that the birth of the Child took place at the point of time when the star arose, and that it was accordingly near two years old, passed over into the mind of Herod, and thus worked for the destruction of the children of Bethlehem.

And lo, the Star. Without sufficient ground Bengel has concluded from this passage : *toto itinere non viderant stellam*—they did not see the star through the whole journey. The star stood only changed in the zenith, and thus in optical manifestation went before them. Ac-

according to a prevailing custom in the orient they journeyed in the night-time. From this circumstance also we are warranted in concluding that Herod had awaited the night, to enquire of them, and give them those orders which, without their suspecting it, were to make them spies for his murderous lust. As soon as they were dismissed from the palace of the despot they departed.

Into the house. From this it as little follows (as Meyer supposes) that according to Matthew, Bethlehem is the residence of Joseph, as it follows from verse 1, that the Magi only came long after the birth of Christ. We may certainly assume that after the greeting of the shepherds the scene was transformed from the stable (or the village caravansary) to some suitable shepherd's hut. In any case, we must connect it with the first days after the birth of the Messiah, not locate it after the time of His presentation in the temple.

Opened their treasures. The caskets or depositories in which their treasures were contained. According to the custom of the orient the stately greetings, especially demonstrations designed to show honor, are connected with the presentation of gifts. The gold indicates wealth; the frankincense and myrrh point to the orient, most directly to Arabia. Frankincense, a bitter tree gum, but of fragrant odor, and hence its name. The frankincense was especially appropriated to produce the smoke in the offerings of the temple service. In regard to the mystical obscurity which still hangs around the frankincense tree in Arabia and India, see Winer. Myrrh is a similar aromatic article obtained from a shrub which is especially a native of Arabia and Ethiopia, but also known in Palestine. Myrrh was used for incense, and also for purifying the taste of wine, but especially in the production of a costly ointment. Some gave regarded these gifts as symbolical. Theophylakt: Gold to the King, frankincense to the God, myrrh to Him who was to taste death, (hence to the High-priest.) In like manner Leo the great. Fulgentius: per aurum Christi regnum, per thus ejus pontificatus, per myrrham mors significatur: by gold Christ's kingship, by incense His priesthood, by myrrh His death, is signified. Others have sought other symbolic meanings. Leo the Great and Juvencus suggest that by these gifts they sought to do homage alike to the divine and human natures in Christ. Others have thought rather of the practical benefits which the needy parents of Christ might have derived from these gifts in their prospective flight into Egypt. With this view we may unite the significance of the three-fold gift. Myrrh, as a costly ointment, may indicate the healing office of the prophet; frankincense the office of High-priest, and gold the glory of the King. Still, in the variety of symbolical suggestions, forced and fancied interpretations are to be avoided.

Being warned of God. The vulgate, responso accepto—receiving answer. A preceding question is pre-supposed. Bengel: sic optarant, vel rogarant—thus they desired, or inquired. From this it may be concluded that the first harmlessness and simplicity, which so well becomes the noble-wise, had already been dissipated before their dream vision, by means of the contrast between the uneasy conduct of the despotic King and the pure impression made on them by the holy family, and had given place to a just suspicion in regard to the motives of Herod. The expression, they departed, is significant: they withdrew

themselves, escaped by another way into their own country. The direct way into their country probably lay by Jerusalem, even though it lay eastward; for here we must not merely think of the direction as pointed out by the compass (as Meyer supposes) but also the lay of the land with its relation to the thoroughfares.

The apprehension of the foregoing history as a legend, as it might still be perpetuated in Meyer's commentary, must not only be regarded as theologically inadmissible, but also as scientifically antiquated. That this history has in it the contemplative and mystically suggestive does not show it to be unevangelical and unhistorical. The more replete with these elements it is the more claims it has to truth. Even if this part of the history were a legend, it would be least of all a "Jewish christian" legend, since here Judaism stands over against heathenism most deeply in the shade. Most remarkable it is that the Evangelist of the Gentiles, namely Luke, sets forth the glorification of the new-born Christ through pious Jews, while on the contrary, Matthew the author of the gospel for the Jewish Christians, does the same through pious Gentiles.

NOT MINE, BUT THINE.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own right hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
But choose thou for me, O my God,
So I shall walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to thee may seem,
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guard, my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

LII.

ALEXANDER AND THE SKULL.

"Hell and destruction are never full ; so the eyes of man are never satisfied."
PROV. xxvii : 20.

As Alexander was passing through lonely solitudes and uninhabited deserts, he came to a small rivulet, whose waters flowed peacefully within its green banks. Its smooth, bright surface was an image of contentment, and its quietude seemed to whisper softly : Here is the home of peace and rest. Nothing moved, no sound was heard save the soft murmur, which seemed to say to the ear of the weary wanderer : come, enjoy the beauty of nature ; or, perhaps it complained also, that such gifts should be bestowed in vain. In the thoughtful soul a thousand pleasing images might have been awakened.

But what charms could all this have to the soul of an Alexander, whose bosom was full of the plans of vain ambition and desire for conquest ; whose eyes were accustomed to scenes of slaughter and famine ; whose ears were familiar with the clash of arms, the groans of the wounded and dying ? Hence he passed on further. Still, overcome by hunger and thirst, he was soon compelled to seek rest. He sat down on the bank of the rivulet, took a drink of its water and found it pleasant and very refreshing. Then he requested that some salted fish be brought to him, of which he had provided himself an abundance, dipped the fish in the rivulet to purify it of unpleasant smell, and was much surprised to find that this food now emitted a peculiarly grateful flavor.

"Truly," said he, "this water must possess rare virtues, and flow forth from a wealthy and happy land. Let us go up thither !"

As they followed the course of the rivulet, they came at length to the gates of Paradise. But the gates were locked. He knocked, and with his accustomed violence, demanded admittance.

"You cannot enter here !" answered a voice within. "THIS IS THE GATE OF THE LORD !" — Ps. cxviii : 20.

"I am the lord, the lord of earth," replied the impatient hero, "I am Alexander, the conqueror ! Will you let me in ?"

"No !" was the answer. "Here we know no conquerors, save only those who conquer their own passions. Here 'ONLY THE RIGHTEOUS ENTER !' — Ps. cxviii : 20.

In vain did Alexander endeavor to pass himself into the abode of the blessed. No prayers, no threats, helped him any. When he saw that all his endeavors were vain, he turned to the sentinel of Paradise, and said :

"Thou knowest that I am a great King, and a man to whom the nations do homage. Since now you will not let me in, give me at least some token, by which I may show to the astonished and wondering simple ones that I have been where no man had ever been before me!"

"Here, you fool!" exclaimed the sentinel of Paradise; "here is something for you! It has power to heal the infirmities of erring souls. One look at it may teach you more wisdom than you have thus far learned from all books. Now, go your way!"

Alexander took the token with anxiety, and hastened to his tent. But how astonished and confounded was he, when by a careful examination of the gift, he found that it was nothing but a piece of human skull.

"And is this," he exclaimed, "the only gift which is here given to kings and conquerors? Is this the fruit of so many pains, cares, and dangers?"

Angry and filled with mortification, he cast it upon the earth.

"Great King," then said a wise man who was just then present, "despise not this gift; however inappropriate it may seem to be in your eyes, it still possesses some singular virtues. You can soon convince yourself of this, if you will give direction that it be weighed against gold!"

Alexander commanded this to be done. A pair of scales was brought. The skull was put on one side, and a large quantity of gold on the other. To the surprise of all, this piece of bone sunk deep, deep down as against the gold. More gold was added, but still the bone weighed more heavily. In short, the more gold was put on the scales, the deeper sunk the shell of the skull.

"Strange!" exclaimed Alexander. "So small a piece outweighs so large a quantity of gold! Is there nothing that is equal to it in weight?"

"O yes," answered the learned. "A small thing will do it!"

Then they took a little earth, and with it covered the piece of skull, and in a moment the gold sank down, down, whilst the other side of the scales rose up high!

"Very strange!" said Alexander, quite astonished. "Can you explain to me this extraordinary thing?"

"Great King!" answered the wise; "this piece of skull is taken from the cavity of the human eye, which has, it is true, a small compass, but is in its wishes unlimited. The more it receives, the more ardently does it strive after still more. Neither gold, nor silver, nor yet any other earthly good, can satisfy it. Yet when it once sinks into the grave, and is covered with a little earth, then all its desires and all its ambitions longings are at once at an end forever.

LIII.

THE LAME AND THE BLIND.

"He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people." Ps. l: 4.

"Unto The, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for Thou renderest to every man according to his works." Ps. lxii: 12.

Antonin once said to Rabbi Jehuda, the compiler of the Mischna,

that the soul and the body could escape punishment when the Judge of all the earth should bring them to trial. The body might say : Not I, but the soul which Thou gavest me, is the cause of all my transgressions ; for ever since it has left me I lie quiet like a stone in the grave. The soul on the other hand, with equal right could say : I never had any sensual desires, I merely followed the impulses of the body ; and since the moment I have separated from it, everything sensual is foreign to me, and to rise heavenward is now my destiny. Since then neither that which is purely bodily, nor yet that which is purely spiritual can make itself guilty of evil doing, body and soul, considered in themselves, would alike be innocent of sin, thought Antonin.

Then the Rabbi, who was equally holy and learned, to resolve this doubt, related the following parable :

A certain King had a pleasure garden, the trees of which were laden with the choicest fruit. To keep this garden, and at the same time to protect it against robbers, he set a blind man and a lame man to guard it. Tempted by the sight of the luscious fruit, the lame man said to the blind : come, carry me to the tree, that I may pluck of that beautiful fruit. Then the lame man sat on the back of the blind, and thus they succeeded in securing of the precious fruit, which they then ate together.

But behold ; after some time the King came unexpectedly into the garden, and saw that some fruit had been taken. Then he called the watchmen to account, and demanded of them reckoning in regard to the trust committed to them.

" Could then my lame limbs bear me to the trees that I might take the fruit," exclaimed the lame man. " Could the fruit tempt my blind eyes," said the blind man. But the shrewd King placed the lame man on the back of the blind, and then punished both together.

God, who knows the heart and tries the reins of men, who can penetrate into the deepest recesses of the heart, He, the all-wise and righteous King, will reward each one according to his works.

LIV.

THE FEAST.

A certain King invited all his servants to a feast, without however telling them the precise time when it should take place. Some of the servants were wise, and others were foolish. Then the wise said to themselves : Our Lord, it is true, has not told us when we are to appear at his table ; but in the house of a King there is no want at any time. The feast may at any moment be ready, and we be called to it. Then they went and bathed themselves, put on their best garments, perfumed themselves with odors, and waited at the gate of the King's palace.

But the foolish said among themselves : Is there ever a feast without preparation ? Now, we see as yet, no cooking, no table cloth,

spread, nor any table set. Let us go to our work. When preparations for the feast have once commenced, there will be time enough to bathe, dress, and anoint ourselves. And they went to their daily labor: the shepherd to his flock, the plasterer to his lime, the potter to his clay. Then suddenly the herald of the King announced that the feast was ready, and that the guests should come without delay. The wise servants appeared at once in clean garments, beautifully arrayed; but the foolish in greasy garments full of hateful filth. The King rejoiced over the first, and was angry with the last.

"Be seated," he said, "ye who have prepared yourselves for the feast. Sit down and be happy. But you who have not regarded my invitation, stand back and look on!"

The King is the King of Kings, the Lord, whose name is to be praised for evermore. The wise servants, are the good and pious; and the foolish are the wicked and unrighteous. Their garments signify their thoughts and acts, and the feast is eternal blessedness. To this feast we are all invited. We may all be happy there, if we appear prepared as we should. But the hour when we shall be called is uncertain to us. We must therefore always be ready, that our souls may appear before the King of heaven without spot, in white garments, and decorated with the unfading flowers of truth and piety.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE JEWISH ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATED POPULAR LEGEND, "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

VERY few are at all aware of the original form of this nursery legend, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it was only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original is in the Chaldean language. We here furnish a literal translation of it, and add the interpretation as given by P. N. Lebrecht, Leipsic, 1731:

I.

A kid, a kid, my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

II.

Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

III.

Then came the dog, that bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

IV.

Then came the staff, and beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

V.

Then came the fire, and burned the staff,

That beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

VI.

Then came the water, and quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,

That beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

VII.

Then came the ox and drank the water,

That quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,

That beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :

A kid, a kid.

VIII.

Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,

That drank the water,

That quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,

That beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

IX.

Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

X.

Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
That killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation :

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity.
3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
4. The staff signifies the Persians.
5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox is the symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the Caliphate.
8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.
9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.
10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is intended to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

A TRUE TALE WITH A SOLEMN MORAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, in 1775, 17,000 Hessian mercenaries, which had been hired by England to fight the battles of English tyranny against our fathers, were landed on Staten Island, by Sir William Howe. At that time a lasting calamity was entailed upon our country in a way which illustrates how a great evil may rise out of a small beginning. In some straw used by the troops on the ships, and brought from Germany, was contained, as is believed, the egg of the notorious Hessian Fly. This destructive insect was not known to exist in America before that time. "It was first observed in 1776, on Staten Island, near the place of debarkation of the Hessian troops. Thence it spread to Long Island, Southern New York, and Connecticut, proceeding inland at the rate of about 20 miles a year. It was seen at Saratoga, 200 miles from Staten Island in 1789, and west of the Alleghenies in 1797."

In the Seventh Census report, 1852, we are told that the wheat of the entire region east of the Alleghenies is now more or less infested with the larvæ, as well as in large portions of the States bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi, and on the Great Lakes; and so great have been the ravages of these insects, that the cultivation of this grain in many places, has been abandoned.

What a small, trivial, apparently accidental cause! What great effects! What disastrous results! The poor Hessians—ignorantly, it is true, and merely as passive tools in the hands of tyrants—came, not only as a brute power to aid in crushing our early struggles for freedom; but also to bring a curse to our land which should cast its shadow forward from generation to generation. Every foot-print they left in our soil became a nest of evils. They sowed the seeds of sorrow upon the winds, which carried them, as it carries the downy-winged thistle seed, to drop them on every acre of our wide-spread and beautiful land. Through eighty-five years has the evil extended and is still as vigorous as ever in its course. Who can compute the millions of millions of bushels of wheat that have been destroyed by this mighty army brought by the Hessians to our shores. How much toil of the husbandmen have they made of none effect. How many hopes of harvest have they frustrated!

Those Hessians who were left after the war, for the most part, remained in this land to enjoy the liberties they had come to crush out. Many of them rose to wealth and position; and many of their descendants are still among the best of our citizens. We praise them for their

noble endeavors. We rejoice in their good fortune. No word of ours shall reproach them. We are merely pointing a moral, or preparing the way for it—and it is but right that, for the evil that came unwittingly by them, they should serve us to this end.

The tale has its moral, certainly, and it lies on the surface. We may recover from former evil ourselves, but how sadly still do the fruits of our evil still grow and spread around us. Our evils grow on in the world when we have renounced them. When the sins in us have been repented of and are forgiven, the effects of our sins out of us continue to make history.

“A rich landlord in England once performed an act of tyrannical injustice to a widowed tenant. The widow’s son, who saw it, became a painter, and years after succeeded in placing a painting of that scene where their oppressor saw it. As his eye fell on the picture, the rich man turned pale and trembled, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. If every scene of wickedness through which a man passes, should be painted, and the paintings hung up about him, so that he would always see the portrait of himself with the evil passions expressed on his countenance, and himself in the very act of wickedness, he would be wretched. Such a picture-gallery there is; and in eternity the sinner will dwell in it; for every feature and lineament of the soul in every feeling and act of wickedness, is portrayed imperishably, and will be exhibited to the gaze of the universe forever.”

The writer, whom we have just quoted, might have said with equal correctness and force, that even in this world our sins in their workings and results are spread as pictures around us. They go as wandering Jews, travelling through the world, bearing the curse with which they are laden, and ever and anon cross our path again. According to an old proverb: sins, like young birds, return to the nests whence they went out.

This is one of the awful features of sin! The effects of sin on the sinner himself are fearful; but still more fearful are the effects of sin on the world around. There is wo to him by whom the offence cometh, but there is also wo *to the world* because of offences. We have instances of infidels who after their conversion to christianity devoted their lives, amid tears of penitence, to the work of counteracting the evil they had wrought in the days of their blindness. But who can accomplish such a work? Those whom they had won to their evil ways would not change at their second bidding. The books they had written against christianity were still read and believed in after they had been discarded by their authors. All around them stood the monuments of their former blindness and unholy zeal; and at almost every step in their own way toward heaven, they have been met and passed by those whom their own influence had started on the road to hell! O what a mystery of wo must lie in such a fact to him who is the subject of it! Who can fathom the sorrow of that repentance which would, but cannot undo or control the evil of which it is itself the legitimate father! Is not this one of the bitterest drops in the chalice of sin?

Young men, young women, beware how you sow; for you will certainly be confronted with the harvest of your sowing, both in this world and in that which is to come!

A B S E N T F R I E N D S .

TIES and cords run from heart to heart, binding each to each in endearment and love. These neither time nor distance can fully destroy. The dead and the absent, we love them still; and the heart turns towards them fondly as to its best and sweetest treasures.

The noble dead are not forgotten. Indeed, in our hearts of love they are not dead; only gone—not lost. We enshrine in our memories each loved one, and upward we look, and forward to the great awakening and re-union of heaven, and we sing,

“Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail, sacred hope,” &c.

But the absent friends on earth scatter here and there abroad; these are not uncared for nor forgotten. In sweetest memories they twine around our hearts. At one time the silent tear, at another the earnest prayer, is an assurance that the absent are not effaced. The son who is far away, the daughter whose new home is made amid other circles, are no less in the daily thoughts of the parents who have brought them forth and brought them up. Those fountains of love which have so long been gushing, flow onward still, and for these absent household treasures fond hearts beat fondly as ever.

To perpetuate and strengthen these ties the ways and means are almost infinite. At parting, keepsakes and mementoes are exchanged, and these are deposited in some choice place, where it pleases one to resort when recollections of the absent steal as melancholy music upon the soul. But this is never enough; and the kind greetings, silent as falling snow-flakes, must pass and re-pass, those missives of love and affection which the mails carry forth and back. And what words and tokens do these contain; with what solicitude looked for; and what consolations do they yield!

These chaste affections, these throbbings of heart, these thirstings of soul for the loved and absent, at once assure us that true love does not really die—that God has made the ties which bind human hearts together—that Celestial Love and Infinite Goodness has ordained that a re-union of the good and true is in part the best realization of heaven. “Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every nation, and people, and tongue”—the joy of praise to Christ, and of mutual recognition as fellow-saints.

About fifty students from the four college classes at Oberlin, or one-fourth of the whole, are now in the army.

CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.

CHRISTMAS (Christ and mass), a festival of the Christian church, observed on Dec. 25, as the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour. Its institution is attributed by the decretal letters to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138, and throughout the subsequent history of the church it has been one of the most noted of Christian solemnities. At first it was the most movable of the Christian festive days, often confounded with the Epiphany, and celebrated by the eastern churches in the months of April and May. In the 4th century the urgency of St. Cyril of Jerusalem obtained from Pope Julius I. an order of investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of inquiry by the theologians of the East and the West was an agreement upon the 25th of December. The chief grounds for the decision were the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome; and although, in the opinion of some of the fathers, there was not authentic proof of the identification of the day, yet the decision was uniformly accepted, and from that time the nativity has been celebrated throughout the church on the same day. It has also been a common tradition that Christ was born about the middle of the night. The custom in Roman Catholic countries of ushering in Christmas day by the celebration of 3 masses, one at midnight, the 2d at early dawn, and the 3d in the morning, dates from the 6th century. The day was considered in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival, and was accordingly distinguished by devotion, by vacation from business, and by merriment. During the middle ages it was celebrated by the gay fantastic spectacle of dramatic mysteries and moralities, performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes. The scenery usually represented an infant in a cradle, surrounded by the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, by bulls' heads, cherubs, eastern magi, and manifold ornaments. The custom of singing canticles at Christmas, called carols, which recalled the songs of the shepherds at the birth of Christ, dates from the time when the common people ceased to understand Latin. The bishops and lower clergy often joined with the populace in carolling, and the songs were enlivened by dances and by the music of tambours, guitars, violins, and organs. Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters mingled together in the dance; if in the night, each bearing in his hand a lighted wax taper. Many collections have been made of these naive mediæval carols which filled the hours between the nocturnal masses, and which sometimes took the place of psalms in the churches. Of perhaps the oldest of these collections, only a single leaf remains, containing two carols, preserved in the Bodleian library, in a volume of "Christmasse Carolles," printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1521. Davies Gilbert published a volume of "Ancient Christmas Carols," with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in England, and

William Sandys made a more complete collection (London, 1833). The carols of the Welsh are especially celebrated, and their *Llyfr Carolan* (Book of Carols) contains 66, and their *Blodeugerdd Cymru* (Anthology of Wales) contains 48. The German carols were collected by Weinhold (Gratz, 1853), and one of the best of the many editions of French carols (*noels*) was published at Poitiers in 1824. During the last days preceding Christmas it is still the custom for Calabrian minstrels to descend from the mountains to Naples and Rome, saluting the shrines of the virgin mother with their wild music, under the poetical notion of cheering her until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas. In a picture of the nativity by Raphael he has introduced a shepherd at the door playing on a sort of bagpipe. Preparatory to Christmas the bells are rung at dead midnight throughout England and the continent; and after the solems celebration of the mass, for which the churches in France and Italy are magnificently adorned, it is usual for the revellers to partake of a collation (*reveillon*), that they may be better able to sustain the fatigues of the night. Among the revels of the Christmas season were the so-called feasts of fools and of asses, grotesque saturnalia, which were sometimes termed "December liberties," in which every thing serious was burlesqued, inferiors personifying their superiors, great men becoming frolicsome, and which illustrate the proneness of men to occasionally reverse the order of society and ridicule its decencies.—In the Protestant districts of Germany and the north of Europe, Christmas is often called the "children's festival," and Christmas eve is devoted to giving presents, especially between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, by means of the so-called Christmas tree. A large yew bough is erected in one of the parlors, lighted with tapers, and hung with manifold gifts, sweetmeats, apples, nuts, playthings, and ornaments. Each of these is marked with the name of the person for whom it is intended, but not with the name of the donor, and when the whole family party is assembled, the presents are distributed around the room according to their labels, amid joyful acclamations and congratulations. A more sober scene succeeds, for the mother takes this occasion to say privately to the daughters, and the father to the sons, what has been observed most praiseworthy and what most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in some of the smaller villages of North Germany, the presents made by all the parents were sent to some one person, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, becoming the bugbear of children, known as *Knecht Rupert*, goes from house to house, is received by the parents with great pomp and reverence, calls for the children, and bestows the intended gifts upon them according to the character which he hears from the parents after severe inquiries. A beautiful poem of Hebel, *Christ-Baum*, celebrates the German ceremonies on Christmas eve.—It is an old Swedish tradition, preserved in the history of Olaus, archbishop of Upsal, that at the festival of Christmas the men living in the cold northern parts are suddenly and strangely metamorphosed into wolves; and that a huge multitude of them meet together at an appointed place during the night, and rage so fiercely against mankind and other creatures not fierce by nature, that the inhabitants of that country suffer more from their attacks than ever they

do from natural wolves. Christmas has always been at once a religious, domestic, and merry-making festival in England, equally for every rank and every age. The revels used to begin on Christmas eve, and continued often till Candlemas (Feb. 2), every day being a holiday till twelfth-night (Jan. 6). In the houses of the nobles a "lord of misrule," or "abbot of unreason," was appointed, whose office was "to make the rarest pastimes, to delight the beholder," and whose dominion lasted from "All-hallow eve" (Oct. 31) till Candlemas day. The larder was filled with capons, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, beef, mutton, pork, pies, puddings, nuts, plums, sugar and honey. The Italians have the following proverb: "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." The tenants were entertained at the hall; and the lord of the manor and his family encouraged every art conducive to mirth.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
 That only night in all the year,
 Saw the stolid priest the chalice rear.
 Then opened wide the baron's hall,
 To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose.
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
 And general voice, the happy night
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 England was merry England when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
 A poor man's heart through half the year.

A glowing fire, made of great logs, the principal of which was termed the yule log, or Christmas block, which might be burnt till Candlemas eve, kept out the severity of the weather; and the abundance was shared amid music, conjuring, riddles, hot cockles, fool-plough, snap-dragon, jokes, laughter, repartees, forfeits and dances. The generous wassail bowls and bowls of punch never failed to bring tumultuous joys. The favorite and first dish on Christmas day was a soused boar's head, which was borne to the principal table with great state and solemnity, "upon a silver plattar, with mynstralsye." There is a tradition that this custom originated at Queen's college, Oxford, in commemoration of the valor of a student, who, while on a walk reading Aristotle, being suddenly attacked by a furious wild boar, rammed the volume into the throat of the aggressor, crying *Græcum est* till he had fairly choked the beast to death. It was long observed in the Christmas festivities of the inns of court, and it is still retained at Queen's college, where the dish is brought in to the chant of an old half-Latin ditty:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.
 The bore's head in hands bring I
 With garlandes gay and rosemary,
 I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estes in convivio.

The common custom of decking the houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient druid practices. It was an old belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and remain un-nipped by frost till a milder season. The holly, ivy, rosemary, bays, laurel, and mistletoe furnished the favorite trimmings, which were not removed till Candlemas. Chaplets of these were also worn about the head, a practice to which the phrases to "kiss under the rose," to "whisper under the mistletoe," are allusions. In old church calendars Christmas eve is marked: *Templa exornantur* (adorn the temples). Holly and ivy still remain in England the most esteemed Christmas evergreens, though at the two universities the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. It was an old English superstition that on Christmas eve the oxen were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and that after the change from old to new style they continued to do this only on the eve of old Christmas day. This was derived from a prevalent mediæval notion that an ox and an ass which were present at the nativity fell upon their knees in a suppliant posture, as appears from numerous prints and from the Latin poem of Sannazarius in the 15th century. It was an ancient tradition, alluded to by Shakespeare, that midnight spirits forsake the earth and go to their own confines at the crowing of the cock, and that

———Ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

There was a famous hawthorn in the churchyard of Glastonbury abbey, which always budded on the 24th and blossomed on the 25th of Dec. After the change of style it was observed that it blossomed on Jan. 5, which would have been Christmas day O. S. It is said that slips from this thorn are preserved which blossom on Jan. 5 to the present time. Near Raleigh there is a valley said to have been caused centuries ago by an earthquake which swallowed up a whole village and a church. It was formerly a custom for people to assemble here on Christmas morning, to listen to the ringing of the bells of the church beneath them. The Christmas celebrations in England have lost their primitive boisterous character, the gambols and carols are nearly gone by, and family reunions and evergreen trimmings are nearly all that remain of the various rough merriments which used to mark the festival. The last memorable appointment of a lord of misrule was in 1627, when he had come to be denominated "a grand captaine of mischief." The poems of Herrick contain many descriptions of old English Christmas celebrations. In the United States, since the Puritans were at first stern opponents of Christmas pastimes, the day has been less generally celebrated in New England than in the Middle and Southern States. It has been made a legal holiday in some of the States, and is usually observed by a religious service and by making presents, and not unfrequently by trimming houses and churches with evergreens, and by imitating the German custom of Christmas trees.

V E N T I L A T I O N .

If our people only knew how many thousands of lives they are annually sacrificing, how many hundreds of thousands are now suffering from fevers and other maladies which have their origin in the inhaling of noxious air, the excitement and alarm on this subject would be unprecedented. They are poisoning themselves by wholesale, and two-thirds of them have no suspicion of the fact.

Our dwellings are often charnel houses. The very first necessity of every living being—pure air to breathe—is rarely regarded in their construction. The air actually inhaled steals in at crevices and cran- nies, felon-like because it cannot be shut out. Only the defects of our Architecture prevent our dying of a vitiated, poisoned, mephitic atmosphere, from which the vital element has long been exhausted. Most men, including architects, would seem ignorant of the fact that the atmosphere is a combination of different gases, only one of which is wholesome and life-giving, and that it is consumed in the lungs upon inhalation, leaving the residue to be expelled as a poison. The Church, lecture-room, or other structure which is filled, or even half filled, with human beings, and its doors and windows closed, while no express provision has been made for its ventilation, very soon becomes a slaughter-pen, in which no rational being should tarry another minute. Few churches or other public edifices are sufficiently ventilated, while a large majority of them are utterly unworthy of toleration, and ought to be closed by the public authorities until they shall have been rendered fit for their contemplated use, and no longer nurseries of disease and ante-chambers to the tomb.

Our manufactories are nearly all disgraceful to their owners and architects in regard to ventilation. They are often divided into rooms less than ten feet high, each thickly stowed with human beings, who breathe and work and sweat in an atmosphere overheated and filled with grease, wool or cotton waste, leather or cloth, and the poisonous refuse expelled from human lungs, which together are enough to incite a plague, and are in fact the primary cause of nearly all the fevers, dysenteries, consumptions, &c., by which so many graves are peopled. No factory should be permitted to commence operations until it shall have been inspected by some competent public officer, and certified to be thoroughly provided with ventilators—not windows, which *may*, indeed, be opened, but in a cold and stormy day very certainly will not be—but apertures for the ingress of fresh, and others for the egress of vitiated air, both out of the reach of ignorance, and defying the efforts of confirmed depravity of the senses to close them.

Our bedrooms are generally fit only to die in. The best are those of the intelligent and affluent, which are carefully ventilated; next to these come those of the cabins and ruder farm houses, with an inch or two of vacancy between the chimney and the roof, and with cracks on every side, through which the stars may be seen. The ceiled and plastered

bed-rooms, wherein too many of the middle class are lodged, with no apertures for ingress or egress of air but the doors and windows, are horrible. Nine-tenths of their occupants rarely open a window, unless compelled by excessive heat, and very few are careful even to leave the door ajar. To sleep in a tight six-by-ten bed room, with no aperture admitting air, is to court the ravages of pestilence, and invoke the speedy advent of death.

Our railroad cars and steamboat berths are atrociously devoid of ventilation. A journey is taken far more comfortably and expeditiously now than it was thirty years ago, but with far greater risk and harm to health. There are probably ten thousand passenger cars now running in the United States, whereof not more than one hundred are decently supplied with fresh air. Most of these wherein forty or fifty persons are expected to sit all day and doze all night, ought to be indicted as fit only for coffins. The men who make them, probably, know no better; but those who buy and use them have not even that poor excuse. They know that they are undermining constitutions and destroying lives; they know that ample means of arresting these frightful woes are at command; yet they will not adopt them, because they cost something. How long shall this be endured?

A U T U M N .

BY WILLIAM HEYSER, ESQ.

AUTUMN'S here! Sweet Autumn, with her
Genial air, her changing garb,
Her mellow tints, her softened ev'ning
Skies, her gorgeous sun's declining
Rays, adorned in bright and glowing
Colors! The mountain brow, the forest
Glade, yea, ev'ry nook and dell in
Splendid robes are dressed; the changing
Leaf of shrub and tree, sweet Autumn's
Glory tell. The garner'd fruits, the
Rip'ning corn, the fallow-ground with
Care prepared, its precious seed receives!
Earth's fruitful bosom nurtures well
The germ of future crops; O! who
In Autumn's evening hour can track
The setting sun whose golden rays—
A glory sheds on ev'ry hill
And vale, and yet, not feel an all-
Surrounding power? The forest growth
Whose leafage now, no borrow'd plumage
Wears: but rich in tints, fill up the
Ground, to make a landscape rare.

ORIGIN OF THE MISSIONARY HYMN.

THIS hymn is widely known. Perhaps the origin and author of it may not be so familiar to many of the readers of *The Guardian*. From an excellent work, entitled "*Hymns and Choirs*," noticed in a former number of the *Guardian*, we furnish some interesting facts in regard to this popular sacred song. It appears to have been quite incidentally, and even hastily written—the fruit of that quick inspiration which often fires the soul of the true poet, and to which we are indebted for many of the finest lines that genius has bequeathed to us.

"The author of the celebrated Hymn: From Greenland's icy mountains," is Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, in India, who died April 3d, 1826. "Dr. Raffles of Liverpool possesses the identical manuscript which Bishop Heber sent to the press. In a letter from Dr. Raffles to Dr. Lowell Mason, he gives the following information with regard to the Missionary Hymn. Heber Rector Hodnet, married the daughter of Dean Shipley, Rector or Vicar of Wrexham, in North Wales. On a certain Saturday, he came to the house of his father-in-law, who resided at the rectory or vicarage, to remain over Sunday, and preach in the morning, the first Sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber, 'Now as you are a poet, suppose you write a Hymn for the service to-morrow morning.' Immediately he took pen, ink and paper, and wrote that Hymn, which, had he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the Dean, and said, 'Will that do?' 'Aye,' he replied, 'and we will have it printed, and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon.' 'But,' said Heber, 'to what tune will it go?' 'Oh,' he added, 'it will go to "'Twas when the seas were roaring.'" And so he wrote in the corner, at the top of the page, 'Twas when the seas were roaring.' What that tune is, I do not know, but it may easily be ascertained. The Hymn was printed accordingly, and from the file of the printer I obtained the manuscripts."

I have seen another version of the story of the Hymn, which states that it was on Whitsunday, 1819, and that it was for a sermon in aid of the society for 'the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts.' I cannot vouch for the correctness of either. "I tell the tale as it 'twas told to me."

The only correction in Heber's MS. occurs in the seventh line of the second stanza. He had originally written: "The savage in his blindness," which he altered to: "The heathen in his blindness. Below the stanzas is written in pencil: "A Hymn to be sung in Wrexham Church, after the sermon, during the collection."

The authors of "*Hymns and choirs*" give the notes of the tune "'Twas when the seas were roaring." This tune has however long since been superseded by the one at present sung to it, of which Dr. Lowell Mason is the author.

THE STORM.

THE gathering clouds obscure the sky,
The trembling birds to covert fly,
The awe-struck herds forbear to rove,
And stillness reigns throughout the grove.

The mower drops his scythe, to flee
To friendly cot, or sheltering tree;
While Nature, in each varied form,
In silent dread awaits the storm.

Now flash to flash, with lurid glare,
Succeeds and lights the murky air;
And hark! above from pole to pole,
The loud terrific thunders roll.

Why shrinks my friend? Why pale with fear?
Say, dost thou feel that God is near?
And thinkest thou not, when warblers fill
Thy bower, that He is nigh thee still?

In every flower that round thee blows—
In every blade of grass which grows—
In every glade which cheers thine eye—
In every stream which ripples by—

On every mount—in every dale—
In every wave—in every gale—
A thousand tongues, through nature's frame,
A God, a present God, proclaim!

And O! if terror dim thine eye,
When Summer storms pronounce Him nigh,
How wilt thou meet that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall melt away?

Go to that blood whose cleansing flow
Shall make thy bosom pure as snow!
That blood to him its aid who seeks,
Far better things than Abel speaks.

Then, then, thy soul, redeemed, forgiven,
Released from sin, at peace with heaven,
Shall mark, unmoved, e'en that dread fire,
In which ten thousand orbs expire.

THE CLOSE OF VOLUME XII.

THE close of Volume XII! But not the end of the Guardian. Our Magazine is not yet dead. Of course these war times have tried it sorely, as they have all other papers. Some old friends have been constrained to discontinue; and our list has suffered somewhat in consequence; but, as if anticipating this trial, others have sent in their names. Many thanks for this kind consideration. In times of war we need also Life, Light, and Love, which is the motto under which the Guardian proposes to serve its day and generation; and hence we hope its claims to live on may not be lightly esteemed.

If the Guardian must die, it shall not be in the same year with the most ungodly Rebellion which has ever been witnessed by men or angels, since the inauguration of that first foul and hellish plot, when

The chief of many throned powers,
Led on the embattled seraphim to war
Under his conduct! and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual King
And put to proof His high Supremacy!

No! The Guardian will not disgrace its honorable history of twelve years by dying at such inglorious hands, and find a grave the same year with traitors to our beloved Fatherland. With more subscribers, or with less, it shall live, by the grace of God, to see the Traitors buried, Rebellion crushed, and the glorious Stars and Stripes afloat in Palmetto breezes over the walls of Sumpter. If we live, kind reader, we shall see each other again, in review of this prophesy, at the close of Volume Thirteen.

Meanwhile we cordially invite all our subscribers to continue with us another year. The Guardian has no regular agents to increase its subscription lists by canvassing. It has never pushed itself forward by such special means except in very limited cases; it depends chiefly on such spontaneous interest as it succeeds in begetting in its behalf. We respectfully solicit a continuance of the kindly offices of its friends in its prosperity.

In the Prospectus, which will be found on the cover of this Number, the terms offered to clubs of 6, 13, or 27 new subscribers may be seen. We have the very best evidence that there are many of our subscribers who are not only willing to continue themselves, but who are also anxious that their friends should receive it. We ask them to secure us a club in their neighborhood; and we ask this the more earnestly *at the present time*, since the Guardian needs an increase of its present list, not to make any one rich—nor yet to keep it from dying, for as we have said it shall not die this year—but that it may be published without pecuniary loss. Please refresh us by wholesome lists of new subscribers.

We shall do our best to give our readers the worth of the DOLLAR. By way of hint, we may say that we have discovered some new veins in which we propose to work during the year. Do not pronounce this an immodest announcement. For good luck is sometimes as successful as genius; and honest perseverance, to which we lay some claim, will bore till it finds. Besides, though our readers may be as wise, or wiser than we can hope to be, it is not theirs but our duty to edit the Guardian; and all we wish to say is that we mean to attend to it with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength. The result you shall have, without any labor on your part, for a *Dollar*—that is the United States dollar, gold or Treasury notes, or any legal notes—but no Confederate Rebel Humbug currency.

Meanwhile a Happy Christmas! But before that joyful Festival of the Advent of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men," is ushered in, we expect to greet you with the first Number of the new Volume.



